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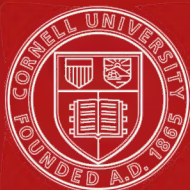
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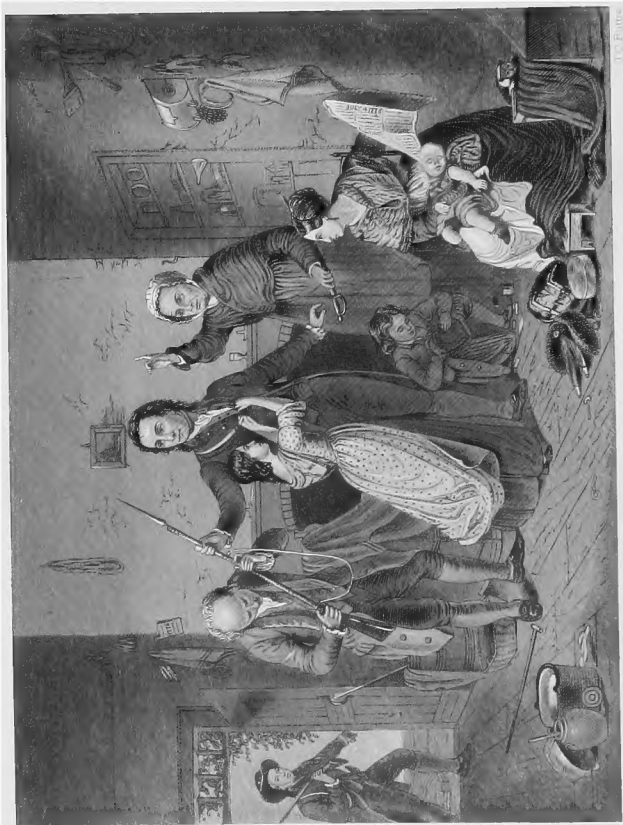
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Blake, John Lauris, ed

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## PREFACE.

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THE following Anecdotes were principally selected by a youth of twelve years of age. Having had constant access to a library well supplied with books on History and Biography, he early acquired a taste for reading such works; and the present small volume is one of the results of such an attention to this species of literature. The selection was made at intervals between hours of devotion to elementary and classical study; and may hence be viewed as having been rather an amusement, than a labor of painful toil and research.

The utility of compilations like the present is too well known to require particular commendation. They are always read with avidity, if well made; being usually preferred to the most fascinating kinds of fiction; and what is far more important, they are among the most beneficial books to be found. They almost invariably create a taste for reading history and biography. Good anecdotes in these literary regions are analogous to the precious stones found in the bosom of the earth; which, though sparsely scattered, will long be sought with the most cheerful and untiring assiduity. A single case of success may cheer on the fond and enthusiastic votary of these deeply hid treasures, even for months, amidst nothing but the mere rubbish that contains them.

So it is with persons in reading history and biography

they press forward, without apparent wearisomeness, through the more dull and uninteresting details, that they may here and there gather up these choice fragments. Nor is this all; by successive gleanings of such fragments, a desire will be created to examine the frames in which the pictures are enclosed; in other words, to know more of the characters of the individuals—and of the times—and of the historical events with which they are connected. It is believed, that the reading of a work like the present, will usually lead young persons especially, to the study of larger and more systematic productions on all kindred subjects.

And, it may be added, that the brief and sententious remark, which commonly characterizes a good anecdote, will furnish a better index to the distinctive peculiarities of the individual that utters it, than a whole essay of dull and didactic description; it will cast a gleam of light on all his mental delineations not to be found otherwise, save in familiar personal acquaintance. This of itself would give value to the present effort to benefit the public, sufficient to balance all the labor it occasioned.

J. L. BLAKE.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE American Revolution should always be contemplated in reference to the great moral interests of the civilized world. There are important analogies between the physical and the social organizations of our globe. These analogies may not at once be apparent, in all their relations, to the superficial observer. But to the eye of the philosopher, their delineations are deeply and distinctly marked. They cannot be misapprehended; and they give a satisfactory solution to phenomena, that would otherwise remain inexplicable mysteries.

The remark has a thousand times been made, that to human apprehension, the organizations of the world, both physical and social, embrace a compound of good and evil. The proportions appear to vary under different circumstances, and to the ken of different individuals, as they may be severally constituted or predisposed. In each, after a due course of operation, certain developments are the necessary result. From these developments the philosopher becomes confirmed in a faith that he adopted as a matter of hypothesis; and from them likewise the Christian becomes confirmed in his faith, which had been received from Divine Revelation.

These observations are suggested as preliminary to a very brief exposition of the moral results of the American

Revolution. Human warfare, especially in its more barbarous forms, is terrifying, even to the imagination. It can be justified only by the necessity for it, and the consequences flowing from its existence. We look upon it in the abstract, as we do upon the most frightful convulsions of nature. Here the elements are thrown into violent agitation; the earth inwardly moves as if in agony; the winds howl; the clouds blacken; the tempest rages; the lightning darts its flashes through the regions of space; we shrink back in terror at the threatening danger and the overwhelming grandeur of the scene; but how soon does all become quiet and beautiful! How soon does the whole become an impressive lesson in making known to us the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, beyond what could be known from the ordinary course of nature!

How illustrative is this of what we witness in the disorders of society! We cannot reflect upon human suffering with an unmoved heart. The view of a slaughtered army; the dying groans of the wounded; the tears and distress of the wife made a widow, and the mother made childless, in the progress of a civil war like that to which we are alluding, does verily overpower the stoutest minds, and cause a kind of paralysis to come over the social affections. But we know, after all, these desolations are usually succeeded by exhibitions of kindness and social virtue, and general prosperity, that would not otherwise have come into existence. Observation will satisfy every one that such is the fact. And philosophy may teach us, that amid all these evils a redeeming spirit will introduce

## ANECDOTES.

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### MADAME SHATSWELL AND THE WHIG COMMITTEE.

AT the time of the war of the revolution, the lady of the manor, Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a descendant of Simon Bradstreet, one of the early governors of the province, whom Mather calls the "Nestor of New England." Her husband was a stanch whig, a leader of one of the classes into which the town was divided; and though the good lady coincided fully in his political sentiments, she did not much like the infringement upon domestic luxuries which many of the patriotic resolutions of the meetings contemplated.

In short, Madame Shatswell loved her cup of tea, and as a large store had been provided for family use before the tax, she saw no harm in using it as usual upon the table. There were in those days, as there are now, certain busybodies who kindly take upon themselves the oversight of their neighbors' affairs, and through them the news of the treason spread over the town. A committee from the people immediately called at the house to protest



against the drinking of tea. Some months passed away, and one sabbath, Madame Shatswell's daughter, a bright-eyed, coquettish damsel, appeared at church in a new bonnet. This was a new cause of excitement, and the committee came again to administer reproof.

The lady satisfied them again, however: and they, finding that the hat contained no treason to the people's cause, again departed. Two years of the war had now passed away, and meanwhile the daughter, Jeanette, had found a lover. It was the beginning of winter; the army had just gone into winter quarters; and the young suitor was daily expected home. Wishing to appear well in his eyes, the maiden had spun and woven with her own hands a new linen dress, from flax raised upon the homestead; and some old ribands long laid aside, having been washed and ironed to trim it withal, the damsel appeared in it at church the Sunday after her lover's arrival. Here was fresh cause of alarm, and forthwith on Monday morning came the officious committee, to remonstrate against the extravagance.

The old lady's spirit was now aroused, and she could contain herself no longer. "Do you come here," was her well-remembered reply—"do you come here to take me to task because my daughter wore a gown she spun and wove with her own hands? Three times have you interfered with my family affairs.

Three times have you come to tell me that my husband would be turned out of his office. Now mark me ! There is the door ! As you came in, so you may go out ! But if you ever cross my threshold again, you shall find that calling Hannah Bradstreet a *tory*, will not make her a *coward* !” It is needless to add that Madame Shatswell’s family affairs were thereafter left to her own guidance.

---

## SPIRIT OF THE YANKEE BOYS.

The British troops which were sent to Boston, to keep that rebellious town in order, were everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay “the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation.”

“The insolence and indiscretion of some subaltern officers increased the ill-will of the citizens ; and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily.” At this period of public exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the Common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labors. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow-hills again levelled.

Several of them now waited upon the British captain to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers every day grew more provokingly insolent. At last, they resolved to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, and wait upon General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces. When shown into his presence, he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him. "We come, sir," said the foremost of them, "to claim a redress of grievances."

"What, have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," replied the speaker, while his cheek reddened, and his dark eye flashed: "we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us.

"Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed; and now we will bear it no longer." General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe"—and added, "You may go, my brave boys; and be assured that

if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

---

## GENEROSITY OF JOHN HANCOCK.

During the siege at Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole, in the following words. "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—*issue the order for that purpose immediately!*"

---

## SERGEANT SMITH AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

At the very first exhibition of American courage, which proved so fatal to the British

troops in their excursion to Lexington and Concord, Sergeant Smith showed himself a skilful marksman. Learning from rumor, which seemed to have spread that night with a speed almost miraculous, the destination of the detachment, he arose from his bed, equipped himself with cartridges and a famous rifle he had used at Lovell's fight at Fryeburg, saddled his horse, and started for Lexington meeting-house. Meeting with a variety of hinderances, and twice escaping narrowly from some straggling parties of the red-coats, it was late when he arrived on the ground, and the troops were already on their rapid retreat towards Boston.

Learning that the people were all abroad, lining the fences and the woods to keep up the fire upon the enemy, he started in pursuit, and in the course of a few miles, on riding up a hill, he found the detachment just before him. Throwing the reins upon his horse, and starting him to full speed, he rode within a close rifle-shot and fired at one of the leading officers. The officer fell; and the sergeant, retreating to a safe distance, loaded his rifle again, and again rode up and fired, with equal success. He pursued the same course a third time, when the leader of the retreating body ordered a platoon to fire at him.

It was unavailing, however; and a fourth, fifth, and sixth time, the old rifle had picked off its man, while its owner retreated in safety.

“D—n the man !” exclaimed the officer, “give me a musket, and I’ll see if he bears a charmed life, if he comes in sight again.” It was but a moment, and again the old white horse came over the brow of a hill. The officer fired, but in vain ; before the smoke of his charge had cleared away, he too had fallen before the unerring marksman, and was left behind by his flying troops.

When the day had closed, the wounded were collected by the neighbors upon the road, and every kindness rendered to them. The officer was not dead, and on being laid upon a bed where his wounds could be examined, his first question, even under the apprehension of immediate death, was, “*Who was that old fellow on the white horse !*”

---

#### ESCAPE OF PLUNKETT FROM THE BRITISH.

Captain Plunkett, a high-spirited Irishman, whose attachment to the cause of liberty had led him to seek a commission in the continental army, had, by the chances of war, been compelled to give up his sword, and to surrender himself a prisoner to the enemy. Previously to this untoward event, by the suavity of his manners, and uniformly correct conduct, he had rendered himself an acceptable guest

in many families in Philadelphia, and particularly so, to one of the Society of Friends, who, however averse to warfare, were not insensible of the claims of those to their regard, who, by the exercise of manly and generous feelings, delighted to soften its asperities.

There was among them a female, mild and gentle as a dove, yet, in firmness of mind, a heroine, and in personal charms, an angel. She saw the sufferings of the captive soldier, and under the influence of pity, or perhaps a more powerful passion, resolved, at all hazards, to relieve him. It accidentally happened that the uniform of Captain Plunkett's regiment bore a striking resemblance to that of a British corps, which was frequently set as a guard over the prison in which he was confined. A new suit of regimentals was in consequence procured and conveyed, without suspicion of sinister design, to the Captain.

On the judicious use of these rested the hopes of the fair Friend to give him freedom. It frequently happened that officers of inferior grade, while their superiors affected to shun all intercourse with rebels, would enter the apartments of the prisoners, and converse with them with kindness and familiarity, and then at their pleasure retire. Two sentinels constantly walked the rounds without, and the practice of seeing their officers walking in and out of the interior prison, became so

familiar, as scarcely to attract notice, and constantly caused them to give way without hesitation, as often as an officer showed a disposition to retire.

Captain Plunkett took advantage of this circumstance, and putting on his new coat, at the moment that the relief of the guard was taking place, sallied forth, twirling a switch carelessly about, and ordering the exterior door of the prison to be opened, walked without opposition into the street. Repairing without delay to the habitation of his fair friend, he was received with kindness, and for some days secreted and cherished with every manifestation of affectionate regard. To elude the vigilance of the British guards, if he attempted to pass into the country in his present dress, was deemed impossible.

Woman's wit, however, is never at a loss for contrivances, while swayed by the influences of love or benevolence. Both, in this instance, may have aided invention. Plunkett had three strong claims in his favor: he was a handsome man—a soldier—and an Irishman. The general propensity of the Quakers in favor of the royal cause, exempted the sect in a great measure from suspicion; in so great a degree indeed, that the barriers of the city were generally intrusted to the care of their members, as the best judges of the characters of those persons that might be al-



lowed to pass them, without injury to the British interests.

A female Friend, of low origin, officiating as a servant on a farm near the city, was in the family, on a visit to a relative. A pretext was formed to present her with a new suit of clothes, in order to possess that which she wore when she entered the city. Captain Plunkett was immediately disguised as a woman, and appeared at the barrier accompanied by his anxious deliverer. "Friend Roberts," said the enterprising enthusiast, "may this damsel and myself pass to visit a friend at a neighboring farm?" "Certainly," said Roberts, "go forward." The city was speedily left behind, and Capt. Plunkett found himself safe, under the protection of Colonel Allen M'Lean, his particular friend.

---

#### THE SURGEON AND THE GHOST.

A circumstance occurred during the encampment of General Lincoln at Perryburg, that from its singularity deserves to be recorded. A soldier named Fickling, by the irregularity of his conduct, long excited the indignation of his comrades, and, at length, from repeated efforts to escape to the enemy, had been brought to trial, and condemned to death. It happened that, as he was led to execution, the

surgeon-general of the army passed accidentally on his way to his quarters, which were at some distance off. On being tied up to the fatal tree, the removal of the ladder caused the rope to break, and the culprit fell to the ground.

This circumstance, to a man of better character, might have proved of advantage; but, being universally considered as a miscreant, from whom no good could ever be expected a new rope was sought for, which Lieutenant Hamilton, the adjutant of the First Regiment, a stout and heavy man, essayed by every means, but without effect, to break. Fickling was then haltered, and again turned off, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, the rope untwisted, and he fell a second time, uninjured, to the ground. A cry for mercy was now general throughout the ranks, which occasioned Major Ladson, aid-de-camp to General Lincoln, to gallop to head-quarters, to make a representation of facts, which no sooner were stated, than an immediate pardon was granted, accompanied with the order that he should instantaneously be drummed, with every mark of infamy, out of camp, and threatened with instant death if ever he should, at any future time, be found attempting to approach it.

In the interim, the surgeon-general had established himself at his quarters, in a distant barn, little doubting but that the catastrophe

was at an end, and that Fickling was quietly resting in the grave. Midnight was at hand, and he was busily engaged in writing, when, hearing the approach of a footstep, he raised his eyes, and saw with astonishment the figure of the man who had, in his opinion, been executed, slowly and with haggard countenance approaching towards him.

"How ! how is this ?" exclaimed the doctor, in great terror. "Whence come you ? What do you want with me ? Were you not hanged this morning ?" "Yes, sir," replied the resuscitated man, "I am the wretch you saw *going* to the gallows, and who *was* hanged." "Keep your distance," said the doctor, "approach me not till you say why you come here ?" "Simply, sir, to solicit food. I am no ghost, doctor. The rope broke twice while the executioner was doing his office, and the general thought proper to pardon me." "If that be the case," rejoined the doctor, "eat and welcome ; but I beg of you, in future, to have a little more consideration, and not intrude so unceremoniously into the apartment of one who had every reason to suppose that you were an inhabitant of the tomb."

---

#### SYMPATHY OF WASHINGTON.

General Washington one day stopping for refreshment at a house in New Jersey, in

which a wounded officer lay, who was sensibly agitated by the slightest noise, constantly spoke in an under tone of voice, and at the table, in every movement, evinced marked consideration for the sufferer. Retiring to another apartment at the conclusion of the meal, the gentlemen of his family, unrestrained by his presence, were less particular. They spoke in higher tones ; when the general, who heard them with uneasiness, immediately returning, opened the door with great caution, and walking on tip-toe to the extremity of the apartment, took a book from the mantel-piece, and, without uttering a word, again retired.

The gentlemen took the hint, so respectfully given, and silence ensued. This anecdote serves to relate, not only in this particular incident, but in every case, the sympathy manifested by the Father of his country when any individual was suffering from pain. He was considerate, affectionate, and kind, to the poor man as well as to the rich ; his purse was ever open to the needy ; forgiving, but firm, and a lover of justice ; such was Washington.

---

#### A MISTAKE TURNED TO A GOOD ACCOUNT.

Some time previous to the evacuation of Charlestown, Colonel Menzies, of the Penn

sylvania line, received a letter from a Hessian officer within the garrison, who had once been a prisoner, and treated by him with kindness, expressing an earnest desire to show his gratitude, by executing any commission with which he would please to honor him. Colonel Menzies replied to it, requesting him to send him twelve dozen *cigars*; but, being a German by birth, and little accustomed to express himself in English, he was not very accurate in his orthography, and wrote *sizars*.

"'Twas no sooner said than done;" twelve dozen pairs of scissors were accordingly sent him, which, for a time, occasioned much merriment in the camp, at the expense of the Colonel, but no man knew better how to profit from the mistake. Money was not at the period in circulation; and by the aid of his runner, distributing his scissors over the country, in exchange for poultry, Menzies lived luxuriously, while the fare of his brother officers was a scanty pittance of famished beef, bull-frogs from ponds, and cray-fish from the neighboring ditches.

---

#### GALLANTRY OF A YOUNG BOY.

When Captain Falls, at the battle of Ram-sour's mill, received a mortal wound and fell, his son, a youth of fourteen, rushed to the

body, as the man who had shot him was preparing to plunder it; regardless of his opponent's strength, the intrepid youth, snatching up his father's sword, plunged it into the breast of the soldier, and laid him dead at his feet.

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#### THE WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICER.

During the action at Stono, Lieutenant Parham, the adjutant of the light infantry, was stationed by Major Pinckney in the rear of the continentals, purposely to keep the men in their stations, and prevent the possibility of skulkers falling behind. As he passed over the field of battle, a British officer, desperately wounded, pressed him so earnestly to afford him a drink of water, to slake consuming thirst, that to refuse was deemed impossible, and the request was complied with.

The British officer now presenting an elegant watch, said,—“Take it, sir, 'tis yours by conquest; your generous procedure, too, gives you still greater title to it.” “I came into the field,” said Parham, “to fight, and not to plunder; it gives me pleasure to have rendered you service: I ask no other recompense.” “Keep it for me then, in trust,” rejoined the officer, “till we meet again, for if left in my hands, it may be wrested from me by some

marauder, who, to secure silence, may inflict death." "I will accede to your wishes, and take charge of it," said Parham, "but, as soon as an opportunity occurs, I will consider it a sacred duty to return it."

A very considerable period elapsed before a second meeting took place; but, in strict conformity to his honorable feeling and voluntary promise, Parham no sooner found himself within reach of the man to whom he had pledged the restitution of his property, than he waited upon him, presented the watch, and was greeted with an expression of grateful commendation, that amply rewarded his correct and liberal conduct.

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#### LAMENTING THE LOSS OF A HAT.

At the battle of Eutaw, when General Marion's brigade was displaying in face of the enemy, Captain Gee, who commanded the front platoon, was shot down, and supposed to be mortally wounded. The ball passed through the cock of a handsome hat that he had recently procured, tearing the crown very much, and, in its progress, the head also. He lay for a considerable time insensible; the greater part of the day had passed without a favorable symptom; when, suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his beaver, which

being brought him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed—"O never think of the head; time and the doctor will put that to rights; but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my hat forever."

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#### THE STUTTERING COLONEL.

Colonel Peter Horry was a descendant of one of the many Protestant families who removed to Carolina from France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He early took up arms in defence of his country, and through all the trials of peril and privation, experienced by Marion's brigade, gave ample proof of his strict integrity and undaunted courage. The fame which he acquired, as one of the band of heroes who defended the post at Sullivan's Island, was not tarnished. For, although in a moment of despondency he once said to his general—"I fear our happy days are all gone by;" it was not the consequences that might accrue to himself, but the miseries apprehended for his country, that caused the exclamation, for never were his principles shaken—never, even for a moment, did the thought of submission enter his bosom.

No man more eagerly sought the foe; none



braved danger with greater intrepidity, or more strenuously endeavored to sustain the military reputation of his country. A ludicrous story is told of him, that, though probably varied in the narration, has its foundation in truth. Colonel Horry was once ordered to wait the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power; when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word—"fire." In vain he made the attempt—it was, "*fi, fi, fi, fi,*"—but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed—"Shoot, d—n you—shoot,—you know very well what I would say,—shoot, shoot—;" accompanying the words with an oath.

He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on all occasions increased his reputation. At Quimby, Colonel Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out, "I am wounded, colonel!" Horry replied—"Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post." "But I can't stand, colonel—I am wounded a second time!" "Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post." "Colonel," cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces."

“Be it so, Baxter, but stir not.” He obeyed the order, and actually received a fourth wound before the engagement ended.

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“FIGHTING ON MY OWN HOOK.”

At the battle of Yorktown, while the aids of the American chief were issuing his orders along the line, a man was discovered a short distance from it, who presented rather a grotesque appearance, being dressed in the coarse common cloth worn at the time by the lower orders in the back country, with an otter-cap, the shape of which very much resembled the steeple of a meeting-house, and a broad leather apron. His equipments consisted of a small woodchuck’s skin, sewed together in the form of a bag, and partly filled with powder, and an old rusty gun, which measured about seven feet eight inches from the muzzle to the end of the breech, and which had probably lain in the smoke ever since the landing of the pilgrims.

One of the aids passing him in the course of his rounds, inquired of him to what regiment he belonged. “I belong to no regiment,” said the fellow, after he had fired his “long carbine.” A few moments after the officer rode by again; but seeing the fellow very busy, and sweating with exertion, he

once more inquired to what regiment he belonged. "To no regiment," was the answer; the speaker at the same time levelled his piece at a "red-coat," who was preparing to fire, but who dropped dead before he had half raised his gun. "To what company do you belong?"—"To no company."—"To what battalion do you belong?"—"To no battalion."—"Then where the d—l do you belong, or whom are you fighting for?"—"Dang ye," said the fellow, "I don't belong anywhere, *I am fighting on my own hook!*"

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#### HONESTY OF LEVINGSTONE.

A soldier of General Marion's brigade, named Levingstone, an Irishman by birth, meeting with an armed party, on a night profoundly dark, suddenly found a horseman's pistol applied to his breast, and heard the imperious command—"Declare, instantaneously, to what party you belong, or you are a dead man." The situation being such as to render it highly probable that it might be a British party, he very calmly replied, "I think, sir, it would be a little more in the way of civility if you were to drop a hint, just to let me know which side of the question *you* are pleased to favor." "No jesting," replied the speaker, "declare your principles, or die."

“Then ——” rejoined Levingstone, “I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American, to extremity, you spalpeen ; so do your worst, and —— to you.” “You are an honest fellow,” said the inquirer : “we are friends, and I rejoice to meet a man faithful as you are to the cause of our country.”

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## AN UNINVITED GUEST.

During the siege of Yorktown, Baron de Steuben, giving a breakfast to several of the field-officers of the army, in the course of the entertainment, while festivity was at its height, and in anticipation of the honors which awaited them, mirth and good-humor abounded, a shell from the enemy fell into the centre of the circle formed by his guests. There was no time for retreat ; to fall prostrate on the earth afforded the only chance of escape. Every individual stretched himself at his length. The shell burst with tremendous explosion, covering the whole party with mud and dirt, which proved rather a source of merriment than serious concern, since none of the party sustained any further inconvenience.

## GOOD FEELINGS OF WASHINGTON.

Washington was never known to injure intentionally the feelings of any person, no matter whether his friend or his most hostile enemy. In illustration of this trait, an incident may be related, referring to the surrender at Yorktown. While the continental troops were preparing to receive the British, who were to march forth from the garrison, and deliver up their arms, Washington was heard to remark to the troops—"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained, induce you to insult your fallen enemy—let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient satisfaction to us, that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

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## SIR GUY CARLETON.

While the gallant defence of Quebec, by General Carleton, evinced the excellence of his military talents, and his liberal treatment of the vanquished did honor to his humanity, particular credit is due to him, for his skilful management even of the prejudices of the troops under his command. Apprehending,

during the protracted siege, that the return of St. Patrick's Day would occasion the soldiers of the garrison, chiefly Irishmen, to indulge too freely in generous libations to the memory of the patron saint of Erin; and that his vigilant adversary would profit by their intemperance to attack the town; in orders, issued on the 16th of March, he invited "all true Irishmen to meet him on the following day, at 12 o'clock, on parade, to drink the health of the king, St. Patrick's Day being, *for that year only*, put off till the 4th of June." An Irishman himself, and highly honored by all who served under him, his proposition was applauded, and perfect sobriety reigned where, according to all former experience, riot and disorder alone were to be looked for.

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## INHUMANITY OF TARLETON.

From the vicinity of Rocky Mount, an almost beardless youth, of the name of Wade, was seduced to enrol himself in the ranks of Tarleton's Legion. Repentance quickly followed his departure from duty; and he deserted with the hope of rejoining his family and friends. Fate forbade it. He was taken, tried, and sentenced to receive A THOUSAND LASHES. It is scarcely necessary to relate the sequel. He expired under the infliction of the punishment!

## YANKEE CAPTAIN.

Till the last hour that the British kept possession of New York, independent of custom-house forms, they obliged the captains of American vessels, bringing in articles for sale, to dance attendance, in many instances, for days together, seeking passports, to prevent detention by the guard-ships. An unfortunate Yankee who had sold his *notions*, and was impatient to depart, having been repeatedly put off with frivolous excuses, and bid to "call again," indignantly exclaimed, "Well, I vow, for a beaten people, you are the most saucy that I ever met with." "Make out that fellow's passport immediately," said the superintendent to an officiating clerk, "and get rid of him."

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## AMERICAN AIR-GUNS.

Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air, (supposed to be flying bugs and beetles,) which they took to be the sound of bullets. They left the hill with great precipitation, spread the alarm in their encampment, and wrote terrible accounts to England of being shot at with air-guns, as appeared by their

letters, extracts of which were soon after published in London papers. Indeed, for some time they really believed that the Americans possessed a kind of magic white powder, which exploded and killed without a report.

In that much celebrated and admirable poem of the day, M'Fingal, the circumstance is thus satirized:

No more the British colonel runs  
From whizzing beetles as air guns ;  
Thinks horn-bugs, bullets, or thro' fears  
Moschetoës takes for musketeers :  
Nor 'scapes, as if you'd gained supplies  
From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.  
No bug these warlike hearts appals ;  
They better know the sound of balls.

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#### LA FAYETTE AND CORNWALLIS.

For some months previous to the capture of Cornwallis, and while his army were traversing the Carolinas and Virginia, he was opposed by the Marquis de La Fayette, with an inferior force. So confident was he of success, and so much did he despise the extreme youth of La Fayette, that he unguardedly wrote, in a letter, which was afterwards intercepted, "*The boy cannot escape me.*"

He once formed the plan of surprising the Marquis, who was on the same side of James river with himself ; but was prevented by the fall wing incident. General La Fayette, wish-



ing to ascertain the particular situation of his opponent, contrived to send a spy into his camp to obtain intelligence. Having reached the British camp, the spy was soon introduced to his lordship, who inquired the reason of his deserting the American army. Charles Morgan artfully replied, "I have been in the continental service from the beginning; and while under Washington, I was well satisfied; but being now commanded by a Frenchman, I am dissatisfied, and have quitted their service."

Lord Cornwallis commended his conduct; and Charley, without suspicion, entered upon the double duties of an English soldier and an American spy. While in conversation with his officers, Lord Cornwallis asked Charley how long it would take the Marquis to cross James river. Pausing a moment, he replied, "Three hours, my lord." "Three hours!" exclaimed his lordship—"it will take three days." "No, my lord," said Charley, "the Marquis has such a number of boats, and each boat will carry so many men. If you will please to calculate, you will find that he can cross in three hours." His lordship, turning to his officers, said, "The scheme will not do."

After obtaining the necessary information, Morgan prepared to return to the American camp; and he prevailed on seven British soldiers to desert with him.

"Well, Charley, have you got back?" said the Marquis, when he returned to head-quarters.

"Yes, please your Excellency; and I have brought seven men with me."

The Major-general offered to reward him, but he refused money; and when it was proposed to promote him to the rank of sergeant, or corporal, he replied, "I have ability to discharge the duties of a common soldier, and my character stands fair; but should I be promoted, I may fail and lose my reputation." He, however, requested that his destitute comrades, who came with him, might be furnished with shoes and clothing; which was very readily complied with.

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#### WIT OF A NEGRO.

When the Count D'Estaing's fleet appeared near the British batteries, in the harbor of Rhode Island, a severe cannonade was commenced, and several shot passed through the houses in town, and occasioned great consternation among the inhabitants. A shot passed through the door of Mrs. Mason's house just above the floor. The family were alarmed, not knowing where to flee for safety. A negro man ran and sat himself down very composedly, with his back against the shot-hole

in the door ; and being asked by young Mr. Mason why he chose that situation, he replied, " Massa, you never know two bullet go in one place."

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#### CIVILITY OF WASHINGTON.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor a farmer of the name of Jacob Munsell, aged forty-five years. After the communication by water between that part of the country and Boston was interrupted, by the possession of Boston harbor by the British fleet, Munsell was often employed to transport provisions by land, to our army lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp, at Cambridge, with a large load, drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road which was somewhat rough, and where the travelled pathway was narrow, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munsell, put his head out of the window, and called to him in an authoritative tone—" *D—n you, get out of the path.*" Munsell immediately retorted—" *D—n you, I wont get out of the path—get out yourself.*" After some vain attempts to prevail on Munsell to

turn out, the officer's carriage turned out, and Munsell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing distance of what had passed; and the officer within it put his head out of the window, and said to Munsell—"My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out; will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?" "With all my heart, sir," said Munsell; "but I wont be *d—d* out of the path by man." This last officer was General Washington.

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#### MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

The superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct of women in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign of 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed.

He refused, and left the tent, calling to his

wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favor. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

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#### A MISTAKE ON SUNDAY.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Provincetown, had been for years in the habit of praying for the British government; but at the eventful period of the American revolution, he, together with most other clergymen of that time, was zealously opposed to the oppressive measures of England; however, by a strange absence of mind, he, one Sabbath, long after America had been declared independent, continued his usual prayer, "We beseech thee to bless the king, the queen, and all the royal family,"—then pausing, with evident embarrassment and vexation, he added, "Pshaw! pshaw! it was the continental congress I meant."

## DR. FRANKLIN IN CONGRESS.

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it, which gave offence to some members. The words "Scotch and other auxiliaries," excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British king, in negating our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, those gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to the mutilations.

"I have made it a rule," said he, "whenever it is in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words:—'John Thompson, *Hatter*;

*makes and sells hats for ready money,*' with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word '*hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words '*makes hats,*' which showed he was a hatter.—It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats;—if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words '*for ready money*' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit—every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, '*John Thompson sells hats.*' Sells hats? says his next friend; why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word? It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board; so his inscription was reduced ultimately to '*John Thompson,*' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

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#### MAGNANIMITY OF BARON DE STEUBEN.

After the capture at Yorktown, the superior officers of the American army, together with their allies, vied with each other in acts of

civility and attention to the captive Britons. Entertainments were given by all the major-generals, except Baron Steuben. He was above prejudice or meanness; but poverty prevented him from displaying that liberality towards them, which had been shown by others. Such was his situation, when calling on Colonel Stewart, and informing him of his intention to entertain Lord Cornwallis, he requested that he would advance him a sum of money as the price of his favorite charger. "Tis a good beast," said the Baron, "and has proved a faithful servant through all the dangers of the war; but, though painful to my heart, we must part." Colonel Stewart immediately tendered his purse, recommending the sale or pledge of his watch, should the sum it contained prove insufficient. "My dear friend," replied the Baron, "'tis already sold. Poor North was sick, and wanted necessities. He is a brave fellow, and possesses the best of hearts. The trifle it brought is set apart for his use. My horse must go; so no more, I beseech you, to turn me from my purpose. I am a major-general in the service of the United States; and my private convenience must not be put in a scale with the duty which my rank imperiously calls upon me to perform."



## PATRIOTIC SCHOOL BOYS.

In November, 1776, the General Court ordered four brass cannon to be purchased for the use of the artillery companies in Boston. Two of these guns were kept in a gun-house that stood opposite the Mall, at the corner of West-street. A school-house was the next building, and a yard enclosed with a high fence was common to both. Major Paddock, who then commanded the company, having been heard to express his intention of surrendering these guns to the British army, a few individuals resolved to secure for the country a property which belonged to it, and which, in the emergency of the times, had an importance very disproportionate to its intrinsic value.

Having concerted their plan, the party passed through the school-house into the gun-house, and were able to open the doors which were upon the yard, by a small crevice, through which they raised the bar that secured them. The moment for the execution of the project was that of the roll-call, when the sentinel, who was stationed at one door of the building, would be less likely to hear their operations.

The guns were taken off their carriages, carried into the school-room, and placed in a large box, under the master's desk, in which

wood was kept. Immediately after the roll-call, a lieutenant and sergeant came into the gun-house to look at the cannon, previously to removing them. A young man, who had assisted in their removal, remained by the building, and followed the officer in, as an *innocent* spectator. When the carriages were found without the guns, the sergeant exclaimed, with an oath, in true soldier phraseology, "These fellows would steal the teeth out of your head, while you're keeping guard." They then began to search the building for them, and afterwards the yard ; and when they came to the gate that opened into the street, the officers observed that they could not have passed that way, because a cobweb across the opening was not broken. They next went into the school-house, which they examined all over, except the box, on which the master placed his foot, which was lame ; and the officer, with true courtesy, on that account excused him from rising. Several boys were present, but not one lisped a word. The British officers soon went back to the gun-house, and gave up the pursuit in vexation. The guns remained in that box for a fortnight, and many of the boys were acquainted with the fact, but not one of them betrayed the secret. At the end of that time, the person who had withdrawn them, came in the evening with a large trunk on a wheelbarrow ; the guns were put into it and carried up to a black-

smith's shop at the South-end, and there deposited under the coal. After lying there for a while, they were put into a boat in the night, and safely transported within the American lines.

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#### AN UNNECESSARY ALARM.

A sentinel on the banks of Ashley River, opposite to Dorchester, perceiving a "red-coat" moving through the brush-wood on the other shore, gave the alarm that the enemy were without their lines. This being communicated to Lieut. Colonel Laurens, a troop of dragoons, and a company of infantry of the legion, were ordered to cross the river and reconnoitre. But the rapidity of the stream determined Captain O'Neil, who commanded, to wait until a boat which had been sent for should arrive.

In the interim, Laurens galloped up, and demanded, with warmth, "Why this halt, captain?—were not orders given to cross?" "Yes, colonel, but look at the current, and judge if it be practicable." "This is no time for argument," rejoined Laurens. "You who are brave men, follow me." Saying this, he plunged into the river, but was instantaneously obliged to quit his horse, and it was with extreme difficulty that he was enabled to reach the opposite shore.

O'Neil, than whom a braver man did not exist, highly indignant at the speech of Laurens, replied, "You shall see, sir, that there are men here as courageous as yourself," and at the head of his troop entered the river. Now, all was tumult and confusion, for although no lives were lost, several of the men were so nearly drowned, that it became necessary to use every means to make them disgorge the water they had swallowed; and all were so much exhausted, that a temporary halt was indispensably needful.

The infantry, by the aid of a plank, and large doors torn from a neighboring warehouse, passed over with less difficulty. During the meantime, Laurens, attended by Messrs. Ralph and Walter Izard, and Mr. Wainwright, who ever accompanied him as aids, hastened to the spot, where the British regimental had been seen. It was then found that a military coat had been hung up in a tree by a soldier who had been whipped and drummed out of the 64th regiment, for drunkenness, and whose lacerated back could admit of no covering.

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A NOBLE REPLY.

At the retreat of the British troops from Lexington, General Warren came near being killed by a musket ball, which took off a lock

of hair, curled close to his head, in accordance with the custom of the times. His mother, being very much affected by the occurrence, entreated him not to risk his life again, which was so precious to her, and of so much value to his country.

His answer was,—“Wherever danger is, dear mother, there will your son be. Now is no time for one of America’s children to shrink from the most hazardous duty ; I will either see my country free, or shed my last drop of blood to make her so.” And he did ; he fell on the same field, and at the same time, as did Putnam ; both fighting for the rights and liberties of their country.

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#### WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

After the unsatisfactory engagement at Germantown, the American troops were quartered for the winter at Valley Forge, where their sufferings were extreme. It happened, during their sojourn, that a very pious Quaker by the name of Potts had occasion to pass through a large grove, which was not a great distance from the head-quarters. Proceeding along, he thought he heard a noise. He stopped a minute, and listened attentively.

He did hear the sound of a human voice at some distance, but quite indistinctly. As it

was in the direct course he was pursuing, he went on, but with considerable caution. At length he came within sight of a man whose back was turned towards him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. Potts now stopped, and soon perceived Gen. Washington, the commander of the American army, returning from bending before the God of hosts above.

Potts was a pious man, and no sooner had he reached his home, than he broke forth to his wife—

“All’s well!—all’s well! Yes—George Washington is sure to beat the British—*sure!*”

“What’s the matter with thee, Isaac?” replied the startled Sarah. “Thee seems to be much moved about something.”

“Well! what if I am moved? Who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to-day?”

“And what hast thou seen, Isaac?”

“Seen! I’ve seen a man at prayer!—in the woods!—George Washington himself! And now I say—just what I said before—All’s well! George Washington is sure to beat the British! *SURE!*”

This is one of the anecdotes, that tend to establish the decided Christian character of Washington. Much also might be adduced from a memoir of his life of the same description. He was indeed a pious, as well as a brave man.

## THE END OF A FARCE.

While the British held possession of Boston, there were various amusements got up, to while away their time. Among these was a small theatre, and in the evening of Feb. 8th, 1776, the officers were acting a farce, entitled "The Blockade of Boston." One character, intended to ridicule Washington, was dressed up with a large wig, and a long rusty sword. Another was an American sergeant, in his country dress, with an old gun on his shoulder, eight feet long.

At the same moment this grotesque-looking figure appeared, one of the British sergeants came running on the stage, and cried out, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill." The audience took it as a part of the play, but General Howe knew that it was no joke, and cried out to the officers, "To your alarm-posts."

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## ATTENTION TO ORDERS.

At the siege of York, the young Baron de Carendefiez, about the age of fifteen, was sent into the magazine to distribute ammunition for the use of the French artillery, and while seated on a barrel of powder, saw a shell from

the enemy fall within two feet of his position. The soldiers who were in the battery, expecting immediate explosion, ran off in every direction.

The expected catastrophe, however, did not follow; the fuse of the shell was in its flight extinguished. This being perceived by the fugitives, the battery was as quickly reoccupied, when Captain Lémery, the commanding officer, addressing himself to the youth, who still retained his seat, said—"You young rogue, why did you not fly the impending danger? why not embrace a chance for life?" "Because, captain," he heroically answered, "my duty required that I should make a distribution of ammunition, and not desert my post, and fly like a poltroon."

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#### PROSE BETTER THAN POETRY.

A colonel in the army, who was much inclined to be poetical in his prose, telling Major Edwards that he had heard a report concerning him by which he had been greatly amused, the major assured him that it was altogether without any foundation. "O no," said the colonel, "deny it not—it must be true, and I will circulate and give it currency." "Thank you, thank you, kind sir," rejoined Edwards, "by *your* doing so, much



time will be saved, which otherwise would have been spent in contradicting the story."

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#### ORDINARY FARE OF MARION.

A British officer was sent from the garrison at Georgetown, to negotiate a business interesting to both armies; when this was concluded, and the officer about to return, General Marion said, "If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner." The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effect; and to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage, "that hunger was an excellent sauce."

"But surely, general," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare." "Indeed it is, sir," he replied; "and we are more fortunate on this occasion, *entertaining company*, than usual, to have more than our accustomed quantity." It is said that this officer, on his return to Georgetown, immediately declared his conviction, that men who could without a murmur endure the difficulties and dangers of

the field, and contentedly relish such simple and scanty fare, were not to be subdued; and resigning his commission, immediately retired from the service.

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MR. JOHN EDWARDS AND ADMIRAL ARBUTHNOT.

It must appear both injudicious and unjust that Mr. John Edwards has been so little noticed. His name has been scarcely mentioned in the records of our revolution; yet there was no citizen of the republic, in whose bosom the love of liberty glowed with more generous enthusiasm. Possessing wealth beyond any other mercantile man of the day, he was the first individual in Carolina who tendered his fortunes in support of the American cause. His friend, the venerable Josiah Smith, was no less liberal in his loans to government; and it cannot be doubted but that their example must, in a great degree, have contributed to give stability to public credit, and to induce many of less sanguine hopes to risk their fortunes for the public good.

Warned by his more prudential friends that he placed too much at hazard; that the success of America, opposed to the power of Britain, could scarcely be expected; and that the total loss of his possessions would follow; with a feeling of patriotism that cannot be

too highly appreciated, he replied—"Be it so! I would rather lose my all than retain it subject to British authority." His subsequent conduct proved that this was no vain boasting. Shortly after the fall of Charleston, invited to a conference by Admiral Arbuthnot, who was quartered on him, and occupied the principal apartments of his house, a conversation took place, the purport of which, immediately after the conclusion, was communicated by him to his son-in-law, Mr. John Bee Holmes, from whom I received it. "Nothing, Mr. Edwards," said the admiral, "has appeared more extraordinary to Sir Henry Clinton and myself, than that *you*, a native of Great Britain, should have taken part with the rebels, and appeared throughout the contest a strenuous and decided advocate of revolutionary principles. How, sir, is it to be accounted for?"

"Because," replied Mr. Edwards, "I conscientiously approved, and have pledged myself to support them." "But, Mr. Edwards," rejoined the admiral, "as a *man of sense*, you may have been heretofore deluded—your eyes must now be opened to the futility of resistance; and as a *man of honor*, you are bound by every means in your power to aid in promoting the submission of the people, by a reconciliation with the merciful government that would obliterate every recollection of past offences, and again receive them with favor and forgiveness."

The admiral proceeded for a considerable length of time, in pretty much the same strain of language ; trying to persuade Mr. Edwards, with the neighbors, to implore pardon from the British for past misdeeds, as they considered them. Mr. Edwards made an eloquent reply, ending with the words—"And if you were to say to me—*Your fate depends upon your resolve—take protection or perish—I would without a moment's hesitation—DIE.*"

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#### THE POOR FISHERMAN AND HIS SCHOONER.

After the evacuation of Boston, by the British troops under Gen. Gage, Capt. Nelson was left in command of a frigate, with directions to cruise off the outer harbor, and to give notice to British vessels of the evacuation.

During one of his cruises, he captured a fishing schooner of about sixty tons, belonging to Capt. Davis, of Plymouth, Mass. It was his whole property, and he supported a wife and six children by selling the fish that were taken on board of her.

In about a fortnight after the capture, the owner (instead of resigning himself to his fate, and abandoning all hope of regaining his vessel) determined to go on board the frigate and see the captain. He procured a

boat with this view, and having put on board of her two dozen fowls, some cabbages and other vegetables, that he thought would be acceptable to Capt. Nelson, he ventured out, was admitted on board the frigate, requested to see the captain alone, and was taken down into the cabin.

"Captain," said he, "I understand that you have taken my schooner; she is the whole support of myself, my wife, and six children. Now, sir, the great men of your country, and of my country, have made this war, and the poor people are obliged to submit, and I did not know but what Capt. Nelson might give me back my schooner."

Nelson being astonished at the request, replied, "This is not a common war; you are rebels, you have rebelled against your king and country, and besides, my men are entitled to their prize money." Soon after, he left him in the cabin, and went on deck to talk with his officers and men; he then returned to the cabin. "Should you know your vessel if you were to see her again?" "I guess I should," said the captain, and soon after the schooner came up, with all her sails set, and completely fitted up in man-of-war style. "Is this your vessel?" said Capt. Nelson. "O dear, sir, no," replied Capt. Davis. "I don't wonder that you don't know her," replied Nelson, "as I have laid out about one hundred and fifty pounds upon her as my tender."

After some further conversation, Capt. Nelson consented that Capt. Davis should have his vessel again, and told him to go on shore and bring with him a sufficient number of hands to take charge of her. He did so, and after Capt. Davis had thanked Capt. Nelson, with tears in his eyes, and blessed him, and was about pushing off in his boat, "Stop, stop," cried Nelson, "you are not paid yet for your fowls."

"O for mercy's sake, Capt. Nelson, say nothing about that." "Either receive payment or else no vessel," said Nelson, and threw him two guineas. "I cannot receive pay," said Capt. Davis, "and this is twice as much as they would come to." "Either take the money, or no vessel," said Nelson; "the rebels will say that you have been bribing me." And Capt. Davis went off, deeply impressed with gratitude for the noble and generous conduct of Horatio Nelson.

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#### PATRIOTISM OF BISHOP WHITE.

The distinguished reputation of the late Bishop White is well known. Early in the revolution he was invited to preach before a battalion, but declined, and mentioned to the commanding officer that he had objections to the making of the ministry instrumental to

the war. And he continued, in the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church as required, to pray for the king till the Sunday before the 4th of July, 1776. Shortly after that he took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and ever subsequent thereto remained faithful. It was evident to all that he acted under a high sense of duty, and with that sound judgment which characterized him through life.

At the time of taking the oath of allegiance, the following incident is said to have occurred. When he went to the courthouse for the purpose, a gentleman of his acquaintance standing there, observing his design, intimated to him, by a gesture, the danger to which he would expose himself. After taking the oath, he remarked, before leaving the courthouse, to the gentleman alluded to—"I perceive, by your gesture, that you thought I was exposing my neck to great danger by the step which I have taken. But I have not taken it without full deliberation. I know my danger, and that it is the greater on account of my being a clergyman of the Church of England. But I trust in Providence. The cause is a just one, and I am persuaded will be protected."

## BISHOP WHITE A CHAPLAIN OF CONGRESS.

In September, 1777, while the British were advancing to Philadelphia, of which they took possession soon afterwards, Congress having just fled to Yorktown, he was chosen chaplain. He had, for safety, removed his family to Hartford county, in Maryland. While on a journey between that place and Philadelphia, he stopped at a small village, where he was met by a courier from Yorktown, who informed him of his being appointed by Congress their chaplain, and requested his immediate attendance. Nothing, he said, could have induced him to accept the appointment, at such a time, even had the emolument been an object, which it was not, but the determination to be consistent in his principles in the part he had taken.

This was one of the gloomiest periods in the history of the revolution; General Burgoyne was marching, without having yet received a serious check, so far as was then known, through the northern parts of New York. He thought of it for a short time, and then, instead of proceeding on his journey, turned his horses' heads, travelled immediately to Yorktown, and entered on the duties of his appointment.

While officiating as chaplain, he had opportunities of observing some tokens of the diffi-



culties under which Congress labored in procuring the means of carrying on the war, and the very reduced state of their finances at some periods. The two following facts, related by himself, are striking proofs of their destitution of funds, and the very low state of their credit. On one occasion, going into the chamber of Congress to perform his duty as chaplain, he remarked to one of the members, "You have been treating yourselves, I perceive, to new inkstands."—"Yes," was the reply, "and private credit had to be pledged for the payment." At another time, observing that the clerks had removed from their usual room, and inquiring the cause, he was told that there was no wood to make a fire there, nor money to buy it. These incidents must have occurred after Congress returned to Philadelphia.

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DR. FRANKLIN'S ALMANAC.

The late Capt. John Paul Jones, at the time he was attempting to fit out a little squadron during the revolutionary war, in one of the ports of France, to cruise on the coast of England, was much delayed by neglects and disappointments from the court, that had nearly frustrated his plan. Chance one day threw into his hands an old almanac, containing

*Poor Richard's Maxims*, by Dr. Franklin. In that curious assemblage of useful instructions, a man is advised, "If he wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, to go and do it himself;—otherwise to send."

Jones was immediately struck, upon reading this maxim, with the impropriety of his past conduct, in only sending letters and messages to court, when he ought to have gone in person. He instantly set out, and, by dint of personal representations, procured the immediate equipment of the squadron, which afterwards spread terror along the eastern coasts of England, and with which he so gloriously captured the *Serapis*, and the British ships of war returning from the Baltic. In gratitude to Dr. Franklin's maxim, he named the principal ship of his squadron after the name of the pretended almanac maker, *Le Bon Homme Richard*, Father Richard.

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GENERAL PRESCOTT AND THE CONNECTICUT SUCCOTASH.

The British general, Prescott, who was captured at his quarters on Rhode Island by Colonel Barton, being on his route through the state of Connecticut, called at a tavern to dine. The landlady furnished the table with a dish of succotash, boiled corn and beans. The general being unaccustomed to such kind of food,

exclaimed, with warmth, "What, do you treat us with the food of hogs?" and taking the dish from the table, strewed the contents over the floor. The landlord being informed of this, soon entered, and with his horse-whip gave the general a severe chastisement. The sequel of this story has recently been communicated by a gentleman at Nantucket, who retains a perfect recollection of all the circumstances. After Gen. Prescott was exchanged, and restored to his command on the island, the inhabitants of Nantucket deputed Wm. Rotch, Dr. Tupper, and Timothy Folger to negotiate some concerns with him in behalf of the town. They were for some time refused admittance to his presence, but the doctor and Folger overcame the opposition and ushered themselves into the room. Prescott raged and stormed with great vehemence, until Folger was compelled to withdraw. After the doctor announced his business, and the general had become a little calm, he said, "Was not my treatment to Folger very uncivil?" The doctor said yes. Then said Prescott, "I will tell you the reason: he looked so much like the Connecticut rascal that horse-whipped me, I could not endure his presence."

## PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITIONS.

After the defeat of our army on Long Island, in 1776, the residue of our troops were reduced to a situation of extreme hazard, and by many it was supposed that a few hours would seal their fate. They were fatigued and discouraged by defeat, a superior enemy in their front, and a powerful fleet about to enter the East river, with the view of effectually cutting off their retreat, and leaving them no alternative but to surrender. The commander-in-chief resolved to attempt to extricate his army from the impending catastrophe, by evacuating the post, and crossing the river to New York. The passage was found at first to be impracticable, by reason of a violent wind from the northeast and a strong ebbing tide.

But providentially the wind grew more moderate, and veered to the northwest, which rendered the passage perfectly safe. But a circumstance still more remarkable was, that about two o'clock in the morning a thick *fog* enveloped the whole of Long Island in obscurity, concealing the retreat of the Americans, while on the side of New York the atmosphere was perfectly clear.

Thus, by the favor of an unusual *fog*, our army, consisting of nine thousand men, in one night, under great disadvantages, embarked

with their baggage, provisions, stores, horses, and the munitions of war, crossed a rapid river, a mile or more wide, and landed at New York undiscovered, and without material loss. The enemy were so near that they were heard at work with their pick-axes, and in about half an hour after the fog cleared off, the enemy were seen taking possession of the American lines, and they were astonished that our troops had got beyond the reach of pursuit.

Garden, in his Anecdotes, says that a clerical friend, on this occasion, observed that, "But for the interposition of a *cloud* of darkness, the Egyptians would have overwhelmed the Israelites upon the sea-shore. And but for the providential intervention of a *fog* upon Long Island, which was a *cloud* resting on the earth, the American army would have been destroyed, and the hopes of every patriot bosom extinguished, perhaps forever."

On the retreat of our army from New York, Major-general Putnam, at the head of three thousand five hundred continental troops, was in the rear, and the last that left the city. In order to avoid any of the enemy that might be advancing in the direct road to the city, he made choice of a different road till he could arrive at a certain angle, whence a cross-road would conduct him in such a direction as that he might form a junction with our main army. It so happened that a body

of about eight thousand British and Hessians were at the same moment advancing on the road, which would have brought them in immediate contact with Putnam before he could have reached the cross-road.

Most fortunately, the British generals halted their troops, and repaired to the house of Mr. R. Murray, a Quaker and friend to our cause. Mrs. M. treated the British officers with cake and wine, and they were induced to tarry two hours or more. By this happy incident, Putnam, by continuing his march, escaped a rencounter with a greatly superior force, which must have proved fatal to his whole party. I have recently been informed by the son and aid-de-camp of Gen. Putnam, that had the enemy, instead of a halt, marched ten minutes longer, they would have reached the cross-road, and entirely cut off the retreat of our troops, and they must inevitably have been captured or destroyed. It was a common saying among our officers, that, under Providence, Mrs. Murray saved this part of our army.

When, in the year 1777, Gen. Burgoyne's army was reduced to a condition of extreme embarrassment and danger, Gen. Gates received what he supposed certain intelligence that the main body of the British army had marched off for Fort Edward, and that a rear-guard only was left in the camp situated on the opposite side of Saratoga creek. He de-

terminated, therefore, to advance with his entire force to attack the enemy in their encampment, in half an hour. For this purpose, Gen. Nixon with his brigade crossed the creek in advance.

Gen. Glover was on the point of following, but just as he entered the water he perceived a British soldier crossing near him, whom he called and examined. By this British deserter, the fact was ascertained, that the detachment for Fort Edward had returned, and that the whole British army was now encamped behind a thick brush-wood, which concealed them from our view. This information being instantly communicated to Gen. Gates, the order for attack was immediately countermanded, and the troops were ordered to retreat; but before they could recross the creek, the enemy's artillery opened on their rear, and some loss was sustained.

This was a most critical moment, and a quarter of an hour longer might have caused the ruin of the two brigades, and effected such a favorable turn of affairs as to have enabled Burgoyne to progress in his route to Albany, or make a safe retreat into Canada. In his narrative of the expedition under his command, Burgoyne laments the accident which occasioned the failure of his stratagem, as one of the most adverse strokes of fortune during the campaign. But Americans ought never to forget the remarkable providential escape.

## DEATH OF THE BARON DE KALB.

Among the enthusiastic foreigners who generously espoused our cause, and at an early period of the revolution resorted to the American army, I will name some, whose meritorious services entitle them to the grateful recollection of the present and future generations. Baron de Kalb was by birth a German. He had attained a high reputation in military service, and was a knight of the order of merit, and a brigadier-general in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de La Fayette to this country, and having proffered his services to our Congress, he was, in September, 1777, appointed to the office of major-general. In the summer of 1780, he was second in command in our southern army, under Major-general Gates.

When arrangements were making for the battle at Camden, which proved so disastrous to our arms, in August, 1780, this heroic officer, it was said, cautioned Gen. Gates against a general action under present circumstances. But that unfortunate commander was heard to say, that "Lord Cornwallis would not dare to look him in the face." And in the evening preceding the battle, an officer in the presence of Gen. Gates said, "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?"

"Dine, sir," replied the confident general,



"why at Camden, to be sure. I would not give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beef-steak to-morrow in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table." Baron de Kalb was decidedly opposed to the proceedings of Gen. Gates, and frequently foretold the ruin that would ensue, and expressed a presentiment that it would be his fate to fall in that battle. In a council of war, while the enemy was approaching, the baron advised that the army should fall back and take a good position, and wait to be attacked; but this was rejected by Gen. Gates, who insinuated that it originated from fear.

De Kalb, instantly leaping from his horse, placed himself at the head of his command on foot, and with some warmth retorted, "Well, sir, a few hours, perhaps, will prove who are the brave." It was the intention of Gen. Gates to surprise the enemy in their encampment, while at the same time Cornwallis had commenced his march to surprise his antagonist. The contending armies had scarcely engaged in the conflict, when our militia broke, and leaving their guns and bayonets behind, fled with the greatest precipitation.

Gen. Gates immediately applied spurs to his horse and pursued, as he said, "to bring the rascals back," but he actually continued his flight till he reached Charlotte, 80 miles from the field of battle. The Baron de Kalb, at the head of a few hundred continental troops,

was now left to cope with the whole British army, and he sustained the dreadful shock for more than an hour ; hundreds of the bravest men had fallen around this undaunted hero ; he himself in personal conflict was seen to parry the furious blows and plunge his sword into many opposing breasts. But alas ! the hero is overpowered, having received eleven bayonet wounds ; he faints and falls to the ground.

Several individuals of both armies were killed while endeavoring to shield his body. His aid-de-camp, Chevalier de Buysson, rushed through the clashing bayonets, and stretching his arms over the body of the fallen hero, exclaimed, "Save the Baron de Kalb ! save the Baron de Kalb !" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction, but he survived the action but a few hours.

To a British officer, who kindly condoled with him in his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for ; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." His last moments were spent in dictating a letter concerning the continental troops which supported him in the action, after the militia had fled, of whom he said he had no words that could sufficiently express his love and his admiration of their valor.

Gen. Washington, many years after, on a

visit to Camden, inquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "So there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits!" His exit was marked with unfading glory, and his distinguished merit was gratefully acknowledged by Congress, in ordering a monument to be erected to his memory.

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#### EXECUTION OF COL. HAYNES.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony, that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Col. Haynes, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

But it was not long before Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominating it a bond of allegiance to the king, and called upon all who had signed it to take up arms against the *Rebels!* threatening to treat as deserters those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding in Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honorable and honest man.

Col. Haynes now being compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried into Charleston. Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung!

This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition, headed by the British Gov. Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded. The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Col. Haynes might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Col

Haynes's children, (the mother had recently expired with the small-pox,) should in their mourning habiliments be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent.

Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and weeping eyes, they lisped their father's name and plead most earnestly for his life. (Reader! what is your anticipation—do you imagine that Lord Rawdon, pitying their motherless condition, tenderly embraced these afflicted children and restored them to the fond embrace of their father? No! the unfeeling man was still inexorable—he suffered even these little ones to plead in vain!) His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed in grief and sorrow.

“Why,” said he, “my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you that we came into this world but to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is *prepared*. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution; and when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother.”

The youth here fell on his father's neck cry-

ing, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!" Col. Haynes would have returned the strong embrace of his son; but alas! his hands were confined with irons. "Live," said he, "my son, live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters!"

The next morning Col. Haynes was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said—"Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life and of all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much to heart our separation from you: it will be but short. It was but lately your dear mother died. To-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you; for indeed I feel that I cannot live long."

On seeing therefore his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanchèd, and he never wept more. He died *insane*, and in his last moments often called on the name of his

father in terms that brought tears from the hardest heart.

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GENERAL MORGAN.

This distinguished officer commenced his military career under General Braddock, but in so inferior a station as to have been subjected to corporal punishment for some unguarded expressions towards a superior. It is painful to mention such a circumstance; and it would not have been done had it not been recorded to his honor, that, incapable of entertaining lasting resentments, he had been distinguished, during the revolutionary war, by generous attention to every British officer who became his prisoner. Commanding a rifle company before Quebec, he was directed, under Arnold, to attack the lower town; and on the retirement of that officer, when wounded, taking the van of the assailing column, he carried the first and second barriers.

He even penetrated into the upper town, and was in possession of the main-guard, giving paroles to the officers who surrendered, when every prospect of success being baffled by the fall of Montgomery, and the enemy enabled to turn their entire force against him, he was surrounded and captured. His bravery well known, and his activity justly apprecia-

ted, an attempt was made by an officer of rank in the British service to induce him, by the tender of wealth and promotion, to join the royal standard; but, with the spirit of true republican virtue, he rejected the proposition, and requested the tempter, "never again to insult him by an offer which plainly implied that he thought him a villain."

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#### POWDER AND BALLS.

Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them. "*We want balls; will you sell them?*" They answered: "*We want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls.*"

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#### HOW TO SAVE A DINNER.

General Charles Lee, while at White Plains, in 1776, had his quarters in a small house near the road by which Gen. Washington had to pass when reconnoitring. Returning with his suite, they called in and took a din-



ner. They were no sooner gone, than Lee told his aids, "You must look me out another place, for I shall have Washington and his puppies continually calling on me, and they will eat me up." The next day Lee, seeing Washington out on the like business, and expecting that he should have another visit, ordered his servant to write with chalk upon the door, "*No victuals dressed here to-day.*" When the company approached and saw the writing, they pushed off with much good humor for their own table, without being offended at the habitual eccentricity of the man.

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"NO BAYONETS HERE."

At the surprise of Georgetown, Sergeant Ord, an extremely brave soldier, being, with a small party of the legion-infantry, in possession of an enclosure surrounding a house from which they had expelled the enemy, the recovery of the position was sought by a British force, whose leader, approaching the gate of entrance, exclaimed—"Rush on, my brave boys, they are only worthless militia, and have no bayonets." Ord immediately placed himself in front of the gate, and as they attempted to enter, laid six of his enemies in succession dead at his feet, crying out, at every thrust—"No bayonets here—none at

all, to be sure !” following up his strokes with such rapidity, that the British party could make no impression, and were compelled to retire.

In every instance where this heroic soldier was engaged in action, he not only increased his own reputation, but animated those around him by his lively courage. In camp, on a march, and in every situation, he performed all his duties with the utmost cheerfulness and vivacity, preserving always the most orderly conduct, and keeping his *arms*, accoutrements, and clothing in the neatest possible condition. He might, indeed, be considered a perfect soldier.

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#### POVERTY OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The following incident is only a representation of many similar cases of distress for clothing in the American camp. During the severity of the winter campaign in North Carolina, Gen. Greene, passing a sentinel who was barefoot, said, “I fear, my good fellow, you must suffer from cold.” “Pretty much so,” was the reply ; “but I do not complain, because I know that I should fare better had our general power to procure supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then, by the blessing of God, I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes.”

## MR. ROBERT MORRIS.

At the most distressful period of the war, General Washington wrote to Congress, "that he was surrounded by secret foes, destitute of the means of detecting them, or of getting intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs. The army was in rags, had few or no blankets, and military stores were in the dregs. The troops, reduced in numbers, must retreat without the means of defence if attacked, and would probably disperse from the want of subsistence and clothing in an inclement-season, too severe for nature to support. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till we can live no longer; and it may be truly said that the history of this war is a history of false hopes and temporary devices, instead of system and economy which result from it." All business was in consequence suspended in Congress, and dismay was universal, since no supplies of the requisitions demanded could be provided.

Mr. Robert Morris—to whose liberality the United States is indebted, for the generous manner in which he loosened his purse-strings and gave, for the purpose of assisting the Union in any way, when the treasury department was low in funds—on this occasion quitted the hall with a mind completely depressed, without a present hope or cheering expecta-

tion of future prosperity. On entering his counting-house he received the welcome intelligence, that a ship which he had despaired of, had at that moment arrived at the wharf, with a full cargo of all the munitions of war, and of soldiers' clothing. He returned to Congress almost breathless with joy, and announced the exhilarating good news. Nor did propitious fortune make an ending at this point.

Accidentally meeting with a worthy Quaker, who had wealth at command, and a hearty well-wisher to the American cause, although from his religious principles averse to war and fighting, he thought it no departure from the strict rule of propriety, to endeavor, by every exertion, to awaken his sympathetic feelings and obtain assistance. Assuming therefore an expression of countenance indicative of the most poignant anguish and deep despair, he was passing him in silence, when the benevolent Quaker, who had critically observed him, and marked the agitation of his mind, feelingly said, "Robert, I fear there is bad news."

The answer was, "Yes, very bad ; I am under the most helpless embarrassment for the need of some hard money ;" meaning silver. "How much would relieve thy difficulties, Robert ?" The sum was mentioned. "But I could only give my private engagement in a note, which I would sacredly pledge myself and my honor to repay," rejoined Mr. Morris.

"Cease thy sorrows then, Robert ; thou shalt have the money in confidence of thy silence on the subject, as it regards me." The specie was procured, immediately remitted to Washington, and saved the army.

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GENERAL GADSEN AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

The conduct of the British commanders towards this venerable patriot, in the strongest manner evinced their determination rather to crush the spirit of opposition, than by conciliation to subdue it. The man did not exist to whose delicate sense of honor, even a shadow of duplicity would have appeared more abhorrent than to General Gadsen. Transported by an arbitrary decree, with many of the most resolute and influential citizens of the Republic, to St. Augustine, attendance on parade was peremptorily demanded, when a British officer, stepping forward, said, "Expediency, and a series of political occurrences, have rendered it necessary to remove you from Charleston to this place ; but, gentlemen, we have no wish to increase your sufferings ; to all, therefore, who are willing to give their paroles, and not to go beyond the limits prescribed to them, the liberty of the town will be allowed ; a dungeon will be the destiny of such as refuse to accept the indulgence."

The proposition was generally acceded to.

But when General Gadsen was called to give this new pledge of faith, he indignantly exclaimed—"With men who have once deceived me, I can enter into no new contract. Had the British commanders regarded the terms of the capitulation of Charleston, I might now, although a prisoner under my own roof, have enjoyed the smiles and consolations of my surrounding family ; but even without a shadow of accusation proffered against me, for any act inconsistent with my plighted faith, I am torn from them, and here in a distant land invited to enter into new engagements. I will give no parole." "Think better of it, sir," said the officer ; "a second refusal of it will fix your destiny—a dungeon will be your future habitation." "Prepare it, then," said the inflexible patriot, "I will give no parole, *so help me God.*"

An opposition to the mandate of the prevailing authorities, was esteemed as a crime too flagrant to pass unpunished. The rectitude of his character, the respectability of his age, afforded no plea in his favor ; he was immediately separated from the rest of his companions in misfortunes, and for the remaining period of his captivity condemned to pass his days in solitary confinement. It was not, however, for persecution to daunt and overcome a mind as firm in patriotic virtue as his. Patient under every insult, he felt the pressure of tyranny, but bent not beneath its weight. .

Sensible that activity of mind would increase its energies, and better enable him to support oppression, he diligently engaged in the study of the Hebrew language, and was hourly increasing his reputation as a scholar, while his enemies vainly hoped that he was writhing under the penalties of his political offences. When first shut up in the castle at St. Augustine, the comfort of a light was denied him by the commandant of the fortress. A generous subaltern offered to supply him with a candle, but he declined it, lest the officer should expose himself to the censure of his superior.

After André's arrest, Colonel Glazier, the governor of the castle, sent to advise General Gadsen for the worst—intimating that, as General Washington had been assured of retaliation if André was executed, it was not unlikely that General Gadsen would be the person selected. To this message he replied, "that he was always prepared to die for his country; and though he knew it was impossible for Washington to yield the right of an independent state, by the law of war, to fear or affection, yet he would not shrink from the sacrifice, and would rather ascend the scaffold than purchase with his life the dishonor of his country."

## THE AMPUTATION OF A LIMB.

Lieutenant Samuel Seldon, of Virginia, commanded one of the advance parties, when General Greene, after having invested the post at Ninety-six for several weeks, determined to attempt its reduction by assault. At the signal appointed to attack, Seldon entered the ditch of the principal work; and while his right arm was raised, with the intention of drawing down a sand-bag from the top of the parapet, a ball entering his wrist, shattered the bone of the limb nearly to the shoulder. For so severe a wound, the only remedy was amputation.

It is well known that on such occasions the operating surgeon requires the assistance of several persons to hold the patient's limb, and to support him. To this regulation Seldon would not submit. It was his right arm he was about to lose. He sustained it with the left during the operation, his eyes fixed steadily on it; uttered not a word, till the saw reached the marrow, when, in composed tone and manner, he said, "I pray you, doctor, be quick."

When the business was completed, he feelingly exclaimed, "I am sorry that it is my right arm; if it had been my left, the occasion would have caused me to glory in the loss." He recovered and lived many years



afterwards, the object of affection and esteem to all who had the good fortune to know him.

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#### FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The following beautiful reminiscence of the first Congress in Philadelphia is from the pen of old John Adams :—

When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, so that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams rose and said, that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue, and at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché (Dushay they pronounce it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayer to Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was carried in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. D., and received for answer that if his health would permit he most certainly

would. Accordingly he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the Collect for the 7th day of September, which was the 35th Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade of Boston. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

After this, Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced—Episcopalian as he is. Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It had excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read the psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianæ, or Homericæ, or especially the sortes Bibliæ, it would have been thought providential.

Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, a building which we learn by a recent article still survives in its original condition, though sacrilegiously converted, we believe, into an auction mart for the sale of chairs and

tables, that the forty-four individuals met to whom the services were read.

Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay ; and by them stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who, at that moment, had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston ; and who can realize the emotions which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid ? "It was enough," says Mr. Adams, "to melt the heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

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#### LORD STIRLING AND THE BRITISH SPY.

Lord Stirling, who was a major-general in the army of the United States during the war for independence, having detected a spy from the British in his camp, and the crime being fully proved upon him, he was ordered for execution. Being under the gallows, the awful scene before him filled his soul with fear and devotion, when he thus addressed the Deity ;

—"O Lord, have pity on me ! extend thy mercy to a wretched sinner ! O Lord, forgive me, and save me from the torments of hell !" — The general, thinking that the address was to him, replied, "Don't talk to me—I'll have no mercy on you—hangman, do your duty, turn him off."

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#### MILITARY COURTESY.

In September, 1776, a piquet of 450 men from Gen. Heath's division, constantly mounted guard, by relief, at Morrisania, near New York, from which a chain of sentinels within half gun-shot of each other were planted. The water passage between Morrisania and Montresor's Island being in some places very narrow, the sentinels on the American side were ordered not to fire on those of the British, unless they began ; but the latter were so fond of beginning, that there was frequent firing between them.

This being the case one day, and a British officer walking along the Montresor's side, an American sentinel who had been exchanging shots with one of the British, seeing the officer, and concluding him to be better game, gave him a shot and wounded him. He was carried to the house on the island. An officer with a flag came immediately down to

the creek, and calling for the American officer of the piquet, informed him, that if the American sentinel fired any more, the commanding officer on the island would cannonade Col. Morris's house, in which the officers of the piquet were quartered.

The American officer immediately sent to Gen. Heath, to know what answer should be returned. He was directed to inform the flag officer, that the American sentinels had been instructed not to fire on *sentinels*, unless they were first fired upon—then to return the fire; and that such should be their conduct: as to the cannonading of Col. Morris's house, they might act their pleasure. The firing ceased for some time, until one day a raw Scotch sentinel having been placed, he soon after discharged his piece at an American sentinel, which was immediately returned; upon which a British officer came down, and calling to the American officer, observed, that he thought there was to be no firing between the sentinels. He was answered, that their own began; upon which he replied, "He shall then pay for it;" the sentinel was directly after relieved, and there was no more firing between them at that place; but they were so civil to each other on their posts, that one day at a part of the creek where it was practicable, the British sentinel asked the American, who was nearly opposite to him, if he could give him a chew of tobacco; the latter having in his

pocket a piece of a thick twisted roll, tossed it across the creek to the other, who after biting off a quid sent the remainder back.

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## THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.

It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier made prisoner

by such a brat—by such a brat !” The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

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#### AN INCONVENIENT WOUND.

While pursuing the enemy, during an action at Saratoga, previous to the surrender of Burgoyne, in October, 1777, I heard, says General Wilkinson, in his memoirs, some one exclaim, “Protect me, sir, against this boy ;” when, turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, “I had the honor to command the grenadiers ;” of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire.

I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded: “Not badly,” he replied, “but very inconveniently ; I am shot through both legs ; will you have the goodness, sir, to have me con-

veyed to your camp ?" I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his seat, and then ordered him to be conducted to headquarters.

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#### THE BRITISH LION.

In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia ; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Levingstone, said, " Well, Miss, are you greatly terrified at the *roaring of the British lion* ?" " Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened*."

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#### THE STUTTERING SOLDIER.

During the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service ; accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech,



came forward and made his bow: "What is your objection?" said the captain. "I *ca-ca-cant go*," answers the man, "*because I st-st-st-stutter*."—"Stutter!" says the captain, "you don't go there to *talk*, but to *fight*." "Ay, but they'll *p-p-put* me on *g-g-g-guard*, and a man may go *ha-ha-half a mile* before I can say *wh-wh-wh-who goes there*?" O that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire." "Well, *b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the g-g-guts before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarters*." This last plea prevailed; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

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#### THE AMERICAN SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Colonel Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war as the commander of a band of sharpshooters which harassed the enemy so much, happened, in a scouting party, to capture a British officer. He brought him to his camp, and treated him with every respect due to his rank. Happening to enter into conversation on the subject of sharpshooters, the British officer observed that Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British camp—that as far as they could see they could select the officer from the private, who of course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting. He wished

very much to see a specimen of their shooting.

Forsyth gave the wink to one of his officers, then at hand, who departed, and instructed two of the best marksmen belonging to the corps, to pass by the commanding officer's quarters at stated intervals. This being arranged, Col. Forsyth informed the British officer that his wish should be gratified, and observed he would step in front of his tent to see whether any of his men were near at hand. According to the arrangement made, one of the best marksmen appeared. The colonel ordered him to come forward, and inquired whether his rifle was in good order. "Yes, sir," replied the man.

He then stuck a table knife in a tree about fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired, and the ball was completely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on each side. This astonished the British officer. Apropos, another soldier appeared in sight. He was called, and ordered, at the same distance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card. This was actually done. The British officer was confounded and amazed—still more so when the colonel informed him that four weeks before, those men were at work in the capacity of husbandmen.

## THE REBEL FLOWER.

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the Camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance. "*The Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "*it thrives most when most trampled upon.*"

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## RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, after the British line had been broken, and the *Old Buffs*, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats that they were to perform, were running from the field, Lieutenant Manning, in the enthusiasm of that valor for which he was so eminently distinguished, sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him, until he found himself near a large brick house in to which the York volunteers, commanded by Cruger, were retreating.

The British were on all sides of him, and

not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, exclaiming, in a harsh tone of voice, "Sir, you are my prisoner," wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him by force from the house, and keeping his body a shield of defence from the heavy fire sustained from the windows, carried him off without receiving any injury whatever.

Manning has often related, that at the moment when he expected that his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he with great *solemnity* commenced an enumeration of his titles—"I am SIR HARRY BARRY, deputy adjutant-general of the British army, captain in the 52d regiment, secretary to the commandant at Charleston." "Enough, enough, sir," said the victor, "you are just the man I was looking for; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen *me* from danger, and I will take especial care of *you*."

He had retired in this manner some distance from the brick house, when he saw Captain Robert Joiett, of the Virginian line, engaged in single combat with a British officer. They had selected each other for battle a little before, the American armed with a broad sword, the Briton with a musket and bayonet. As they came together a thrust was made at Joiett, which he happily parried, and

both dropping their artificial weapons, being too much in contact to use them with effect, resorted to those with which they had been furnished by nature.

They were both men of great bulk and vigor, and while struggling, each anxious to bring his adversary to the ground, a grenadier, who saw the contest, ran to the assistance of his officer, made a lunge at Joiett with his bayonet, but luckily drove it between the curve into his coat. In attempting to withdraw the entangled weapon, he threw both the combatants to the ground; when getting it free, he raised it deliberately, determined not to fail again in his purpose, but to transfix Joiett.

It was at this crisis that Manning approached—not near enough, however, to reach the grenadier with his arm. In order to gain time, and to arrest the stroke, he exclaimed in an angry and authoritative tone—"You brute, will you murder the gentleman!" The soldier, supposing himself addressed by one of his own officers, suspended the contemplated blow, and looked around to see the person who had thus spoken to him.

Before he could recover from the surprise into which he had been thrown, Manning, now sufficiently near him, smote him with his sword across the eyes, and felled him to the ground; while Joiett disengaged himself from his opponent, and snatching up the musket as he attempted to rise, laid him dead by a blow

from the but-end of it. Manning was of inferior size, but strong and remarkably well formed—Joiett, literally speaking, a giant. This probably led *Barry*, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother-officers how he came to be taken, "I was overpowered by a huge Virginian."

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THE CHEVALIER DUPLESSIS MAUDUIT.

This young Frenchman, who in his twentieth year drew his sword in the cause of America, has the credit of displaying the most romantic gallantry at the battle of Germantown. The laurels gained by this chivalrous youth, in the successful defence of the fortress at Red Bank, against a powerful detachment of Hessians, led on by Colonel Donop, were no less honorable to him. So certain were the assailants of victory, so confident of their own superiority, both in discipline and valor, that on their approach to the American lines, one of the officers, advancing in front of his troops, exclaimed—"The king of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned, that if they stand the battle, no quarter whatever will be given." It was immediately answered—"Agreed! The challenge is accepted! There shall be no quarter on either side!"

It is unnecessary to detail particulars of the action that immediately followed. The defeat of the Hessians was complete. Their leader and a large portion of the detachment fell. It might have been expected, after the threatening denunciation of vengeance held out, that, in just retaliation, indulgence might have been given to resentment; but with victory, humanity regained its benign influence in every American bosom, and the vanquished experienced every kind and benevolent attention that could sooth their misfortunes, and teach them more highly to appreciate the courage and forbearance of an enemy against whom they were prepared to execute such deadly animosity. The unfortunate Donop, who fell mortally wounded, turning, when nearly in the agonies of death, to M. de Mauduit, said, with great expression of feeling—"My career is short. I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my king, but in dying in the arms of honor, I have no regrets."

We cannot leave the generous Mauduit without briefly noticing his lamentable and untimely end. On the 3d of March, 1791, the day previous to his assassination, the Baron de Carondeffez, with a few other of his friends, repaired to the government-house at Port-au-Prince, the spirit of revolt then being at its height in the Island of St. Domingo, to warn him of the danger which threatened him, the storm

ready to burst on his head, and emphatically said—"Your regiment—the regiments of Artois and Normandie are in insurrection—the sailors in the port, and every miscreant in the place, have sworn your destruction—believe the information we give you—quit the scene of horror—you cannot otherwise escape destruction."

With dignity, he answered—"I know the risk that I run—the danger to which I expose myself; but honor bids me remain at my post. Death is my destiny—I expect it. But there stands my commander," (pointing to M. de Blanchelande,) "if he bids me depart, I obey; if he does not, I die on this spot." He then added—"Remember, my friends, that I predict, that that scoundrel will save himself, leaving me to pay the forfeit."

He judged with accuracy; the general fled, leaving the brave Mauduit at the mercy of exasperated assassins, to whose ferocity he became a victim. But, although the commander escaped from the present danger, yet he did not altogether escape, for the moment he arrived in France, he perished by the hands of the executioner.

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#### DEFENDING AN ENEMY.

Captain Butler, who headed a marauding party under a British commission, surrendered



himself on the terms held out to the disaffected, by a proclamation of Governor Matthews. A more sanguinary being did not exist. He had cruelly oppressed some of the whig inhabitants, and but a little before murdered some of the Americans whose friends were then in camp. Irritated to madness, and to a disregard of all sense of duty, at the thought that such a man was, by submission, to escape the just reward of his crimes, a hasty and intemperate message was sent to General Marion, purporting that such a villain should not receive protection.

To this insulting communication, Marion calmly replied—"Confidently believing that the pardon offered by Matthews would be granted, the man whom you would destroy has submitted. Both law and honor sanction my resolution. I will take him to my tent, and at the hazard of my life protect him." A second message now informed him that Butler should be dragged from his tent and put to death—since it was an insult to humanity, that such a wretch should be defended.

The honorable feeling of Marion was now exalted to the highest pitch, and calling the gentlemen of his family together, he exclaimed: "Is there a man among you who will refuse his aid in defending the laws of his country? I know you too well to suppose it! Prepare then to give me your assistance; for,

though I consider the villany of Butler unparalleled, yet, as an officer acting under orders, I am bound to defend him ; and I will do so, though I perish." He then collected a guard around the tent into which he had introduced him, and at an early hour after nightfall, had him conveyed to a place of security.

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MRS. ISAAC HOLMES.

Among the patriots selected for transportation to St. Augustine, was Mr. Isaac Holmes. The imperious call on him at early dawn to quit his chamber, and deliver himself up to the guard who waited to carry him off, caused him to descend the stairs when but partially dressed. His gentle wife, appalled by no fears, exhibiting no symptoms of despondency, had followed him in silence. The mandate being given for departure, she handed him his coat, and with undaunted resolution said, "Take it, my husband, and submit. Waver not in your principles, but be true to your country. Have no fears for your family; God is good, and will provide for them."

## THE FRENCHMAN AND THE NEGRO.

There was in the legion of Pulaski a young French officer of singularly fine form and appearance, named *Celeron*; as he passed the dwelling of Mrs. Elliot, a British major, whose name is lost, significantly pointing him out, said—"See, Mrs. Elliot, one of your *illustrious allies*—what a pity it is that the hero has lost his sword." "Had two thousand such men," replied the lady, "been present to aid in the defence of our city, think you, sir, that I should ever have been subjected to the malignity of your observation?" At the moment, a negro, trigg'd out in full *British* uniform, happened to pass—"See, major," continued she, "one of *your allies*—bow with gratitude for the service, received from such honorable associates—caress and cherish them—the fraternity is excellent, and will teach *us* more steadily to contend against the results."

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FEMALE WIT.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel

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Washington." "Your wish, colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in this battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still *more pointed* retort. Conversing with *Mrs. Wiley Jones*, Colonel Tarleton observed—"You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write* his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, colonel, can testify that he knows how to make *his mark*."

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## MRS. JACOB MOTTE.

The patriotic enthusiasm of Mrs. Jacob Motte demands particular notice. When compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant Colonel Lee informed her, "that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable," she instantly replied—"The sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight, if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity, she immediately presented the arrows

by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

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MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD.

An order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Guilford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heyward and her sister, Mrs. George Abbot Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "How dare you disobey the order which has been issued; why, madam, is not your house illuminated?" "Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine." "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene: you *shall* illuminate."

"Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house." "Then, madam, I will return with a party, and before midnight level it to the ground." "You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it, but over my opinions you possess no

control. I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare, *I will not illuminate.*"

Mrs. Heyward was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in disposition. None but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity. On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britain. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who labored under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heyward refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob with brickbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken, and while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamor increased indignantly, Mrs. Hall expired.

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#### A RARE ACT OF PUBLIC MUNIFICENCE.

We give below an anecdote of Robert Morris, as related by Judge Peters, showing the style in which this benevolent individual bestowed unbounded favors on our country, when, in the hour of need, she was most in want of necessities on which the fate of the contest would depend. We give it in exactly his own language.

“In 1779, or 1780, two of the most distressing years of the war, General Washington wrote to me a most alarming account of the prostrate condition of the military stores, and enjoining my immediate exertions to supply deficiencies. There were no musket cartridges but those in the men’s boxes, and they were wet; of course, if attacked, a retreat or a rout was inevitable. We (the board of war) had exhausted all the lead accessible to us, having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted, and had offered, abortively, the equivalent in paper of two shillings specie for *lead*.

“I went, in the evening of the same day in which I received this letter, to a splendid entertainment given by Don Mirailles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad, but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under gloomy disasters, yet it seems *then* not sufficiently adroitly. Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual traits of depression. He accosted me in his usual blunt and disengaged manner—‘I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume—what is the matter?’ After some hesitation I showed him the general’s letter, which I brought from the office with the intention of placing it at home in a private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve for some time.

“At length, however, with great and sincere

delight, he called me aside, and told me that the HOLKEN privateer had just arrived at his wharf, with *ninety tons of lead*, which she had brought as ballast. It had been landed at Martinique, and stone ballast had supplied its place, but this had been put on shore, and the lead again taken in. 'You shall have my half of this fortunate supply ; *there* are the owners of the other half,' (indicating gentlemen in the apartment.) 'Yes, but I am already under heavy personal engagements, as guarantee for the department, to those and other gentlemen.'

"'Well,' rejoined Mr. Morris, 'they will take your assumption with my guarantee.' I instantly, on these terms, secured the lead, left the entertainment, sent for the proper officers, and set more than one hundred people at work during the night. Before morning a supply of cartridges was ready and sent off to the army."

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#### COURAGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

At the attack on the Middle Fort, at Schoharie, by the British and Indians, on the 17th of October, 1780, an interesting young woman, perceiving, as she thought, symptoms of fear in a soldier, who had been ordered to a well, (without the works, and within range



of the enemy's fire,) for water, snatched the bucket from his hands and ran for it herself. Without changing color, or giving the slightest evidence of fear, she drew, and brought pail after pail to the thirsty soldiers, and, wonderful to relate, she escaped without receiving one single injury.

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#### GOVERNOR CLINTON.

At the conclusion of the struggle for independence, virulence against the tories was the order of the day, and once a British officer was placed on a cart, in the city of New York, to be tarred and feathered. This was the signal for violence and assassination. Governor Clinton, at this moment, rushed in with a drawn sword, and rescued the victim at the risk of his life.

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#### REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A very singular occurrence took place at the siege of Augusta. Two outlaws, distinguished by the enormity of their offences, were taken and condemned to die. Every soldier in the army shrunk from the office of hangman. It was at length determined that

the one deemed least guilty should be pardoned, provided he would act as executioner of the other. The terms were accepted, and the *most* atrocious culprit turned off. He who was pardoned had little time for triumph, for his part was but just performed, before a four pound shot from the enemy's battery struck him on the breast, and laid him dead by the side of the man whom he had just hung.

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#### THE TABLES TURNED.

In August, 1775, General Gage sent two armed schooners from Boston to Machias, with cash, to buy live-stock, and gave orders to take the stock by force, if the inhabitants would not sell it. They did refuse;—the crews of the schooners then attempted to take off the stock by force, upon which the inhabitants rose, made all the men prisoners, seized on the schooners and cash, and shared about 5*l.* sterling a man.

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#### GALLANTRY OF THE GLOUCESTER MILITIA.

On the 9th of August, 1775, the British sloop of war Falcon, Captain Linzee, hove in sight off Gloucester, Massachusetts, in quest of two schooners from the West Indies, bound

to Salem, one of which he soon brought to; the other, taking advantage of a fair wind, put into Gloucester. Linzee having made a prize of the first, pursued the second into the harbor, bringing his prize along with him.

He anchored, and sent two barges with fifteen men in each, armed with muskets and swivels, and attended by a whale-boat, in which was a lieutenant and six privates, with orders to seize the other schooner and bring her under the Falcon's bow. The militia and other inhabitants, indignant at this daring attempt, prepared for a vigorous resistance:—The bargemen under the command of the lieutenant boarded the schooner at the cabin windows, which provoked a smart fire from the people on shore, by which three of the enemy were killed, and the lieutenant wounded in the thigh, who thereupon returned to the sloop of war.

Linzee then sent the other schooner and a cutter he had to attend him, well armed, with orders to fire on the "damn'd rebels" whenever they could see them, and that he would in the mean while cannonade the town; he immediately fired a broadside into the thickest settlements; and looking with diabolical pleasure to see what havoc his cannon might make—'Now,' said he, '*my boys, we will aim at the damn'd Presbyterian Church. Well done, my brave fellows; one shot more and the house of God will fall before you.*'

Not a ball struck or wounded a single individual, although they went through the houses in almost every direction filled with women and children. The small party on the water-side performed wonders, for they soon made themselves masters of both the schooners, the cutter, the two barges, the boat and every man in them. In the action, which lasted several hours, the Americans had but one killed, and two wounded; of the British thirty-five were taken prisoners, and several wounded. The next day the Falcon warped off, with the loss of half of her crew, as well as the loss of her prize, tender, and boats.

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#### HICKORY CLUBS.

Baron de Glaubeck having signalized himself in many engagements after the battle of Guilford, General Greene recommended him to the governor of North Carolina, and advised him to put the cavalry of that state under his command. The governor took the general's advice, and accordingly placed the baron at the head of the cavalry; but to his great astonishment, not a man among them had a sword; however, in order to supply the deficiency, he ordered every man to supply himself with a substantial hickory club, one end of which he caused to be mounted with

a heavy piece of iron ; then, to show an example to his men, he threw aside his sword, armed himself with one of these bludgeons, and mounted his horse.

After giving his men the necessary instructions in wielding their clubs, he marched with his whole body, consisting of three hundred towards Cornwallis's army, in order to reconnoitre his lines, where he arrived the same day, about one o'clock. Cornwallis was then retreating towards Wilmington, and his men being fatigued, had halted to take some refreshment. The baron having seized this favorable opportunity, charged two Hessian piquets, whom he made prisoners ; and routed three British regiments, to whose heads he applied the clubs so effectually, that a considerable number were killed on the spot ; and finally he retreated with upwards of sixty prisoners.

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#### COL. STARK AND THE CLERICAL SOLDIER.

Just before night Stark met Colonel Baum, at the head of his Hessians, tories, and Indians, on the branch of the river Hoosick. Stark's numbers were but little more than half those of Baum, having lessened them considerably by sending one party for arms, another for beef cattle, &c. However, he made the best

show he could with the few men he had, by spreading them out in a single file, and by displaying the greatest number in the most sightly situations.

They both halted and looked at each other till dark; when Stark fell back to his encampment left in the morning, but kept patroles going all night, by which he found that Baum was throwing up a breast-work. In the morning, Stark made his disposition for attacking Baum in front and rear; by sending two flanking parties, one on the right and the other on the left, to meet in his rear and begin the attack, while he should show him Yankees' play in front. Not many minutes after the two parties had marched, it began to rain violently, and they came back to the main body, and all returned again to their encampment.

In the course of the following night they received some reinforcements. The most remarkable of these was a minister from Berkshire, who appeared the temporal as well as spiritual leader of his people. Although they had a military commander, the minister had to be their organ. He came to the commanding officer, and addressed him in the following strain: "We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called on to fight, but have not been permitted. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." The general asked him if he wished

to go at that time, when it was dark and rained. "No." "Then," continued Stark, "if the Lord should give us sunshine again, if I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again."

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#### SAGACITY AND COURAGE OF COL. STARK.

After the evacuation of Boston, Stark went to the northern posts with Gen. Gates; but did not go into Canada, for he had opposed the expedition of Montgomery with all his reasoning powers. Gen. Gates and Col. Stark had long been upon the intimate terms of brothers; they commonly addressed each other by their given names—they had both been taught the art of war in the same school, and their mode of warfare was the same. Neither had been accustomed to defeat. The study of these plain men was to vanquish their enemies. A fine cocked hat, or a pretty coat, the soldier's strut, or an elegant horse, bore but little weight on their minds.

Stark was not less in the council than in the field.

In the fall of 1776, a small party of the British came up the lake before Ticonderoga to take soundings of the depth of the water. From the prospect of attack, Gates summoned a council of war. There were there no officers who had been in actual service except

Gates and Stark. Gates took Stark aside, and the following dialogue ensued :

*Gates.* What do you think of it, John ?

*Stark.* I think if they come, we must fight them.

*Gates.* Pshaw, John ! tell me what your opinion is seriously.

*Stark.* My opinion is, that they will not fire a shot against this place this season ; but whoever is here next, must look out.

They returned to the council, and Gates told what Stark had said—that there would not be a shot fired against them at that time. This being the first doubt suggested of an immediate attack, it produced much surprise—many offered to lay bets of it. Stark gave his reasons, that it was so near the time of year when the lake would be frozen, that their survey of the lake could only be in preparation for another season—for they would never make an attack upon Ticonderoga at a time when, if successful, they could not immediately pursue the advantages of their victory. This proved to be the case.

Soon after this, Washington ordered Stark to join him in Pennsylvania ; and about the time of his arrival, the former began to contemplate his attack on Trenton. On the 24th of December, 1776, he called a council. Stark was not present at the first of the meeting ; but when he arrived, Washington informed him of the business of the council, viz.



To take into consideration the best mode to be pursued under existing circumstances. Stark said—"Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades, pick-axes, and hoes for safety; but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States, you must teach them to put confidence in their firearms."

Washington answered—"That is what we have agreed upon: we are to march to-morrow for the attack of Trenton; you are to take command of the right wing of the advanced guard, and Gen. Greene the left." Stark observed, he could not have been better suited. Here it may be proper to notice an event not generally understood, the particulars of which were related at the funeral of the deceased general, by a companion in arms then present. It is well known that just previous to this important action, the American army was on the point of being broken up by suffering, desertion, and the expiration of the term of enlistment of a great portion of the troops.

A few days previous, the term of the New Hampshire troops expired. Stark was the first to propose a re-engagement of six weeks. He, for the moment, left his station as commander, and engaged as recruiting officer: and not a man failed to re-engage. He led the van of the attack—and the result corresponded with the hopes of the nation. Seven

days after he was with Washington at Trenton, when Lord Cornwallis with 12,000 men nearly hemmed them in. By consummate address the impending fate of the Americans was avoided—Washington fell on the enemy's rear at Princeton, and so broke up the British plans, that the enfeebled American army was enabled in turn to hem up the British in the environs of New York.

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#### HOW TO CHEAT A HIGHWAY ROBBER.

After the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, Congress adjourned to meet there again the first of July. The delegates dispersed from Yorktown at different times and in different companies, at their convenience. Col. Bartlett set off with his servant only with him, there being a wood of considerable space through which they were obliged to pass. This wood was infested with a band of robbers, supposed to be about twenty in number, who plundered all that travelled through it.

At such times of violence, people who had been driven from their homes and occupations by the movements of contending armies, resorted to like violence upon the weary traveller, to obtain subsistence ; or perhaps some renegado tories, who were then called "cow-boys," might compose this band. When they

had arrived at the tavern near the wood, and stopped to refresh themselves and horses, they were informed that it was dangerous to pass alone ; that the robbers were very active about that time, and related an anecdote of the paymaster of the army, who took a large quantity of paper money from Yorktown a few weeks before to the army under Gen. Washington.

This gentleman was an officer in the army ; he was alone, and on approaching the wood he learned the active spirit and supposed number of the robbers. Finding it would not be safe for him to attempt to pass in his present character, he put off his military uniform and every appearance of rank ; took an old shabby-looking horse, saddle, bridle, and farmer's saddle-bags, in which he stowed his money, and also a Quaker hat and dress, without any side-arms, and set off on a country Quaker's jog.

When he had arrived at a certain part of the forest he was met by two of the band, who accosted him with the salutation of "stop—deliver !" He saw others around at a distance in the wood ; his presence of mind and equanimity were equal to the task, and assuming the Quaker air and seriousness, he told them that he had not much money ; but that if they had a better right to it than himself and family, they might take it ; he then spoke of religious and moral duties, at the

same time taking from his pocket a few small silver and copper pieces which he offered to them.

They were so completely deceived by this manœuvre that one observed to the other, he was 'a poor Quaker, not worth robbing,' and they let him pass on without touching his money. He saluted them with a "farewell," and went on in his old jog, passed through, and carried his money safely to the army.

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## ANECDOTES OF SERGEANT JASPER.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper enlisted in the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moultrie. He distinguished himself in a particular manner, at the attack which was made upon Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's island on the 25th of June, 1776.

In the warmest part of the contest the flag-staff was severed by a cannon ball, and the flag fell to the bottom of the ditch on the outside of the works: this accident was considered by the anxious inhabitants of Charleston, as putting an end to the contest by striking the American flag to the enemy.

At the moment that Jasper made the discovery that the flag had fallen, he jumped from one of the embrasures and mounted the

colors, which he tied to a sponge staff, on the parapet, where he supported them until another flag was procured. The subsequent activity and enterprise of this patriot induced Colonel Moultrie to give him a sort of a roving commission to go and come at pleasure; confident that he was always usefully employed.

He was privileged to select such men from the regiment as he should choose to accompany him in his enterprises. His parties consisted generally of five or six, and he often returned with prisoners before Moultrie was apprized of his absence. Jasper was distinguished for his humane treatment when an enemy fell into his power. His ambition appears to have been limited to the characteristic of bravery, humanity, and usefulness to the cause in which he was engaged.

When it was in his power to kill but not to capture, it was his practice not to permit a single prisoner to escape. By his sagacity and enterprise, he often succeeded in the capture of those who were lying in ambush for him. In one of his excursions, an instance of bravery and humanity is recorded by the biographer of Gen. Marion, which would stagger credulity, if it were not well attested.

While he was examining the British camp at Ebenezer, all the sympathy of his breast was awakened by the distresses of Mrs. Jones, whose husband, an American by birth, had

taken the king's protection and had been confined in irons for deserting the royal cause, after he had taken the oath of allegiance. Her well founded belief was, that nothing short of the life of her husband would atone for the offence with which he was charged.

Anticipating the awful scene of a beloved husband expiring upon the gibbet, had excited the severest emotions of grief and distraction. Jasper secretly consulted with his companion, Sergeant Newton, whose feelings for the distressed female and child were equally excited with his own, upon the practicability of releasing Jones from his impending fate.

Though they were unable to suggest a plan of operation, they were determined to watch for the most favorable opportunity, and make the effort. The departure of Jones and several others (all in irons) to Savannah, for trial, under a guard consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and eight men, was ordered upon the succeeding morning.

Within two miles of Savannah, about thirty yards from the main road, is a spring of fine water, surrounded by a deep and thick underwood, where travellers often halt to refresh themselves with a cool draught from the pure fountain. Jasper and his companion considered this spot the most favorable for their enterprise. They accordingly passed the guard and concealed themselves near the spring.

When the enemy came up, the corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens.

The two last approached the spring where our heroes lay concealed, and resting their muskets against the tree, dipped up water: and having drunk themselves, turned away, with replenished canteens, to give the prisoners also. "*Now, Newton, is our time!*" said Jasper. Then bursting from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were rested against the tree, and instantly shot down the two soldiers that kept guard.

By this time the sergeant and corporal, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their panic, had sprung and seized up the two muskets which had fallen from the slain: but before they could use them, the Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled each at the head of his antagonist the final blow. Then, securing their weapons, they flew between the surviving enemy and their arms, grounded near the road, and compelled them to surrender.

The irons were taken off, and arms put in

the hands of those who had been prisoners, and the whole party arrived at Parisburgh the next morning and joined the American camp. There are but few instances upon record where personal exertions, even for self-preservation from certain prospect of death, would have induced a resort to an act so desperate of execution ; how much more laudable was this, where the spring to action was roused by the lamentations of a female *unknown* to the adventurers !

After the gallant defence at Sullivan's Island, Colonel Moultrie's regiment was presented with a stand of colors by Mrs. Elliot, which she had richly embroidered with her own hands ; and as a reward for Jasper's particular merit, Governor Rutledge presented him with a very handsome sword. During the assault against Savannah, two officers had been killed, and one wounded, endeavoring to plant these colors upon the enemy's parapet of the Spring hill redoubt.

Just before the retreat was ordered, Jasper endeavored to replace them upon the works, and while he was in the act, received a mortal wound and fell into the ditch. When a retreat was ordered, he recollected the honorable conditions upon which the donor presented the colors to his regiment, and among the last acts of his life, succeeded in bringing them off.

Major Horry called to see him, soon after



the retreat, to whom it is said he made the following communication: "I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge, for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie—give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it in honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life.

"Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle, which he fought for them, brought a secret joy into his heart when it was about to stop its motion forever." He expired a few moments after closing this sentence.

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#### WASHINGTON'S RETALIATION.

It is now settled as a fact beyond dispute, that General Gates was connected with General Lee in a wicked plan to supersede the illustrious Washington. The commander-in-chief was well aware of the means they used to deprive him of the affections of the army and the confidence of the people. How he sought revenge, is shown in the following anecdote:

"I found General Gates traversing the

apartment under the influence of high excitement. His agitation was excessive—every feature of his countenance, every gesture betrayed it. He had been charged with unskilful management at the battle of Camden, and he had just received official dispatches, informing him that the command was transferred to General Greene. His countenance betrayed no resentment, however; it was sensibility alone that caused his emotion.

“He held an open letter in his hand, which he often raised to his lips, and kissed with devotion, while he repeatedly exclaimed—‘Great man! Noble, generous procedure!’

“When the tumult of his mind had a little subsided, with strong expressions of feeling he said, ‘I have this day received a communication from the commander-in-chief, which has conveyed more consolation to my bosom, more ineffable delight to my heart, than I believed it possible for it ever to have felt again. With affectionate tenderness, he sympathizes with me in my domestic misfortunes, and condoles with me on the loss I have sustained in the recent death of my only son; and then, with peculiar delicacy, lamenting my misfortune in battle, assures me that his confidence in my zeal and capacity is so little impaired, that the command of the right wing of the army will be bestowed on me, as soon as I can make it convenient to join him.’”

“THE GUN THAT COULD FIRE ALL DAY.”

During the revolution, a rifleman by the name of Timothy Murphy possessed a double-barrelled gun. It was a mystery which the Indians could not clear away, that he could fire twice, without a second loading. They thought, as their bullets never chanced to hit him, that he was attended by some invisible being, who warded off theirs, but sped his ball with unerring certainty to the mark. By some means they got acquainted with the secret, and took care never to expose themselves, till he had fired the second time.

One day, having separated from his party, he was pursued by a party of Indians, all of whom he outran, except one; when Murphy turning around fired upon the Indian and killed him. Wishing to strip the dead of his scalp, (a great honor with him,) and thinking that the rest had given up the race, he stopped. However, this last thought did not last long, for he soon saw them. He snatched up the gun of his fallen foe, and with it killed one of his pursuers. The rest, now sure of their prey, gave a yell of joy, and rushed heedlessly on, expecting to quickly have him a prisoner. Being nearly exhausted, and likely to be overtaken, he again turned round, and with the remaining charge of his rifle, picked off another of his enemies. The others,

greatly astonished at this wonderful feat of magic—as they thought it—fled, crying out, “The gun can fire all day without loading !”

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## BARBARITY OF THE LOYALISTS.

The following circumstance supports the opinion, that in most cases the tories were more barbarous than the savages. While a part of the enemy were prowling about Schoharie, the Indians killed and scalped a mother, with a large family of children. They had just completed the work of death, when some loyalists came up, and discovered an infant breathing sweetly in its cradle. An Indian, well known for his inhumanity, approached the cradle with uplifted hatchet. The babe looked up in his face, and smiled ; when the feelings of nature triumphed over the ferocity of the savage ; the tomahawk fell with his arm, and he was stooping down to take the child in his arms ; but one of the tories, cursing him for his humanity, thrust it through with his bayonet, and thus transfix-ed, held it up while struggling in the agonies of death, as he exclaimed—“This, too, is a rebel !”

## FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

"A good lady—we knew her when she had grown old—in 1775, lived on the seaboard, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumor was spread in town and country, that the regulars were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours.

"This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be supposed, was in sad confusion; some were boiling with rage, and full of fight; some, in fear and confusion, were hiding their treasures; and others flying for life. In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their property, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen by our informant preparing to discharge them to their duty.

"The eldest she was able to equip in fine style: she took her husband's fowling-piece made for duck or plover, (the good man being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia,) and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag. But the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought

he would call one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my brave boy! God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty.

"The youngest was importunate for his equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with, but a rusty old sword. The boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him: 'You John H\*\*\*\*\*, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British?—Go along: beg or borrow a gun, or you will find one, child; some coward will be running away, I dare say; then take his gun and march forward: and if you come back and I hear you have not behaved yourself like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.'

"She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue. The boy joined the march."

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#### THE HOME-MADE SOLDIER.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in our country, and especially in our large cities, will read it,

though I am afraid some of them will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel and loom. The first is the name of an old-fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house-organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of 15 years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was the next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after tomorrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer from want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores, and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garments were needful. She replied, "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt-dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep-shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom." By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of her fleece.

The good old lady further observed that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized, and dried; a loom was found



a few doors off, the web got in, wove and prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.

"The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of General Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.

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#### THE BRITISH OFFICER AND THE MILLER.

The shrewdness and successful address of Captain Timothy Wheeler, on the occasion when the British detachment proceeded to Concord, deserves notice. He had the charge of a large quantity of provincial flour, which, together with some casks of his own, was stored in his barn. A British officer demanding entrance, he readily took his key and gave him admission. The officer expressed his pleasure at the discovery; but Captain Wheel-

er, with much affected simplicity, said to him putting his hand on a barrel, "This is my flour. I am a miller, sir. Yonder stands my mill; I get my living by it. In the winter I grind a great deal of grain, and get it ready for market in the spring. This" (pointing to one barrel) "is the flour of wheat: this" (pointing to another) "is the flour of corn; this is the flour of rye; this" (putting his hand on his own casks) "is *my* flour; this is *my* wheat; this is *my* rye; this is *mine*." "Well," said the officer, "we do not injure *private* property;" and withdrew, leaving this important depository untouched.

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A SON OF ERIN PREFERRING A RAZOR TO HIS RATIONS.

The anecdote which follows was presented to Garden, author of *Anecdotes of the Revolution*, by a gentleman intimately acquainted with Colonel Forrest, and, as related by *him*, gives a true picture of the times during the great struggle.

"At the period of the war, when our treasury was most exhausted, the men of my regiment became so refractory from the want of pay, that I was compelled to resort to every shift and stratagem to keep them in necessary subordination. Necessity at last obliged me to enter into a compromise with them.

"I pledged myself, that if they would only promise to conduct themselves with propriety, and preserve the discipline essential to the well-being of the army during my absence, I would personally apply to the treasury, forcibly represent their grievances, and exert every energy to obtain the justice they required. My proposal was acceded to, and I quitted the regiment. Having at the period many friends in the paymaster's department, my representations were attended to, and through their kind attention I obtained a month's pay, according to the tenor of my request.

"I ordered my regiment to be paraded, and candidly submitted to them the result of my negotiation. The entire corps expressed content and satisfaction, save only one individual, a son of Erin, who appeared to exhibit decided marks of extreme discontent. Dissatisfied with his conduct, and more highly irritated by his surly looks, I approached, and upbraiding him for his unreasonable behavior, asked his motive for showing such signs of discontent, while the rest of the regiment, his companions in arms, appeared cheerful and well pleased on the occasion.

"He sarcastically replied—'Upon my salvation, my colonel, and the honor of a true soldier, which I will be bound to say you have ever found me to be, I had not the least idea of being dissatisfied with your *happy*

negotiation ; God bless you, my jewel, for I am sure you have done as much for us and *more* than any other, besides yourself, could have done any how ; but I believe I was only sorry a little when I looked so highly provoked, that your honor had not brought me an *old razor* instead of *my month's pay*, that I might scrape my beard with just to appear a little *dacent* on parade.' ”

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## LORD CORNWALLIS'S OPINION OF SUMTER.

General Sumter became so guarded in his attention to the security of his camp, and so happy in the choice of his positions, that every attempt to injure him on the part of the enemy proved abortive, whilst the enterprises which he conducted were, for the most part, productive of the most brilliant success. His attacks were impetuous, and generally irresistible. No man was more indefatigable in his efforts to obtain victory ; none more ready, by the generous exposure of his person, and the animating example of intrepidity, to deserve it.

He was the terror of all the British officers ; and Lord Cornwallis, in a letter to Colonel Tarleton, says—“ I shall be glad to hear that *Sumter* is in no condition to give us further trouble—he certainly has been our *greatest plague* in this country.”

## ST. LEGER AND THE INDIANS FRIGHTENED.

At the time when Fort Stanwix, commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, was attacked by a party of British and Indian allies under St. Leger, General Arnold was dispatched with a body of troops to assist the colonel in his defence. As he was advancing up the Mohawk, he captured a t-ry by the name of How-yost Schuyler, who, being a spy, was condemned to death. How-yost was one of the coarsest and most ignorant men in the valley, appearing scarce half removed from idiocy; and yet there was no small share of shrewdness in his character.

He was promised his life if he would go to the enemy, particularly the Indians, and alarm them by announcing that a large army of the Americans was in full march to destroy them, &c. How-yost, being acquainted with many of the Indians, gladly accepted the offer; one of his brothers being detained as a hostage for his fidelity, who was to be hung if he proved treacherous.

A friendly Onedia Indian was let into the secret, and cheerfully embarked in the design. Upon How-yost's arrival, he told a lamentable story of his being taken by Arnold, and of his escape from being hanged. He showed them, also, several shot-holes in his coat, which he said were made by bullets fired at him when

making his escape. Knowing the character of the Indians, he communicated his intelligence to them in a mysterious and imposing manner. When asked the number of men which Arnold had, he shook his head mysteriously, and pointed upward to the leaves of the trees.

These reports spread rapidly through the camps. Meantime the friendly Oneida arrived with a belt, and confirmed what How-yost had said, hinting that a bird had brought him information of great moment. On his way he had met with two or three Indians of his acquaintance, who readily engaged in furthering his plans. The sagacious fellows dropped into the camp as if by accident; they spoke of warriors in great numbers, rapidly advancing against them.

The Americans, it was stated, did not wish to injure the Indians, but if they continued with the British, they must all share one common fate. The savages were thoroughly alarmed, and determined on an immediate flight, being already disgusted with the British service. Col. St. Leger exhorted, argued, and made enticing efforts to the Indians to remain, but it was all in vain. He endeavored to get them drunk, but they refused to drink. When he found them determined to go, he urged them to move in the rear of his army, but they charged him with a design to sacrifice them to his safety.

In a mixture of rage and despair, he broke up his encampment with such haste, that he left his stores, cannon, and tents to the besieged. The friendly Oneida accompanied the flying army, and being naturally a wag, he engaged his companions who were in the secret, to repeat at proper intervals the cry, "They are coming! they are coming!" This appalling cry quickened the flight of the fugitives wherever it was heard. The soldiers threw away their packs, and the commanders took care not to be in the rear. After much fatigue and mortification, they finally reached Oneida Lake, and there probably for the first time felt secure from the pursuit of their enemies. From this place St. Leger hastened with his scattered forces back to Oswego, and thence to Montreal.

How-yost, after accompanying the flying army as far as the estuary of Wood creek, left them and returned to Fort Schuyler, and gave the first information to Gansevoort of the approach of Arnold. From thence he proceeded to German Flats, and on presenting himself at Fort Dayton his brother was discharged. He soon after rejoined the British standard, attaching himself to the forces under the command of Sir John Johnson.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following history of William Bancroft in the days of the revolution may be read by some with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related some years since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which is in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

"When on a tour to the west, I met with the subject of this treatise at New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but, owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life.

"I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of 14, I was sent to Boston, and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave town. I then



enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and thought I was a proficient—at least, as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached, by the officer of the day, among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the general's quarters at 9 o'clock. About 10 o'clock the general's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—

“Who comes there?”

He answered, “General Washington.”

“Who is General Washington?”

He replied, “The commander of the American army.”

“I don't know him; advance and give the countersign.”

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave me the countersign.

“The countersign is right,” I replied, “General Washington can now pass.”

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, “General Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at 9 o'clock.”

“What does he want of me?”

“I don't know,” replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind

was greatly harassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door and a servant appeared.

"Inform General Washington," said I, "that the person whom he ordered to his quarters at 9 o'clock is now at the door."

The servant made the report, and immediately bade me come in, and conducted me to the general's room. When I entered he addressed me—

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at 9 o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the general. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The general then continued, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?"

"I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instruction."

I then retired, and precisely at seven o'clock I returned. The general presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription

He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights. I told him I had, and at his request I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; directed me to converse with no one on the way, and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the height, until out of his sight. And when I had ascended to the height, I must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared quiet, I must go to the west side of the plain, where I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put my hand under it. "You must then feel under the rock," said the general, "till you find a second hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it to me, and put this in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except that I found the rock and the stone described, and in the hollow a letter, sealed, without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the general's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. He then said—

“You may retire, and appear at seven o’clock to-morrow evening.”

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. A length I observed a person at some distance travelling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side, among the savins. I went even to make the discovery, but could see no one. This I told the general on my return.

He reprimanded me for my presumption. He said, “They might have sprung on you and taken you. Never do the like again.”

When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before.—There was nothing occurred until I ascended the height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side in full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me.

When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the

countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer, who turned upon his heels and fled. I went to the general's quarters, and on presenting this letter, I said—

“Here is the letter you gave me,” and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire, and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me when in company or in camp to make myself a stranger to the movements of friends or foes, not to enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always to be an inquirer.

In about a week the general sent for me, and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter as usual, and said—

“Go to the lower house and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger; when all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly; after you have passed and re-passed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this.”

I went to the house, and on entering the room, I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room and eyed him attentively. The third time I passed he put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter, and extended it towards me, and I took out my letter, and extended it towards him. With his other he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the general. We two could well recognise each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispered to me—

“Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o’clock.”

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus—

‘General, the person who delivered this letter to me whispered and said—‘Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the neck to-morrow morning at two o’clock.’

The General started and inquired—

“Was it the same person you received letters from before?”

“Yes, sir.”

He then broke the letter and read it, after which he asked—

“Did you speak to him?”

“No, sir.”

Then saying, “Stop here until I return,” he took his hat and cane and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned he said, “I do not know that I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will allow you the same pay you now have.”

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity to find the man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him I know not. The injunction to me was tantamount to it in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, when I was discharged.

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COLONEL BROWN AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

Col. Stone, in his *Life of Joseph Brant*, states that Col. Brown detected, or believed he detected, a design on the part of Gen. Arnold to play the traitor when the American army was at Sorel, by an attempt to run off with the American flotilla and sell out to Sir Guy Carleton. During the winter of 1776-7, while

Arnold, and many other officers were quartered in Albany, a difficulty arose between him and Brown. The latter published a handbill, severely reflecting on Arnold, and concluding with these remarkable words: "*Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country.*"

Arnold was greatly excited, and applied a variety of coarse and harsh epithets to Col. Brown, calling him a scoundrel and threatened to kick him whenever he should meet him. This coming to the ears of the latter, he proceeded to the dining place of Arnold, where a number of officers were assembled; going directly up to Arnold he stopped, and looked him full in the eye.

After a pause of a moment, he observed—"*I understand, sir, that you have said that you would kick me; I now present myself to give you an opportunity to put your threat into execution!*" Another brief pause ensued. Arnold opened not his lips. Brown then said to him, "*You are a dirty scoundrel!*" Arnold still remained silent. Col. Brown, after apologizing to the gentlemen present for his intrusion, left the room. Arnold seems to have kept an unbroken silence on the occasion, which may be accounted for by the supposition that he feared to provoke inquiry on the charges of Col. Brown.



## YANKEE MISTAKE.

Upon the flight of the British from Lexington, a major of their army received a wound in the cheek with a goose shot. Gen. Robinson observed that the Yankees must certainly have mistaken *him* for a *goose*, or they would not have treated him with so much disrespect.

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## THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Some time in the course of the year 1775, about the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner who was then in Philadelphia, was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication, upon which he said, his Most Christian Majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the

American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges : that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them.

The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." They then asked what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the king of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, "if you want arms, you shall have them ; if you want ammunition, you shall have it ; if you want money, you shall have it." The committee observed that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head," and this was the only answer they could obtain from him.

He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed if necessary. Mr. Jay stated that his communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of this Congress. This remark probably related to the appointment, on the 29th of November, of a secret committee,

including Mr. Jay, for corresponding "with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts* of the world."

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GEORGE ROBERTS.

George Roberts and myself (says a correspondent of the Natchez Ariel) were fellow sailors with Paul Jones, in his expedition against the British in 1773, when he terrified the commerce of that country, by constantly hovering about the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, though having only a ship of eighteen guns. When Jones landed on the coast of Scotland, and took away all the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk, Roberts was one of the sailors who marched into the castle while that strange deed was done ; I remaining on board the ship. The plate was all brought on board, and safely disposed of, though, as it turned out, much to the commodore's loss, as he had afterwards to buy it up in Paris, to return it to the owner. He intended to capture the earl, and detain him as a hostage ; but being absent from home at the time we landed, it was prevented.

In the next year, 1779, Roberts and I sailed again with our brave commander from Brest, in France, in the frigate Good Man Richard, carrying forty guns, and four hundred and twenty men, or thereabouts, as near as I can

recollect. She was an old ship, not fit for the hard service we put her to, as it afterwards came out. On the 22d September, off Flamborough Head, which is a high rock that overlooks the sea, we fell in with the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the frigate *Serapis*, of fifty-eight guns, and the sloop *Countess of Scarborough*, a heavy ship, but I do not recollect having heard how many guns she carried.

Just as the moon rose, at eight in the evening, the enemy fired his first broadside, when within pistol shot of us. And now a most murderous scene began. The action raged with horrid violence, and the blood ran ankle deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut up to atoms, and finally both ships took fire—so that friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting, that they might extinguish the flames. The *Richard* being old, was soon shot through and began to sink.

In this awful condition, Jones's voice, like the roaring of a lion, was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to "grapple with the enemy." We accordingly made our ship fast to the *Serapis*: and it was easily done, as the two were so near to each other, that when I drew out the rammer of the gun I belonged to, the end of it touched the side of the *Serapis*! Being thus fast and safe, we fought without any resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismounted—the ship nearly full of water—our first lieutenant, Grubb, shot dead

by Jones's own pistol, for hauling down the colors without orders, and which happened only at my elbow—our decks covered with dead and dying, and the ship cut up into splinters.

While in this awful and desperate situation, my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the *Serapis*, with a bundle of hand grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the *Serapis*' deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder chests; the explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men.

The captain of the *Serapis*, perceiving his activity, ordered some shot to be fired at Roberts. One of them struck a rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall upon the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which I observing, caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got upon the same yard-arm again, with a fresh supply of hand grenades, and made such dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck, that in a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery, Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarter deck of the *Serapis* the next afternoon, giving him double the allowance of grog for the week afterwards.

It was near midnight when the action terminated. The top of Flamborough Head was

covered with people watching the engagement, and no doubt the sight must have been grand. The next day our ship sunk, being fairly battered to pieces by the enemy's shot, as they poured a shockingly murderous fire into us all the while. Commodore Dale, who died in this city about two years ago, was Jones's second lieutenant, and was badly wounded about the middle of the battle. He was ordered to go below, though he still wished to fight upon deck. After he went down, he was very useful in taking care of a large number of English prisoners we had on board. We had 174 men killed, and nearly as many wounded and missing. The *Serapis* had 135 men killed, and about 80 wounded.

Captain Parsons, the English commander, fought nobly, and defended his ship to the last. He had nailed his flag to the mast, and was afraid to haul it down when he surrendered, as none of his men would go up to tear it away, because they dreaded the sharpshooters in our round-tops. So when he concluded to give up, he mounted the gunwale just by where I was standing, and called out in a loud voice, "We surrender, we surrender." Capt. Jones not hearing this, I left my gun and ran to him and told him of it. He instantly ordered the firing to cease, and the flag hauled down—but no Englishman would do it, as musket shots were still exchanged between the two vessels. On hearing this, George

Roberts jumped aboard the enemy's ship, mounted the tottering shrouds, and hacked down the British ensign from its proud height. As it fell, what I considered as very remarkable, a capful of wind took it, and laid it directly at Jones's feet, at the same time spreading it nearly all over the dead body of Lieut. Grubb, who, in the heat of the fight, was still lying dead on the deck. When the crew of the Richard saw the flag fall, they gave thirteen tremendous cheers, at which Captain Parsons shrunk back from his high stand into the shadow of his mizen mast.

When we returned from this cruise, being affected in my hearing by a splinter, which struck me under the ear, I left the service, and saw and heard no more of my friend Roberts, from that time until I saw his death inserted in your paper. He was a true, honest man, and bold to a degree not to be daunted. He was younger than I—and yet he has closed his eyes in that sleep to which all of us, soldiers or not, must one day give up.

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YANKIE SEA CAPTAIN IN LONDON.

A sea captain, who chanced to be in London during our revolutionary war, met several British officers in a tavern who were busily discussing American affairs. "We should

have conquered them long ago," said one, "had it not been for that arch rebel, Washington." "With all his skillful manœuvres, they are the same as conquered, already," observed another. The American said nothing, but his countenance bore strong marks of honest indignation. "What, Jonathan, are you from the rebel colonies?" asked the officers. "I am from New England, gentlemen." "Well, what news do you bring? Will your crops be heavy enough to feed the regulars?" "My countrymen tell me," replied he, "that British blood is the best manure they have ever had. Turnips larger than a peck measure are raised on Bunker Hill."

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ACKNOWLEDGING A FAULT, THE MARK OF A GREAT MIND.

Were we to form an estimate of Mr. Jay's character only from the language in which he denounced those who were hostile, or indifferent to the liberties of his country, and from the measures he proposed against them, we should be ready to believe that a stern and devoted patriotism had absorbed the most delicate and amiable feelings of his breast. But his public as well as private conduct was governed by a strict sense of moral obligation; and while he never permitted his friendship or sympathy for individuals to interfere with the



paramount claims of his country, he delighted to indulge the kind and generous sensibilities of his nature, whenever circumstances would allow him. He invariably discountenanced all inhumanity and unnecessary rigor towards the enemy, or the tories.

On one occasion, having reason to believe that a zealous committee-man in Westchester county, had exercised his power with unjustifiable severity, he complained of his conduct, and procured a vote of censure against him from the convention. Some time after, this person met him, and assured him that he was innocent of the alleged charge, and complained that he had been condemned without having an opportunity of vindicating himself. Mr. Jay, struck with the justice of this remonstrance, instantly replied, "You are right, and I was wrong, and I ask your pardon." This frank acknowledgment disarmed the committee-man of his resentment, and grasping Mr. Jay's hand, he exclaimed—"I have often heard that John Jay was a great man, and now I know it."

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#### A SPECIMEN OF HARD FIGHTING.

It had been the policy of the British, since the general submission of the inhabitants of South Carolina, to increase the royal force by embodying the people of the country as Brit-

ish militia. In the district of Ninety-six, Major Ferguson, a partisan of distinguished merit, had been employed to train the most loyal inhabitants, and to attach them to his own corps. That officer was now directed by Lord Cornwallis to enter the western part of North Carolina near the mountains, and to embody the loyalists in that quarter, for co-operation with his army. Cornwallis, in the mean time, commenced his march with the main army from Camden, through the settlement of the Waxhaw to Charlottesville, in North Carolina.

About the same time, Colonel Clark of Georgia, at the head of a small body of men which he had collected in the frontiers of North and South Carolina, advanced against Augusta, and laid siege to that place. Colonel Brown, who with a few loyal provincials held that post for the British, made a vigorous defence; and, on the approach of Colonel Cruger, with a re-enforcement from Ninety-six, Clark relinquished the enterprise, and made a rapid retreat through the country along which he had marched to the attack. Major Ferguson receiving intelligence of his movements, prepared to intercept him. The hardy mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina, collecting at this time from various quarters, constituted a formidable force, and advanced by a rapid movement towards Ferguson.

At the same time, Colonel Williamis, from the neighborhood of Ninety-six, and Colonels Tracy and Banan, also of South Carolina, conducted parties of men towards the same points. Ferguson having notice of their approach, commenced his march for Charlottesville. The several corps of militia, amounting to near three thousand men, met at Gilbert-town, lately occupied by Ferguson. About one thousand six hundred riflemen were immediately selected, and mounted on their fleetest horses, for the purpose of following the retreating army. They came up with the enemy at King's mountain, October 7th, 1780, where Ferguson, on finding he should be overtaken, had chosen his ground, and waited for an attack.

The Americans formed themselves into three divisions, led by Colonels Campbell, Shelby, and Cleaveland, and began to ascend the mountain in three different and opposite directions. Cleaveland, with his division, was the first to gain sight of the enemy's piquet, and halting his men, he addressed them in the following simple, affecting, and animating terms. "My brave fellows, we *have* beat the *tories*, and we *can* beat them; they are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men, they would join their fellow-citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged, you are not to wait for the word of command from me. *I will show you how to*

*fight, by my example.* I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees or retreat, but I beg you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point to return, and renew the fight; perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and they are requested *immediately to take themselves off.*"

This address, which would have done honor to the hero of Agincourt, being ended, the men rushed upon the enemy's piquets, and forced them to retire; but returning again to the charge with the bayonet, Cleaveland's men gave way in their turn. In the mean time, Colonel Shelby advanced with his division, and was in like manner driven back by the bayonets of the enemy; but there was yet another body of assailants to be received: Colonel Campbell moved up at the moment of Shelby's repulse, but was equally unable to stand against the British bayonets; and Ferguson still kept possession of his mountain. The whole of the division being separately baffled, determined to make an other effort in co-operation, and the conflict became terrible.

Ferguson still depended upon the bayonet; but this brave and undaunted officer, after gallantly sustaining the attack for nearly an

hour, was killed by a musket ball, and his troops soon after surrendered at discretion.

The enemy's loss on this occasion was 300 killed and wounded, 800 prisoners, and 1,500 stand of arms. Our loss in killed was about 20, among whom was Colonel Williams, one of our most active and enterprising officers; our number of wounded was very considerable.

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#### MORGAN AT THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

In the autumn of 1780, Gen. Greene was appointed to the command of the forces in Carolina. He was accompanied by Col. Morgan, a brave and active officer, who commanded a body of riflemen.

On the entrance of Morgan into the district of Ninety-six, Lord Cornwallis detached Lieut. Col. Tarleton to drive him from his station, and to "*push him to the utmost.*"

Tarleton's force consisted of about 1000 choice infantry, and 250 horse, with two field-pieces. To oppose this force, Morgan had but 500 militia, 300 regulars, and 75 horse, under the command of Colonel Washington. The two detachments met on the 17th of Jan. 1781, at the Cowpens.

The ground on which this memorable battle was fought, was an open pine-barren. The

militia were drawn up about 280 yards in front of the regulars, and the horse some small distance in the rear. Just after day-break, the British came in sight; and halting within about a quarter of a mile from the militia, began to prepare for battle. The sun had just risen, as the enemy, with loud shouts, advanced to the charge. The militia hardly waiting to give them a distant fire, broke, and fled for their horses, which were tied at some distance. Tarleton's cavalry pushed hard after them, and coming up just as they reached their horses, began to cut them down. On seeing this, Col. Washington with his cavalry rushed to their rescue, as if certain of victory. Tarleton's men were all scattered in the chase.

Washington's men, on the contrary, advanced closely and compactly, and gave the British cavalry such a fatal charge, that they fled in the utmost precipitation. The British infantry now came up; and having crossed a little valley, just as they ascended the hill, they found themselves within twenty paces of the regular Americans, under Col. Howard, who at this moment poured upon them a general and deadly fire. This threw them into confusion. The militia, seeing this change in the battle, recovered their spirits, and began to form upon the right of the regulars.

Morgan, waving his sword, instantly rode up, exclaiming with a loud voice, "*Hurrah! my brave fellows!--Form! form!--Old Morgan was*

*never beat in his life ! One fire more, my heroes and the day is our own !*" With answering shouts, both regulars and militia then advanced upon the enemy ; and following their fire with the bayonet, instantly decided the conflict.

The British lost in this engagement upwards of 300 killed and wounded, and more than 500 prisoners. The loss of the Americans was but 12 killed and 60 wounded.

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#### HUMOR OF PATRICK HENRY.

The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot, was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the war of independence. During the distress of the republican army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Philips, in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers for the use of the troops, from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal ; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New-London.

Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant ; and is said to have conducted himself in a manner much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience : at one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance ; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigor of a winter's sky ; and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet.

“Where was the man,” he said, “who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his field, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots ? Where is the man ?—There he stands ; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge.”

He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence ; the audience saw before



their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face; they heard the shouts of victory, the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river; "but hark!" continued Henry, "what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter;—when Hook, turning to the clerk, said—"Never mind yon mon; wait till Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

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#### EFFECTS OF FEAR.

In the time of the American revolutionary war, while the army was encamped at West

Point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest, half way down a precipice, adjacent to the fort. To get at the nest, a soldier was let down by a rope, fastened round his middle. When he had descended near the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming at his head. He had no way of defending himself, but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her. In one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut one of the strands entirely off. The other strand began to untwist, while his companions drew him up as soon as possible.

In this situation, he every moment expected the rope to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height among the rocks. However, he was drawn up to the top of the precipice, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp of tow. He was only 25 years old; but in the course of a few hours, his raven black hair was changed to the whiteness of wool.

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#### DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRE.

In the year 1780, General Arnold, who, from his rank and talents, had been in great favor with the Americans, quitted their ranks and joined the British army. This, though a val-

uable acquisition, was too dearly purchased by the degradation and death of the brave and amiable Major André, who volunteered his services to make arrangements with Arnold on the occasion. By some accident, Major André was compelled to remain disguised within the American lines all night, and next morning was discovered, after he had passed them on his way to New York. He was seized, confined, tried, and sentenced to be hung as a spy, notwithstanding every remonstrance that could be urged against it.

The American officers who guarded him the day before his execution, describe him as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; and when they were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavor to dispel the gloom. However, his composure was not the result of a want of sensibility, or a disregard of life; but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristics of true greatness, which raises the soul above the influence of events, and enables the soldier, with unfaltering nerve and steady eye, to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for in his sleep, nature would play her part—and home and friends—his country and his fame—his sisters and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting fancied pleasures with certain pain, rendering his dreams disturbed, and his sleep fitful and troubled.

Early in the morning, the *hour* of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant burst into tears: "Leave me," said he, with greatness, "until you can behave more manfully." The breakfast was furnished from the table of General Washington. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself; placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said, "I am ready at any moment to wait upon you, gentlemen." Lieutenant Bowman describes it as a day of settled melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least afflicted.

To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant for his execution. Captain — and Lieutenant Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well known that he solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows, that he knew the manner of his death. "It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that my death might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier."

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NANCY HART

Nancy Hart and her husband settled, before the revolutionary struggle, a few miles above

the ford on Broad river, known by the name of the Fishdam ford, in Elbert county, Georgia, in the bend of the river, near a very extensive canebrake ;—an apple orchard still remains to point out the spot, and to prove the provident powers of its planters.

In altitude, Mrs. Hart was almost Patagonian, and remarkably well limbed and muscular—in a word, she was ‘lofty and sour;’ she possessed none of that nobility of nerve, which characterizes modern times; marked by nature with prominent features, circumstances and accident added not a little to her peculiarities; she possessed none of those graces of motion which a poetical eye might see in the heave of the ocean’s wave, or the change of the summer’s cloud; nor did her cheeks (I will not speak of her nose) exhibit those rosy tints that dwell on the brow of the evening or play in the gilded bow. No one claims for her throat that it was lined with fiddle strings; but this must be acknowledged, that her step bespoke energy; and be it said, only for the sake of truth, that she could round off a sentence regardless of being called a hard swearer.

The perforating punch of the grate-maker never did closer work on the yielding tin, than did that dreadful scourge of beauty, the small-pox, when it sat its emphatic signature on her face! She was horribly cross-eyed as well as cross-grained, but nevertheless she was a

sharp-shooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in pursuit of the bounding stag—the huge antlers that hung round her cabin, or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery, and the white comb drained of its honey, and hung up for ornament, testified her powers in bee finding. She was remarkable for her frequent robberies on these patterns of industry, and piqued herself on the invention of an infallible bait for their discovery. Many can testify to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, being able to get up a pumpkin in as many forms as there are days in the week: she was extensively known and employed for her profound knowledge in the management of all ailments, and yielded the palm to no one in the variety and rarity of her medicaments.

Her skill and knowledge took wider and more profitable range, for it is a well known fact that she held a tract of land by the safe tenure of a first survey, which was made on the Sabbath, hatchet in hand. But she was most remarkable for her military feats. She possessed high-toned ideas of liberty; not even the marriage knot could restrain her on that subject; like “the wife of Bath,” she received oyer her tongue-scourged husband

“The reins of absolute command,  
With all the government of house and land,  
And empire o’er his tongue and o’er his hand.”

The clouds of war gathered and burst with

a dreadful explosion in this state. Nancy's spirit rose with the tempest ; she declared and proved herself a friend to her country, ready "to do or die." All accused of whiggism had to hide or swing. The lily-livered Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the canebrake with his neighbors ; they kept up a prowling, skulking kind of life, occasionally sallying forth in a kind of predatory style. The Tories at length determined to beat the brake for them. They however concluded to give Mrs. Hart a call, and in true soldier manner ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the necessary materials for a good feast spread before them ; the smoking venison, the hasty hoe-cake, and the fresh honeycomb, were sufficient to provoke the appetite of a gorged epicure !

They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves, when, quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to rise or to taste a mouthful. They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another, especially if it lay on the side of Satan. "Go," said she to one of her sons, "and tell the Whigs that I have taken six Tories." They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame, and unappeased hunger.

Whether the incongruity between Nancy's eyes caused each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude, stern and ferocious fixtured countenance, overawed them, or the powerful idea of their unsoldierlike conduct unnerved them or the certainty of death, it is not easy to determine. They were soon relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times. This heroine lived to see her country free ; she, however, found bees and game decreasing, and the country becoming old so fast, that she sold out her possessions, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, and was among the first of the pioneers who paved the way to the wilds of the west.

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## HARRIET ACKLAND.

"During a halt of the army, in their retreat on the 8th of October," says General Burgoyne, "I received a message from Lady Harriet Ackland, submitting to my decision a proposal of passing to the American camp, and requesting Gen. Gates's permission to attend her husband, who, wounded, was a prisoner. Though I was ready to believe, for I had experienced that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was as-



tonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature.

“The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed ; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her ; but I was told that she had found, from some kind hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written on dirty wet paper, to Gen. Gates, recommending her to his protection. The chaplain who had officiated at the funeral of Gen. Frazier accompanied her, and with one female servant, and the major’s valet, who had then in his shoulder a ball received in the late action, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy.”

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#### RUNNING THE GAUNTLET FOR STEALING TEA.

During the time we were throwing the tea overboard, there were several attempts made by some of the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, to carry off small quantities of it for their family use. To effect that object, they

would watch their opportunity to snatch up a handful from the deck, where it became plentifully scattered, and put it into their pockets. One Captain O'Connor, whom I well knew, came on board for that purpose, and when he supposed he was not noticed filled his pockets, and also the lining of his coat.

But I had detected him, and gave information to the captain of what he was about. We were ordered to take him in custody, and just as he was stepping from the vessel, I seized him by the skirt of his coat, and in attempting to pull him back tore it off; but springing forward by a rapid effort, he made his escape. He had, however, to run a gauntlet through the crowd upon the wharf; each one, as he passed, giving him a kick or a stroke.

The next day we nailed the skirt of his coat, which I had pulled off, to the whipping-post in Charlestown, the place of his residence, with a label upon it, commemorative of the occasion which had thus subjected the proprietor to the popular indignation.

Another attempt was made to save a little tea from the ruins of the cargo, by a tall aged man, who wore a large cocked hat and white wig, which was fashionable at the time. He had slyly slipped a little into his pocket, but being detected they seized him, and taking his hat and wig from his head, threw them, together with the tea of which they had emptied his pockets, into the water. In considera-

tion of his advanced age, he was permitted to escape, with now and then a slight kick.

The next morning, after we had cleared the ship of the tea, it was discovered that very considerable quantities of it were floating upon the surface of the water; and to prevent the possibility of any of it being saved for use, a number of small boats were manned by citizens and sailors, who rowed them into those parts of the harbor wherever the tea was visible, and by beating it with oars and paddles, so thoroughly drenched it, as to render its entire destruction inevitable.

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#### MAJOR PITCAIRN AT LEXINGTON.

A considerable quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, an inland town about eighteen miles from Boston, General Gage purposed to destroy them. For the execution of this design, he, on the night preceding the nineteenth of April, detached Lieutenant-colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry; who at eleven o'clock embarked in boats at the bottom of the common in Boston, crossed the river Charles, and landing at Philips' farm in Cambridge, commenced a silent and expeditious march for Concord.

Although several British officers, who dined

at Cambridge the preceding day, had taken the precaution to disperse themselves along the road leading to Concord, to intercept any expresses that might be sent from Boston to alarm the country ; yet messengers, who had been sent from town for that purpose, eluded the British patrols, and gave an alarm which was rapidly spread by church bells, signal guns, and volleys. On the arrival of the British troops at Lexington, towards five in the morning, about seventy men, belonging to the minute company of that town, were found on the parade under arms. Major Pitcairn, who led the van, galloping up to them, called out, "Disperse, disperse, you rebels: throw down your arms and disperse."

The sturdy yeomanry not instantly obeying the order, he advanced nearer ; fired his pistol ; flourished his sword ; and ordered his soldiers to fire. A discharge of arms from the British troops, with a huzza, immediately succeeded ; several of the provincials fell, and the rest dispersed. The firing continued after the dispersion, and the fugitives stopped and returned the fire. Eight Americans were killed, three or four of them by the first fire of the British ; the others after they had left the parade : several were wounded.

## MRS. BURR AND THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.

On the 7th of July, 1779, Gov. Tryon, with the army which I have already mentioned, sailed from New Haven to Fairfield ; and the next morning disembarked upon the beach. A few militia assembled to oppose them ; and in a desultory scattered manner, fought with great intrepidity through most of the day. They killed some, took several prisoners, and wounded more. But the expedition was so sudden and unexpected, that the efforts made in this manner were necessarily fruitless. The town was plundered ; a great part of the houses, together with two churches, the court-house, jail, and school-houses, were burnt. The barns had just been filled with wheat and other produce. The inhabitants, therefore, were turned out into the world, almost literally destitute.

Mrs. Burr, the wife of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., high sheriff of the county, resolved to continue in the mansion of the family and make an attempt to save it from the conflagration. The house stood at a sufficient distance from other buildings. Mrs. Burr was adorned with all the qualities which give distinction to her sex ; possessed of fine accomplishments, and a dignity of character, scarcely rivalled ; and probably had never known what it was to be treated with disrespect or even inattention. She

made a personal application to Gov. Tryon, in terms which, from a lady of her high respectability, could hardly have failed of a satisfactory answer from any person, who claimed the character of a gentleman. The answer which she actually received was, however, rude and brutal ; and spoke the want not only of politeness and humanity, but even of vulgar civility. The house was sentenced to the flames, and speedily set on fire. An attempt was made in the mean time, by some of the soldiers, to rob her of a valuable watch, with rich furniture ; for Gov. Tryon refused to protect her, as well as to preserve the house. The watch had been already conveyed out of their reach ; but the house, filled with every thing which contributes either to comfort or elegance of living, was laid in ashes.

While the town was in flames, a thunder-storm overspread the heavens just as night came on. The conflagration of near two hundred houses illumined the earth, the skirts of the clouds, and the waves of the Sound, with a union of gloom and grandeur, at once inexpressibly awful and magnificent. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness, wherever the clouds were not tinged by the melancholy lustre of the flames. At intervals, the lightning blazed with a livid and terrible splendor. The thunder rolled above. Beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals with a deep and hollow sound, whi

seemed to be the protracted murmur of the thunder, reverberated from one end of heaven to the other.

Add to this convulsion of the elements, and these dreadful effects of vindictive and wanton devastation, the trembling of the earth; the sharp sound of muskets; and the shouts of triumph, with the groans here and there of the wounded and dying. Then place before your eyes crowds of miserable sufferers mingled with bodies of the militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes; and you will form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield. It needed no great effort of imagination to believe, that the final day had arrived; and that amid this funereal darkness, the morning would speedily dawn, to which no night would ever succeed; the graves yield up their inhabitants; and the trial commence, at which was to be settled the final destiny of man.

The apology Gov. Tryon made for this Indian effort, was conveyed in the following sentence: "The village was burnt to resent the fire of the rebels from their houses, and to mask our retreat." This declaration unequivocally proves that the rebels were troublesome to the invaders, and at the same time is to be considered as the best apology they were able to make. But it contains a palpable false-

hood, intended to justify conduct which admits of no excuse, and rejects with disdain every attempt at palliation. Why did this body of men land at Fairfield at all? There were here no stores; no fortress; no enemy, except such as were to be found in every village of the United States. It was undoubtedly the original object of the expedition to set fire to this town, and the apology was created after the work was done. It was perfectly unnecessary to mask the retreat. The townsmen, and the little collection of farmers assembled to aid them, had no power to disturb it. No British officer, no British soldier, would confess, that in these circumstances he felt the least anxiety concerning any molestation from such opposers.

The injuries done to a single family, were an immense overbalance for all the good acquired in this expedition, either by the individuals engaged in it, or the nation in whose service they acted. Particularly that highly respectable pair, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in the loss of the mansion of their ancestors, and the treasures with which it had been stored through a long succession of years,—where the elegant hospitality which had reigned in it—the refined enjoyments which were daily felt and daily distributed to the friend and the stranger—the works of charity which were there multiplied, and the rational piety, which was at once the animating and controlling



principle, diffused a brilliancy marked by every passing eye,—lost more than the British nation gained by this devastation.

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#### ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover, and state of Virginia. In his youth, he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasion could induce him either to read, or to work ; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the uproar of the chase, and the languor of inaction.

He married at eighteen ; he was for some time a farmer, and then entered into mercantile undertakings, which in a few years rendered him a bankrupt, and reduced him to a state of wretchedness. He now determined to try the bar. About this time, the famous contest between the clergy on the one hand, and the legislature and the people on the other, concerning the stipends of the former, took place ; and he exhibited such displays of eloquence in “ the parsons’ cause,” as it was termed, as drew the admiration of all his fellow-citizens. His exertions were so unexampled, so unexpected, so instantaneous, that he obtained the appellation of “ The Orator of Nature.”

When the question was first agitated concerning the right of the British parliament to tax America, he gave, as has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the ball of the revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision, hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out, in language of bold and open defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose, to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans, to contend for their freedom. When the house of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced, and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the stamp act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. In 1774, he appeared in the venerable body of the old continental congress of the United States, when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence, which, for a while, overawed the minds of all present, and as he advanced, rose with the magnitude and importance of the subject, to the noblest displays of argument and of eloquence.

"This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony: the question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom, or slavery. If we wish to be free, *we must fight*. I repeat it, sir, *we must fight!* an appeal to arms, and to the

God of Hosts, is all that is left us. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace ! peace ! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, "give me liberty, or give me death !" He took his seat, and the cry "To arms !" seemed to quiver upon every lip, and gleam from every eye.

Henry lived to witness the glorious issue of that revolution which his genius had set in motion ; and, to use his own prophetic language, before the commencement of that revolution, "to see America take her station among the nations of the earth."

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EMILY GEIGER.

At the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-six, when he had

passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, who was on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the general could find *no man* in that part of the state who was bold enough to undertake so *dangerous* a mission. The country to be passed through for many miles was full of blood-thirsty tories, who on every occasion that offered, imbrued their hands in the blood of the whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to Gen. Greene, and proposed to act as his messenger ; and the general, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal.

He accordingly wrote a letter and delivered it, and at the same time communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accident. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way, we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey she was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth *without blushing*, Emily was suspected, and confined to a room ; and as the officer in command had the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for that purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedient, and as soon as the door was closed and the

bustle a little subsided, she *ate up the letter piece* by piece.

After a while the matron arrived, and upon searching carefully nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart for where she said she was bound; but she took a route somewhat circuitous to avoid further detention, and soon after struck in the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Emily told her adventure, and delivered Greene's verbal message to Sumter, who in consequence soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. Emily Geiger afterwards married Mr. Threrwits, a rich planter on the Congaree. She has been dead 35 years, but it is trusted her name will descend to posterity among those of the patriotic females of the revolution.

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#### CAPTAIN ROSS.

During the first American war, Captain Ross of the British army made engagements with a young lady in England, which her parents refused to ratify. Honor and duty compelled him to go to America, and the object of his affections was resolved to follow him. She departed in men's clothes, and just arrived at

the scene of war time enough to learn that a sanguinary skirmish had taken place between the savages and the detachment commanded by the object of her search. She flew to the field of battle, found it strewn with dead bodies, in the midst of which she perceived the form of Captain Ross! She instantly caught him in her arms, and thought she felt his heart beat. She discovered he was wounded, and she endeavored to stanch the wound, which was yet bleeding, and for some time she applied her lips to it and sucked it. This remedy, well known, but seldom resorted to, insensibly restored him to life. In the mean time she feared, by making herself known, she might cause an emotion to her lover, which might be attended with certain danger. She therefore disguised her complexion and her features, as she had already disguised her sex, and with unremitting care, nursed and attended him for forty days; at the end of which, perfectly assured of his restoration to health, she made herself known to him, who during his long indisposition had never ceased to speak of her, and express the regret he felt, that ere he quitted this world he should not have the satisfaction of being united to her he so fondly loved. It is not easy to describe the joy of the lovers in a meeting so unhopèd for. They departed together for Philadelphia, where they ratified their vows of eternal affection at the altar.

## SAMUEL ADAMS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Adams was a member of the first continental Congress, which assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774; and continued a member of that body until the year 1781. During this period, no delegate acted a more conspicuous or manly part. No one exhibited a more indefatigable zeal, or a firmer tone of character. He early saw that the contest would not probably be decided without bloodshed. He was himself prepared for every extremity, and was willing that such measures should be adopted, as should lead to an early issue of the controversy. He was accordingly among the warmest advocates for the declaration of American independence. In his view, the die was cast, and a further friendly connection with the parent country was impossible.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said he, in a letter written from Philadelphia, to a friend in Massachusetts, in April, 1776, "of the necessity of a public and explicit declaration of independence. I cannot conceive what good reason can be assigned against it. Will it widen the breach? This would be a strange question, after we have raised armies, and fought battles with British troops; set up an American navy; permitted the inhabitants of the colonies to fit out armed vessels, to cap-

ture of the ships, &c., belonging to any of the inhabitants of Great Britain; declaring them the enemies of the United Colonies; and torn into shivers their acts of trade, by allowing commerce, subject to regulations to be made by ourselves with the people of all countries, except such as are subject to the British king. It cannot surely, after all this, be imagined that we consider ourselves, or mean to be considered by others, in any other state than that of independence." The independence of America was at length declared, and gave a new political character, and an immediate dignity to the cause of the colonies. But notwithstanding this measure might itself bear the aspect of victory, a formidable contest yet awaited the Americans. The year following the declaration of independence, the situation of the colonies was extremely gloomy. The stoutest hearts trembled within them, and even doubts were expressed whether the measures which had been adopted, particularly the declaration of independence, were not precipitate. The neighborhood of Philadelphia became the seat of war; Congress, now reduced to only twenty-eight members, had resolved to remove their session to Lancaster.

At this critical period, Mr. Adams accidentally fell in company with several other members, by whom the subject of the state of the country was freely and confidentially discuss-



ed. Gloomy forebodings seemed to pervade their minds, and the greatest anxiety was expressed as to the issue of the contest. To this conversation Mr. Adams listened with silent attention. At length he expressed his surprise, that such desponding feelings should have settled upon *their* hearts, and such desponding language should be even *confidentially* uttered by *their* lips. To this he was answered, "The chance is desperate." "Indeed, indeed, it is desperate," said Mr. Adams, "if this be our language. If *we* wear long faces, others will do so too; if *we* despair, let us not expect that others will hope; or that they will persevere in a contest, from which their leaders shrink. But let not such feelings, let not such language be ours." Thus, while the hearts of others were ready to faint, Samuel Adams maintained his usual firmness, his unshaken courage, and his calm reliance upon the aid and protection of Heaven, and contributed in an eminent degree to inspire his countrymen with a confidence of their final success.

A higher encomium could not have been bestowed on any member of the continental Congress, than is expressed in relation to Mr. Adams by Mr. Galloway, in his historical and political reflections on the rise and progress of the American rebellion, published in Great Britain, 1780. "He eats little," says the author, "drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much;

and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. It was this man, who by his superior application, managed at once the factions in Congress at Philadelphia, and the factions of New England."

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#### BARON STEUBEN'S WIT.

Dining with him shortly after the resignation of Mr. Robert Morris, as financier of the United States, the cause of which appeared inexplicable to the company present, "*To me,*" said Baron Steuben, "there appears no mystery. I will illustrate my sentiments by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the better to ensure comfort when in camp, I judged it of importance to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at Valley Forge when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that he was directed to attach himself to my train, and obey my orders.

Commissaries arriving, furnished a supply of beef and bread, and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils indispensable, in his opinion, for preparing a meal, and finding none, in an agony of despair, applied to the wagoner for advice. "We cook our meat," replied he, "by hanging it up by a string, and

turning it before a good fire, till sufficiently roasted." The next day, and still another passed, without material change. The commissary made his deposit. My cook showed the strongest indications of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing; but, with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted; he requested an audience, and demanded his dismissal. "Under happier circumstances, mon general," said he, "it would be my ambition to serve you, but here I have no chance of showing my talents, and I think myself obliged, in honor, to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am." "Believe me, gentlemen," continued the baron, "the treasury of America is, at present, just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge; and Mr. Morris wisely retires, thinking it of very little consequence *who turns the string.*"

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#### THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND THE STAMP ACT.

At the time of that disastrous warfare, in which Washington rose upon the ruins of the incautious Braddock, resolutions had passed the British parliament, for laying a stamp duty in America; but they were not followed immediately by any legislative act. The de-

claratory opinion of that body met no opposition, on either side of the Atlantic ; because "the omnipotence of parliament," was then a familiar phrase : but afterwards, when the measure was examined, it was better understood, and constitutional objections were urged by many sagacious statesmen, both in England and America.

But, notwithstanding the powerful reasons offered against this unjust and hazardous experiment, George Grenville, impelled by a partiality for a long-cherished scheme, in the following year, 1765, again brought into the house of commons this unpopular bill, and succeeded in its enactment. By this, the instruments of writing, in daily use among a commercial people, were to be null and void, unless executed on paper or parchment stamped with a specific duty. Law documents and leases, articles of apprenticeship and contracts, protests and bills of sale, newspapers and advertisements, almanacs and pamphlets, —all must contribute to the British treasury. When the measure was examined, Charles Townshend delivered a speech in its favor ; in concluding which, "Will these Americans," he said, "children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, till they are grown up to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms ; will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve the weight of the heavy burden under which we lie ?"—

"They, planted by your care!" replied Colonel Barré; "no; they were planted by your oppressions. They fled from tyranny, to an uncultivated, inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and amongst others, to the cruelty of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take it upon me to say, the most formidable people, on the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with what they had suffered in their own country, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect. As soon as you began to extend your care, that care was displayed in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this house; sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon their substance: men, whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of freedom to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice—some who, to my knowledge, were glad in going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to a bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence, have exerted a valor amidst their constant and la-

borious industry, for the defence of a country, whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me, that the same spirit of freedom which actuated these people at first, will accompany them still ; —but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows, I do not, at this time, speak from any motives of petty heat. I deliver the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this house may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you ; having seen that country, and been conversant with its people. They are, I believe, as truly loyal as any subjects the king has ; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate ; I will say no more."

The night after the bill passed, Dr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Chas. Thompson, "The sun of liberty is set ; you must light up the candles of industry and economy."—Mr. Thompson answered, "I was apprehensive that other lights would be the consequence, and I foresee the opposition that will be made."

## REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

Notwithstanding that the stamp law was to have operated from the first of November, yet legal proceedings in the courts were carried on as before ; vessels entered and departed without stamped papers ; printers boldly circulated their newspapers, and in most departments, business was conducted, by common consent, in defiance of the parliament, as if no stamp act was in existence. The people of Philadelphia, and after them, nearly all the commercial portion of English America, prohibited lawyers from instituting any action for money due to an inhabitant of England.

Nor was their determined spirit of opposition confined to a mere defensive means of parliamentary defeat. Still further measures were adopted. Associations were formed against importing British manufactures, until that law should be repealed ; which, by throwing many thousands in the mother country out of employment, and depriving her merchants of the usual benefits attending extensive orders, made it the interest of both classes in England to advocate the cause of the Americans.

In order to remedy the deficiency of British goods, the colonists applied with diligence to domestic manufactures ; to increase the quantity of wool, they abstained from eating lamb :

and to form a barrier against the encroachment of the obnoxious act, they resolved to protect, by force of arms, all who should be in danger from resistance.

Conduct so magnanimous and firm had the desired effect. Warm discussions followed in the British parliament. The Marquis of Rockingham, much esteemed for his sincerity and the vigor of his genius, was appointed first lord of the treasury, in the room of George Grenville; and General Conway was called to fill the place of colonial secretary. Anxiously desirous to obtain a revocation of the obnoxious taxes, the new administration employed the opinion and authority of Dr. Franklin; who, as agent for some of the colonies, was examined at the bar of the house of commons; and in that pungent manner, characteristic of his superior mind, gave extensive information, which served greatly to remove prejudices, and promote a disposition friendly to a repeal.

The ablest speakers in both houses denied the justice of taxing the colonies. "You have no right," said William Pitt, "to tax America. I rejoice that she has resisted. Three millions of people, so lost to every sense of virtue, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." The opposition could not be withstood; the repeal was carried in March; an event which caused great joy in England. The ships in the river Thames dis-



played their colors, and the city was illuminated. In America, the home-spun clothes were presented to the poor, and orders for British goods were given more extensively than ever

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#### ROYAL COMMISSION TORN TO PIECES.

The news of the battle of Lexington flew through New England like wildfire. The swift horseman, with his red flag, proclaimed it in every village, and made the stirring call upon the patriots, to move forward in defence of the rights so ruthlessly invaded and now sealed in the martyr's blood. Putnam, it will be recollected, left his plow in the furrow, and led his gallant band to Cambridge. Such instances of promptness and devotion were not rare. We have the following instance of the display of fervid patriotism from an eye-witness—one of those valued relics of the band of '76, whom now a grateful nation delights to honor.

When the intelligence reached New Salem, Mass., the people were hastily assembled on the village green, by the notes of alarm. Every man came with his gun, and other hasty preparations for a short march. The militia of the town were then divided into two companies, one of which was commanded by Capt. G. This company was paraded before much consultation had been had upon the

proper steps to be taken in the emergency, and while determination was expressed on almost every countenance, the men stood silently leaning on their muskets, awaiting the movement of the spirit in the officers. The captain was supposed to be tinctured with toryism, and his present indecision and backwardness were ample proof, if not of his attachment to royalty, at least of his unfitness to lead a patriot band. Some murmurs began to be heard, when the first lieutenant, William Stacy, took off his hat and addressed them. He was a man of a stout heart, but of few words.

Pulling his commission from his pocket, he said—"Fellow-soldiers, I don't know exactly how it is with the rest of you, but for me, I will no longer serve a king that murders my own countrymen;" and tearing the paper in a hundred pieces, he trod it under foot. Sober as were the people by nature, they could not restrain a loud wild huzza, as he stepped forward and took his place in the ranks. G. still faltered, and made a feeble endeavor to restore order; but they heeded him as little as the wind. The company was summarily disbanded, and a reorganization began on the spot. The gallant Stacy was unanimously chosen captain, and with a prouder commission than was ever borne on parchment, he led a small but efficient band to Cambridge. He continued in service through the war, reaching, we

believe, before its close, the rank of lieutenant colonel, under the command of Putnam.

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#### THE FIRST MARTYR OF BUNKER HILL.

From the battle of Bunker Hill, sprang the protection and vigor that nurtured the tree of liberty, and to it, in all probability, may be ascribed our independence and glory.

The name of the first martyr that gave his life for the good of his country on that day, in the importance of the moment was lost, else a monument, in connection with the gallant Warren, should be raised to his memory. The manner of his death was thus related by Col. Prescott.

“The first man who fell in the battle at Bunker Hill was killed by a cannon ball which struck his head. He was so near me that my clothes were besmeared with his blood and brains, which I wiped off in some degree with a handful of fresh earth. The sight was so shocking to many of the men, that they left their posts and ran to view him. I ordered them back, but in vain. I then ordered him to be buried instantly. A sabaltern officer expressed surprise that I should allow him to be buried without having prayers said. I replied, ‘This is the first man that has been killed, and the only one that will be buri

ed to-day. I put him out of sight that the men may be kept in their places. God only knows who, or how many of us will fall before it is over. To your post, my good fellows, and let each man do his duty.”

“The name of the patriot who thus fell is supposed to have been Pallard, a young man belonging to Billerica. He was struck by a cannon ball, thrown from the line-of-battle-ship Somerset.”

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#### GENERAL PUTNAM FIGHTING A DUEL.

General Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed, on principle, to duelling. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the general went to the ground, armed with a sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist,

who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he. "Is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?"

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question: "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it would take old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

It is believed that this was the only single combat in which Putnam was ever engaged—a circumstance the more to be wondered at, as he was exceedingly fiery and impetuous in his disposition. However well his reputation for courage might have been, association with officers of all descriptions during a war of eight years' continuance, must have brought him into situations in which it required a great degree of forbearance to avoid personal combats.

“YOU CAN BETTER SPARE ONE MAN THAN TWO.”

The following anecdote, says a correspondent of the American “Village Record,” comes from a source entitled to perfect credit.

During the revolutionary war, two British soldiers, of the army of Lord Cornwallis, went into a house, and abused the inmates in a most cruel and shameful manner. A third soldier, in going into the dwelling, met them coming out, and knew them. The people acquitted him of all blame, but he was imprisoned because he refused to disclose the names of the offenders. Every art was tried, but in vain; at length he was condemned by a court martial to die. When on the gallows, Lord Cornwallis, surprised at his pertinacity, rode near him—

“Campbell,” said he, “what a fool you are to die thus! Disclose the names of the guilty men, and you shall immediately be released, otherwise you have not fifteen minutes to live.”

“You are in an enemy’s country, my lord,” replied Campbell; “you can better spare one man than two.”

Firmly adhering to his purpose, he died.

Does history furnish a similar instance of such strange devotion for a mistaken point of honor?

## AN AMERICAN GENERAL.

In the American revolutionary war, two young subalterns, who had been wounded, were taken prisoners, and on parole took up their residence on a place called Dobb's Farm.

One day, as they were sitting down to dinner, a swarthy man, of bold and full countenance, entered the room where they sat, and without announcing himself, asked how they liked their situation, and how they were treated? They answered in such a manner as gave pleasure to their good host and hostess. The stranger expressed his satisfaction also; and begging leave to dine with them, seated himself at the table without waiting for an answer.

When dinner was over, a couple of horsemen made their appearance, and desired to know the stranger's commands. "You will bring the wine hither," said he; "get some refreshment yourselves, and saddle at five o'clock." The yagers withdrew, and their commander, seeing the surprise of the officers, said, "Gentlemen, my name is Morgan, a major-general in the service of America." They interrupted him with apologies for the uncere- monious reception he had met with, which he begged not to hear, saying that he had come on purpose to see them, and to render any assistance they might require; adding, that he

was very glad to see them so well accommodated.

Then filling a glass of wine, to which they had been for some time strangers, he gave, "A speedy peace," in which he was pledged most cordially. The bottle was quickly circulated, and the healths of the principal commanders in both armies were drunk in succession. A song was proposed, and after one of the officers had complied, the general won the hearts of his auditors by singing, in allusion to his former profession, "When I was driving my wagon one day."

It was now five o'clock, the horsemen presented themselves, and General Morgan took his leave in a most friendly manner, assuring them that he would use his best efforts for a speedy exchange, although saying, "I have no desire to see such men in arms against me." He left two hampers of wine, which had been brought for the prisoners, and which proved of infinite service to them in aiding the recovery of their health.

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#### LOOKING FORWARD TO THE GALLOWES.

A short time before the battle of Trenton, in 1776, the prospects of America were extremely gloomy, and many among her people, began to look forward to the consequences of



an unfavorable result to their struggle for freedom. The inveteracy of Great Britain was too well understood, to admit of any doubt as to the course of revenge which they would pursue against those, who had been most active in the contest. William Williams, William Hillhouse, and Benjamin Huntington, met at this crisis at the house of the first named gentleman ; and as usual, their conversation turned upon the signs of the times, and the probable result of the war. At last, they began to consider what might be their respective fates.

“As for me,” said Mr. Williams, “I shall, in all human probability, be hung among the first ; because I have written much, talked more, and done all I could do in favor of independence.” Hillhouse said, that he too would most certainly follow Williams in his career, for the same reasons. Huntington then said, that as for his part, he had kept pretty quiet ; and that as he had neither signed the declaration of independence, nor wrote any thing against the mother country, that he would, at all events, escape the gallows. “Then, sir,” said Williams, starting up with much violence of feeling, “you ought to be hung for not having done your duty.”

## PATRIOTISM OF GEN. NELSON.

General Nelson commanded a large body of militia at the siege of Yorktown, which was his native place. One of the most conspicuous objects from the American lines, was his own house ; and in the cannonade which daily took place, he was astonished to see that it escaped uninjured, while its neighbors were crumbling under the fire of the American artillery. At last he suspected that the men would not fire at it out of respect to his own property ; and on asking if such was not the case, he found out that it was.

“Don’t spare the house, my friends, because it is mine ; the English know that as well as you do, and accordingly have taken up their quarters in it. They shall not escape, however, under my protection ; so fire at it directly, and let us see if you can hit it.” Two pieces were then pointed at the dwelling. The very first shot went through it, and killed two of a large company of officers, who were indulging in the pleasures of the table. Suffice it to say, that it was not a great while before the hostile tenants were dislodged from their hiding-place, by the means of the patriotism of Nelson.

## COLONEL JOHN LAURENS AND THE FRENCH KING.

Colonel John Laurens was sent by Congress to negotiate a loan of money from France, during the revolution. The Count de Vergennes, the French minister, received him kindly, and promised that the loan should be made. He contrived excuses, however, from day to day ; so that at the end of a month, Laurens found himself as far from the object of his visit as when he arrived in Paris. Fully aware of the immense importance of the loan to America, Laurens resolved upon a novel and almost daring procedure.

In defiance of all etiquette, he determined to make a personal appeal to the king himself. Dr. Franklin, the American minister at the court of France, endeavored to dissuade him ; but finding him determined, refused to bear any part of the responsibility of such conduct. Laurens was not to be deterred ; but at the first levée, walking directly to the king, he presented him with a memorial, and after explaining briefly its object, concluded as follows. "Should the favor asked be denied, or even delayed, there is cause to fear that the sword which I wear may no longer be drawn in defence of the liberties of my country, but be wielded as a British subject against the monarchy of France." His decision was rewarded ; delays no longer opposed him, and his negotiation was immediately successful.

## BENEDICT ARNOLD, A TRAITOR.

No instance of treachery perhaps ever produced so strong an excitement, as the desertion of General Benedict Arnold from the American cause ; yet this moment was marked by the display of almost chivalrous generosity to the near friends and relatives of the traitor. When the capture of André was made known to Arnold, he knew that he was discovered, and hastening to the apartment of his wife, he exclaimed, " All is lost ; André is a prisoner. Burn all my papers ! I fly to New York ! "

The unfortunate lady fainted and fell, and when she recovered found that her husband had departed. She remained in momentary expectation of hearing that he had been arrested in his flight, and punished as a traitor, and in wild distraction frequently called out upon Washington for pardon. Washington knew her to be a tender mother and an affectionate wife. Arnold, and not she, was the object of his resentment ; and anxious to relieve the agonizing suspense which he felt she must endure, he informed her, with the most delicate kindness, that her husband had escaped his pursuers, and was on board the *Vulture*, sloop of war.

At the same time he offered her safe conduct to the British lines, or to her relatives in

Philadelphia. She said "she would share the fate of her husband," but before joining him she was anxious once more to see her parents. Her desire was gratified; and on her way to Philadelphia, the inhabitants of a town through which she passed, learning she was there, with a delicacy rarely found in moments of high excitement, by magnanimous consent suspended their preparations to burn Arnold in effigy, and treated her with the most respectful attention, as if they sympathized with her in her sad and irretrievable misfortune.

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#### GENEROSITY OF AN AMERICAN LIEUTENANT.

At the battle of Stono, in South Carolina, when the detachment of the British 71st regiment had been nearly annihilated by a charge of the American light infantry, a British captain, who had behaved with the most intrepid bravery, was so severely wounded as to be unable any longer to exert himself; and supporting himself against a tree, he remained a spectator only of the termination of the combat.

In this situation a continental soldier had already raised his musket, to thrust the bayonet through him, when the weapon was turned aside, and his life saved by an American lieutenant, who upbraided the soldier for his intended slaughter of an unresisting foe.

At this moment, one of the chief American officers rode up, and exclaiming, "That is too brave a fellow to die," committed the Englishman to the care of the very soldier who would have deprived him of life, with the strictest injunctions to protect him.

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COLONEL SMALL.

Among the officers of the British army, who came to America during the revolutionary war, and took an active part against the independence of the country, was Colonel Small. But although an enemy, no one was more esteemed by the Americans. His generosity and kindness to his prisoners were almost proverbial; and his constant exertion was to mitigate, as far as possible, the inevitable sufferings and horrors of war.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, he turned aside the bayonet which was directed at the breast of the expiring Warren, and was himself most probably indebted for life to the generosity of an old acquaintance. "Take good aim," said Putnam to his troops, "kill as many as you can, but spare Small;" and the sturdy republican actually turned aside many rifles, that were aimed at his friend.

## BENEVOLENCE OF COLONEL WM. WASHINGTON.

During the revolution, when the consequences of a suspended commerce and a depreciated currency were severely felt by every member of the American community, and want stared those in the face who had always before been accustomed to affluence, the celebrated continental officer, Col. William Washington, heard that the writer of "Common Sense" was in distress in Philadelphia.

It was this work which did so much towards opening the eyes of the Americans to the encroachments of England, and bringing about the revolution. Washington immediately said to a friend, "I cannot bear the idea that the man who by his writings has so highly benefited his country, should feel the want of bread while I have the power to relieve him;" and without a sentence more on the subject, remitted, by the first conveyance, a bill for a hundred guineas.

## PATRIOTISM OF BENJAMIN WEST.

Mr. West met with munificent patronage in England, but "he always retained a strong and unyielding affection for his native land." The countenance which the king nobly bestowed upon this highly gifted American, could not fail to excite envy among his courtiers. A malicious individual, knowing his partiality for the land of his birth, resolved to make him give some unguarded proof of it which would be unpleasant to his majesty, incensed as he then was against the American colonies. With an air of much satisfaction, he one day informed the king that the Americans had lately met with a most disastrous defeat; and turning to Mr. West, he exultingly asked, "How do you like these tidings, sir?" Mr. West, bowing low to his majesty, answered, "I am a loyal and grateful subject to my king, but I can never rejoice at any misfortune which befalls my native land." "A noble reply," said his sovereign; "and I assure you, Mr. West, no man will ever fall in my estimation, because he loves his country." Mr. West retained his love of America to the day of his death; and he refused immense sums for some of his most magnificent pictures, which he painted as affectionate gifts to the public institutions of his native state.



## THE RUNAWAYS BECOME CAPTORS.

At the battle of Guilford, two battalions of North Carolina militia were very advantageously posted behind a rail fence. General Greene rode up to them before the action, and told them that if they would only remain firm, and deliver two fires with deliberate aim, he would give them permission to retire from the fight. They promised to do so, in cheerful accents. In a short time, however, they saw the whiskered Hessians and the stout guards advancing at a rapid pace. One volley would have checked them. They did not wait to deliver it; but turning round, went off in full and disorderly retreat.

As a punishment for their shameful conduct, they were placed under continental officers, and ordered into regular service for eighteen months. Here they were drilled and disciplined. They became aware of their united power, and panted for an opportunity of engaging the enemy. They at last obtained it, and the runaways of Guilford were the heroes of Eutaw. In this last action, of the three hundred that entered it, one hundred and ninety were left dead or wounded on the field.

## THE BRITISH AFRAID OF A LOG OF WOOD.

A considerable British force were made prisoners, at a place called Rugely's, in Carolina, during the revolution, by Colonel William Washington, in a novel manner. They occupied a large house, which was completely musket proof, and in which they might have made a perfect defence against Washington's cavalry. This officer, however, mounted a pine log upon a pair of wagon wheels, manned his wooden battery with the usual complement of men, lighted the match beside it, and planted it in full view, but at some distance from the house. He now summoned the English to surrender, and pointing to his field-piece, threatened them with the consequences of refusal.

His threat was effectual. They marched out and gave up their arms, without firing a shot, and obtained a nearer and mortifying view of the strength of the American artillery.

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AN EXAMPLE OF FORTITUDE.

In an expedition from Charleston against the British, Lieutenant Moon, of the partisan troops, was dangerously wounded, and it be-

came necessary to amputate a limb, which was much shattered. He had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the operation was performed by British surgeons.

When it was finished, the lady in whose house he was, remarked, when they were alone, "I am happy that you have suffered so little pain. I was constantly in the other room and did not hear a groan." "My kind friend," he answered, "I felt not the least agony; but I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence."

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#### DECEPTION OF TARLETON.

Colonel Tarleton went to the house of an American, during the revolution, and passed himself off to his host and family as Colonel Washington of the continental army.

The American was proud of having so distinguished an officer in his house, and paid him every attention which the most unbounded hospitality could dictate, at the same time informing him, confidentially, as he thought, of the plans of himself and neighbors, to rise in arms against the British. Tarleton played the part which he had assumed to admiration, and finally induced his host to become his guide to a place in the neighborhood. On

their arrival, Tarleton's soldiers appeared in full view, and the unsuspecting American, for the first time discovering his mistake, was made a prisoner, and conveyed to Camden.

Here he was frequently forced to ride in a cart to the gallows, to witness the execution of his countrymen and friends, and was each time told to make his preparations for death, as his time would certainly come next.

"Let it come as soon as it may," he used to reply on such occasions, "I am ready and willing to die in the cause of my country. But remember, I have many friends in General Marion's brigade, and my death will occasion a severe retaliation."

Owing to his firmness, his known virtue, or his threats, his life was preserved, but he was for a long time cruelly kept in chains. The scars of these he carried to his grave; and in showing them, as he sometimes did, to his young friends, he used to tell them, "that if the good of their country required it, they should suffer imprisonment and death in her cause."

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COLONEL OWEN ROBERTS.

Colonel Owen Roberts, of the American army, fell mortally wounded in the battle of Stono, during the revolution. His son was in

the same action, and hearing his father's situation, hastened to find him. The expiring soldier observing the anguish of his son, addressed him with the greatest composure, "I rejoice, my boy, once again to see and embrace you. Take this sword, which has never yet been tarnished by dishonor, and let it not be idle, while the liberty of your country requires it."

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MR. JOHN ADAMS.

In the year 1776, about the time of the declaration of American independence, Lord Howe arrived in Long Island with a large army of British and Hessian troops, and a short time after, the disastrous battle of Flatbush took place. The defeat of the Americans presented, in the opinion of Lord Howe, a favorable opportunity for conciliation, and he made some advances towards negotiation with Congress. A committee of that body was appointed to treat with the English general, consisting of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Rutledge. They met Lord Howe at Staten Island; and when they landed on the shore, they were conducted to the commander-in-chief, through the ranks of an army of twenty thousand men, placed in such order as to produce the most striking effect. Aware

of this intention of military display, the American commissioners did not manifest the slightest appearance of surprise. Desirous to avoid compromising the fancied dignity of the English crown, the English commander told the commissioners, that he could not so far recognise the existence of a Congress, as to treat with them as its accredited agents, but that he was at liberty to consult with any gentlemen of character and standing, upon the means of a pacification between the mother country and her colonies. The committee replied, that as they came to hear, he might address them in any character which he chose: but they would certainly consider themselves a committee of the Congress of the United States. "You may view me in any light you please," said Mr. Adams, "save in that of a British subject." This was not the spirit which promised any accommodation, on terms agreeable to England, who, at that time, would have been contented with nothing less than the return of the colonies to subjection; and the conference was therefore broken up, without any result to either party.

In 1777, Mr. Adams was appointed commissioner to France, to take the place of Silas Deane, and embarked on board the Boston frigate. In the course of the voyage, the commander of the Boston saw a sail, which carried the flag of the enemy, and the temptation to engage with her was so strong, that, al-

though contrary to his orders, which were limited to carrying Mr. Adams to France, he determined, if possible, to capture her. Having obtained the permission of the commissioner, he made sail in chase ; and when coming up with the enemy, he represented the danger of remaining on deck, and insisted upon Mr Adams' retiring below, out of gun-shot.

Having seen his charge safely deposited with the surgeon, the captain returned to the deck ; the courses were clewed up, all hands beat to quarters, bulkheads down, decks sanded, matches lit, and the fight begun. In the midst of it the captain saw, to his surprise, that Mr. Adams had escaped his confinement below, and, with musket in hand, was doing the duty of a marine with great dexterity and composure.

He immediately went to him, and said, " My duty, sir, is to carry you unhurt to France, and as you are unwilling to go under hatches of your own accord, it is my duty to put you there ;" and seizing the future president of the republic in his arms, he had him conveyed to a place of safety, and took measures to keep him there, which were effectual.

Mr. Adams was the member of the continental Congress, who nominated Washington to the place of commander-in-chief, and did much to secure his election. He was one of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence.

## SITUATION OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The virtues of patience and resignation in cases of suffering and misfortune, were perhaps never more nobly exercised than in the war of the American revolution. Without the comforts of life, and often without its most common necessities, the republican army, from the highest general to the common soldier, continued to battle with unabated vigor in the cause of their country.

It was of these men that De Kalb wrote to the Chevalier de la Luzerne: "You may judge of the virtues of our small army, from the following fact,—we have for several days lived upon nothing but peaches, and I have heard no complaint, and there has been no desertion."

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## MEETING AN EMERGENCY.

On one occasion during the revolution, Lieutenant-colonel Lee encamped, late in the evening, near the forks of a road, one of which led to Cornwallis's camp, six miles distant. His object was to interrupt some tory companies, which he understood were about joining the royalist forces. His orders were to march before dawn from the spot; and this



was done with such silence, that an officer named Manning, on awakening at daylight found himself entirely deserted, with the exception of an orderly soldier, who was fast asleep on a portmanteau. This man he roused up, and mounting immediately, they rode rapidly to the forks, intending to overtake his regiment. Both roads appearing equally travelled, he took the wrong one.

At a short distance down it, he saw a log hut, before which a rifleman was standing as sentinel. He went up to him, and asked, if he had seen a body of troops pass within the hour. "Oho!" said the fellow, who was one of the tories, "so you are one of Greene's men, are you?" These words emptied the hut, and Manning found himself surrounded by his enemies. "Hush, you fool," answered he, to the sentinel, "I have got that in yonder portmanteau," pointing to the one carried by the soldier, "which will ruin Greene. So hold your tongue, and show me the way to Cornwallis's army, that I may lay the papers before him." "Well done for an honest fellow," cried a dozen voices; "you have left the rebels in good time. Colonel Pyle will raise the settlement to-night, and Tarleton is to meet us and conduct us to the English army; so your neck is well out of the noose. Yonder is the road, and one of us will go with you, lest you lose it." "By no means," said Manning, "that will double the risk. If the rebels

should meet us, they will hang me for a deserter, and you for leading me to Cornwallis."

This caution had the desired effect, and after riding a short distance towards the English camp, Manning cut across the country, gained the right road, and overtaking Lee, informed him of the intended meeting of the Tories. It is almost needless to say, that their night meeting was a fatal one. Lee was upon them, and before morning had destroyed and made prisoners the greatest part of them.

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#### THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE REVOLUTION.

The men of '76, I am firmly persuaded, when compared with any other body of men who have brought about important political changes, will appear eminent for general purity of character, for the absence of egotism in all its shapes, for a self-renouncing love of country, and for that deep sense of religion which lies at the bottom of all really noble qualities. In illustration of this, I will mention an incident in the life of one of them, who is scarcely known out of his own state, and far too little in it.

The governor of Virginia, at the time of the siege of Yorktown, was a gentleman who, at the commencement of the revolutionary

struggle, possessed, in addition to other advantages, the largest fortune in that then wealthy colony. He not only took his part in the ordinary dangers of that era, he not only perilled his life in the high places of the field, but he likewise laid his ample fortune as an offering on the altar of his country. The close of the war left that country free, and him impoverished and contented. This forgetfulness of self, this loftiness of spirit, was not the characteristic of a few distinguished men, it was the temper of the people at that day. The common soldiers marching to battle, might be tracked by the blood issuing from their naked and lacerated feet.

Duty was the watchword. There was a fervent religious spirit existing, more than their descendants generally understand or acknowledge. Religion did not use the same dialect, or wear the same garb, as at present ; she did not make broad her phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of her garments as at present, but it may well be questioned whether her principles were not as deeply seated in the minds of men, whether her practical influence was not as powerful and happy, whether her results were not as acceptable to God, and as profitable to man. How solemn and how frequent are the recognitions of Divine Providence in the public documents of that day ! Days of humiliation for national sins, and of national thanksgivings for national

mercies, were solemnly appointed and devoutly observed.

I have reason to know, that during the revolutionary war, Mr. Jefferson, then a member of the house of delegates of Virginia, from the county of Albemarle, wrote to the minister of the parish in that county, urging upon him the most solemn observance of a fast, then recently appointed by the Legislature. This proves either that Mr. Jefferson's own sentiments on religious subjects were, at that time, more sound than they became after his residence in Paris, and intercourse with the French encyclopedists, or that he knew the strength of the religious feelings of the people, and wished them enlisted in favor of the cause in which he was embarked. In either point of view it is significant.

Of this religious feeling there was a remarkable expression in the convention which framed our present constitution. Their deliberations were not proceeding happily, and there seemed to be danger that they would break up without effecting the object for which they had met. Under these circumstances, Dr. Franklin, a man not considered remarkable among his cotemporaries for a devotional spirit, rose and said, "that he had lived a long time, and the longer he lived the more convincing proofs he saw, that God governed in the affairs of men. He firmly believed what was taught in the sacred writings, that except

the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. That he attributed their ill success to their not humbly applying to the Father of Lights, to illuminate their understandings; and he moved that prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessing on their deliberations, be henceforth held."

How sublime and affecting was the sight, when, according to his proposal, that assemblage of world-famous men, gallant warriors, eminent statesmen, illustrious sages, knelt in prayer and asked for the wisdom which they confessed they had not. It was indeed a characteristic and memorable scene. Those magnanimous men, that had recently braved the fury of the most powerful monarch upon earth, that had never feared the face of mortal, now humbled themselves like little children, before Almighty God, acknowledged their weakness, and craved his fatherly help and blessing! And shall we not believe that they received it? Nothing could make us doubt it, but the degeneracy of their descendants. Who could now say of an American Congress, what Lord Chatham said of the Congress of his day, that, "compared with a Roman senate, it deserved the preference for dignity and for wisdom." How bitter a sarcasm would such an observation be, after one of those scenes of personal altercation and reviling which disgrace every session, and which make the cheek of a true-hearted

American to burn with shame and indignation when he reads them.

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GENERAL PUTNAM'S ENTRANCE INTO THE ARMY.

When the intelligence of the battle of Lexington, which took place on the 19th of April, 1775, reached General Putnam, he was engaged in ploughing on his farm, at Brooklyn, in Connecticut. He instantly unyoked his cattle, left his plough standing in the unfinished furrow, in the midst of the field, and without stopping to change his dress, immediately set off for the scene of military transactions, in the vicinity of Boston. Upon entering the army, he was appointed to the rank of major-general.

On the conclusion of the war, General Washington wrote a letter to General Putnam, in which he warmly expressed the sense he entertained of his services. "The name of Putnam," says he, "is not forgotten; nor will it be, but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled, for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties, and independence of our country."

## A FABLE, BY SAMUEL ADAMS.

A meeting was called in Boston, in consequence of some new inroads upon the rights and liberties of the people. Adams, who sat silent, listening to all their violent harangues, at last arose, and after a few remarks concluded with saying,—“ A Grecian philosopher, who was lying asleep upon the grass, was roused by the bite of some animal, upon the palm of his hand. He closed his hand suddenly, as he awoke, and found that he had caught a field mouse. As he was examining the little animal that had dared to attack him, it unexpectedly bit him a second time. He dropped it, and it made its escape. Now, fellow-citizens, what think you was the reflection I made upon this trifling circumstance? It was this; that there is no animal, however weak and contemptible, which cannot defend its own liberty, if it will only *fight* for it.”

The cause of American independence owed much to the zeal and intrepidity of this individual. In comparison with the politicians of expediency and intrigue, his love of liberty, his sincerity, his honesty, and his consistency of character, raised him into true dignity. The memory of this distinguished patriot is enrolled among the defenders of his country, and repeated with gratitude and respect, by the humblest citizen of that state which he contributed to render free.

## NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

When the unhappy contest broke out between Britain and her American colonies, the Earl of Effingham, who commanded the 22d regiment, was one of those who thought and declared that the Americans only contended for that freedom which was their birthright. The 22d being one of the regiments which were afterwards destined to reduce the colonies to obedience by force of arms, his lordship had no alternative, but either to resign his command, or take the field against his principles. The choice could not be for a moment doubtful. His lordship sent in a resignation, characterized by his own eloquent integrity. The king was so well convinced of the conscientious motives of Lord Effingham, that, while he regretted the loss of his services, he was pleased to declare, that he should not lose the benefit of his rank upon any future occasion.

In a subsequent debate in the house of lords, alluding to his resignation, he thus feelingly expresses himself: "Ever since I was at an age to have any ambition at all, my highest has been to serve my country in a military capacity. If there was on earth an event I dreaded, it was to see this country so situated, as to make that profession incompatible with my duty as a citizen. That period is, in my



opinion, arrived ; and I have thought myself bound to relinquish all the hopes I had formed, by a resignation ; which appeared to me as the only method of avoiding the guilt of enslaving my country, and imbruing my hands in the blood of her sons."

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DE KALB'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

His excellency, Horatio Gates, was the commander-in-chief ; but as he had not yet arrived, the command rested on that brave old German general, the Baron de Kalb. Colonel Semp introduced us in very flattering terms ; styling us "continental colonels, and two of the wealthiest and most distinguished patriots of South Carolina !"

I shall never forget what I felt when introduced to this gentleman. He appeared to be rather elderly ; but though the snow of winter was on his locks, his cheeks were still reddened over with the bloom of spring. His person was large and manly, above the common size, with great nerve and activity ; while his fine blue eyes beamed with the mild radiance of intelligence and goodness.

He received us with great politeness, saying, "I am glad to see you ; especially as you are the first Carolinians that I have seen, which has not a little surprised me. I thought

that British tyranny would have sent great numbers from South Carolina to join our arms ; but so far from it, we are told they are all running to take British *protection*. Surely, they are not already tired of fighting for liberty."

"I assure you, sir," replied Colonel Marion, "that though kept under by fear, they still mortally hate the British ; and will, I am confident, the moment they see an army of friends at their doors, fly to their standard, like a generous pack to the sound of the hunting horn."

"I trust it will prove so," answered De Kalb. After some general conversation, while we were comfortably enveloped in fragrant clouds of tobacco smoke, he said to Colonel Marion, "Can you answer me one question?"

"A thousand, most gladly, if I can, general."

"Well, colonel, can you tell me my age?"

"Why, truly, that is a hard question, general."

"A hard question ! How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir," replied Marion, "there is a strange January and May sort of contrast between your *locks* and your *looks*, that quite confuses me. By your *locks* you seem to be in the *winter*, by your *looks* in the *summer* of your days. You may be about forty."

"Good heavens ! no more than forty?"

"Not a day more, upon a soldier's honor."

“Ha ! ha ! ha !—Well, colonel, I would not for a thousand guineas that your riflemen *shot* as wide of the mark, as you *guess*. Forty-two years I have been in the service of the king of France ; and I am now sixty-three.”

“Impossible !” we both exclaimed at once. “Such youthful bloom at sixty-three !”

“If you are surprised at my looks, gentlemen, what would you have thought, to have seen my father, at the age of eighty-seven ?”

“Is your father yet alive, general ?”

“Alive ! yes, thank God ; and I trust he will be for many a good year yet to come. The very christmas before I sailed for America, I went to see him. It was full three hundred miles from Paris. On arriving at the house, I found my dear old mother at her wheel, in her eighty-third year, while one of her great-granddaughters carded the wool, and sung a hymn for her. Soon as the first transport of meeting was over, I eagerly inquired for my father. ‘Do not be uneasy, my son,’ said she ; ‘your father has only gone to the woods with his three great-grandchildren, to cut some fuel for the fire, and they will all be here presently.’

In a short time I heard them coming. My father was the foremost, with his axe under his arm, and a stout billet of wood on his shoulder ; and the children, each with his little load, staggering along, and prattling to my father with all their might. Be assured, gen-

lemen, it was a most delicious moment to me ; thus, after a long absence, to meet a beloved father, not only alive, but enjoying health and dear domestic happiness above the lot of kings. Also to see the two extremes of human life, youth and age, thus sweetly meeting and mingling in that cordial love, which turns the cottage into a paradise."

While telling this story of his aged father, the general's fine countenance caught an animation which perfectly charmed us all.

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GEN. MARION'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

After the destruction of the American army at Camden, Colonel Marion, with his little band of volunteer troops, being in the immediate neighborhood, were in imminent danger. When he heard the dreadful tidings of defeat, he retreated to the woods, and ordering his company to halt and form, he addressed them as follows. "Gentlemen, you are aware of our situation—so widely different from what it once was. Once we were a happy people ! Liberty shone upon our land, bright as the sun that gilds yon fields ; and we and our fathers rejoiced in its beams, as gay as the birds that enliven our forests.

"But, alas ! those golden days have fled, and the clouds of war now hang dark and lower-

ing above our heads. Our once peaceful land is filled with uproar and death. Foreign ruffians invade our very firesides and altars, and leave us no alternative but slavery or death. Two gallant armies have marched to our assistance, but both are lost. That under General Lincoln, duped and butchered at Savannah; and that under General Gates, imprudently overmarched, is now cut up at Camden. Thus all our hopes from the north are at an end; and poor Carolina is left to fight for herself. A sad alternative indeed, when her own children are madly uniting with the enemy, and not one in a thousand will rise to take her part.

“My countrymen! I wish to know your minds on this momentous subject. As for myself, I consider my life as but a moment; and to fill that moment with duty, is my all. To guard this innocent country from the evils of slavery, now seems my greatest duty: and I am therefore determined that while I live she shall never be enslaved. She *may* come to that wretched state,—but these eyes shall never behold it. She shall never clank her chains in my eyes, and pointing to the ignominious badge, exclaim, ‘*It was your cowardice that brought me to this.*’”

One and all, they answered, “We will conquer for our country, or die with you!”

“Then, my brave friends,” said he, “draw your swords! Now for a circle, emblematical

of our eternal union ; and pointing your blades to heaven, the bright throne of Him who made us free, swear you will never be the slaves of Britain !" It was all devoutly done.

The reader will be pleased to hear that this brave man rose to a high rank in the army, and lived to enjoy the peace and prosperity of the country he so ably defended. His wife survived him ; and as long as she was able to ride, the poor people of Carolina used to press round her carriage, and bless her, as they exclaimed, " That is the widow of our glorious old Marion !"

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REV. THOMAS ALLEN.

Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American revolution commenced, he, like the great body of the clergy, ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, and bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When, in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle ground. A company was raised in his parish, and proceeded. Some causes, however, were found to retard their progress on the

way. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, by his influence quickened their march, and soon presented them to Gen. Stark.

Learning from him that he meditated an attack on the enemy, he said he would fight, but could not willingly bear arms against them, until he had invited them to submit. He was insensible to fear, and accordingly proceeded so near as to make himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Turning calmly to a friend who had followed him under cover of the breast-work which formed his footstool, he said—"Now give me a gun;" and this is said to be the first American gun which spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American arms, and contributed honorably to that result.

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#### THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

In the battle of —, Colonel Jesup, suspecting that his troops had expended nearly all their cartridges, passed along the rear of

the line, to make inquiry as to the fact. Several soldiers who lay mortally wounded, some of them actually in the agonies of death, hearing the inquiry, forgot for a moment, in their devotion to their country, both the pain they endured and the approach of death, and called out, each one for himself, "Here are cartridges in my box—take and distribute them among my companions."

A soldier in the line exclaimed to his commander, "My musket is shot to pieces."—His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at the distance of a few feet, replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

It is no extravagance to assert, that an army of such men, commanded by officers of corresponding merit, is literally invincible.

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#### BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

Everybody knows, we presume, that Benedict Arnold was the object of scorn and contempt in England, after his treachery, and that he was often grossly insulted in that country. The following anecdote, however, may be new to some of our readers.

Shortly after the peace of '83, Arnold was presented at court. While the king was conversing with him, Lord Balcarras, a stately



old nobleman, who had fought under Gen. Burgoyne in the campaigns of America, was presented. The king introduced them with,

"Lord Balcarras—Gen. Arnold."

"What, sire," said the haughty old earl, drawing up his lofty form, "the traitor Arnold!" and refused to give him his hand.

The consequence, as may be anticipated, was a challenge from Arnold. They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fire together. At the signal, Arnold fired; but Lord Balcarras, throwing down his pistol, turned on his heel, and was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed,

"Why don't you fire, my lord?"

"Sir," said Lord B., looking over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner."

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GEN. ANDREW PICKENS.

In September, 1776, General Andrew Pickens, being then a major, belonged to an army of two thousand men, composed of regulars and militia, commanded by Colonel Williamson, which was sent on an expedition against the Cherokees, who had been instigated by British emissaries to wage a war of extermination against the frontier inhabitants of the country, now composing Abbeville, Laurens, and Spartanburgh districts. When this army

had proceeded into the Indian country, as far as the upper part of what is now Pickens District, it was halted for a day or two, either for rest or to gain intelligence.

During this time, Major Pickens obtained permission to take twenty-five choice men, to scout and reconnoitre the adjacent country. He had not proceeded more than two miles, when early in the morning, after crossing a stream, now called Little River, in passing through an old Indian field, along the margin of the stream, which was covered with a thick grass, four or five feet high, more than two hundred Indians, painted for war in the most hideous manner, were seen rushing down the point of a ridge, directly upon them, with their guns swinging in their left hands, and their tomahawks raised in their right; their leader animating and exhorting them not to fire a gun, but to tomahawk the white men, for they were but a handful.

Brennan, a half-breed, was one of the twenty-five, and he understanding them, told what they said. Major Pickens and all his party were on foot, and he, as well as every other, had his trusty rifle. He ordered his men not to fire until he did, to take deliberate aim, and fire two at a time in succession, and to fall in the grass and load. Brennan was by his side in front, and when the Indian chief approached within about twenty-five yards, he and Brennan fired, and two Indians fell;

the fire of his other men was in succession, as directed, and equally effective.

This invincible firmness, in so small a band, astonished and struck terror into the savage ranks, and they immediately recoiled upon each other, dropped their tomahawks, and resorting to their guns, gradually fell back, and were picked out at leisure by the steady and unerring aim of this small band of firm militia. After the first or second fire, Brennan was shot down. But few were killed or wounded of the whites; if they had not been brave men and true, not one would have escaped. Major Pickens, in loading in a hurry, soon choked his gun, when he picked up Brennan's, and continued to use it while the Indians were in reach. How many of them were killed, could not be known, as the Indians, in those times, always carried off their dead, whenever they could, to prevent their enemies from acquiring their savage trophy, the scalp; but it was believed a great number were killed, in proportion to the number of combatants opposed to them.

During the action, one of the men observed that there was a constant firing from behind a tree-root, and watching his opportunity when its occupant had to expose himself to take aim, shot him in the head; and when one of his comrades had taken up the dead body, and was making off with it, shot him also, with as much coolness, as if he was shooting

at a target, and they fell one upon the other. The firing was heard at Williamson's camp, when Major Pickens' youngest brother, Joseph, (killed at the siege of '96,) who was a captain, immediately summoned his followers, and hastened to his brother's assistance. But before he could reach him, the Indians were beaten back, and dispersing, and fleeing to the neighboring mountains. Captain Pickens was a man of great animation and zeal, and was often bold and loud in his abuse and crimination of men, who were tardy in their movements for the deliverance of his brother, accusing them of cowardice ; but Major Pickens pacified and rebuked him for his warmth."

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#### GENERAL STUART.

General Stuart, of Maryland, who served at Eutaw, as a lieutenant, under Colonel Wm. Washington, and who in the action was severely wounded, being recently called upon to read the Declaration of Independence, before a numerous assemblage of citizens, celebrating the birth-day of our liberty, appeared in full military costume, fashioned according to the times in which he served.

A friend familiarly commenting on the singularity of his appearance, and the improved style of modern military dress, drew from him

the following observations :—" Our regimentals, in former days, were fashioned according to the exigencies of the times, and were made more for use than show. I admire the ancient garb exceedingly, and but for the death of my venerated mother, should this day have appeared before the public clad in the very waistcoat I had on when shot through the body at Eutaw.

"The good lady regarded it as a trophy, and earnestly requested that at her death I would allow her the privilege of carrying it with her to the tomb. I was sensible how much the affectionate feeling of parental love glowed in her bosom, and of the pride she felt that I had bled in my country's service. To have denied her request, would have evinced an insensibility which I could never experience. Consent, on my part, was instantaneous and decided, and she actually wore the waistcoat in question beneath the shroud in which she was interred."

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LA FAYETTE AND AN OLD SOLDIER, AT MONTGOMERY.

When on his last visit to America, while at Montgomery, in the state of Alabama, he was visited by a veteran who had served under him in many battles, whom he immediately recognised as an orderly and most gallant

soldier. After much interesting and familiar conversation, the old man said, "There is one thing, general, which it puzzles me to account for—when we served together, I believed myself to be the youngest man of the two. But my locks are now perfectly gray, and you do not appear to have a gray hair in your head." "My good friend," replied the general, "you are altogether in error, the advantage is totally on your side. The hair of your head is gray—while I cannot boast a single hair on my head—I wear a wig!"

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#### RED JACKET.

It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever.

In his travels through the Indian country, when lately in America, it happened at a large assemblage of chiefs, that La Fayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "Pray tell me, if you can, what

has become of that daring youth, who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live—and what is his condition?" "I myself am the man," replied Red Jacket, "the decided enemy of the Americans, as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

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#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, attracted great numbers to view the stars and stripes in her colors. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, "From whence came ye, brother Jonathan?" The boatswain immediately retorted, "Straight from Bunker's Hill and Yorktown:—do you understand?"

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#### THE BEST ROAD IN AMERICA.

A Bostonian, shortly after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, met a British officer at a coffee-house in the city of London, when the conversation turned on America. The son of Mars observed, that there was nothing in

America like St. James' Park. "Oh yes," said the Yankee, "we have as fine a *common*, and as elegant a *mall* in Boston, as any you can boast of, I'll assure you." "Well," asked the other, "is the country thickly inhabited, and have you good roads?" "Yes." "Well, which do you call the best?" "Why," replied the American, "we *reckon* the road leading from *Saratoga* in New York, to *Yorktown* in Virginia, the best road in America." No further inquiries on the subject were made.

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## BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

A British frigate sailing up Delaware Bay, in the spring of 1777, descried a vessel making towards them as if they had been *friends*, which, when within reach of the frigate's guns, obeyed the signal and came to. She was the schooner *Raven*, of Nantucket, commanded by Capt. Jenkins, a Quaker. Scarcely had the British officer, with the boat's crew, boarded and taken possession of the *Raven*, when the frigate struck on the Brandywine shoals. Every means was resorted to, to lighten her and get her off; the water was started from the butts of the upper tier, and it was proposed to throw the guns overboard.

In this extremity, the boat's crew returned on board the frigate, where their presence



was required ; the officer only remaining on board of the prize. Jenkins, the master of the schooner, a powerful man, raised the prizemaster in his arms, and held him up, as if he had been an infant : " Friend," said he, " I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia ; but I will not take advantage of thy distress. I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavors to free her of her peril." He went, and by his assistance and intelligence, the frigate was once more brought into deep water ; which, without his aid, could not have been accomplished.

Captain Jenkins was a man of an uncommonly large stature and athletic make ; but mild and gentle in his deportment. He displayed feats of strength on board the frigate, which entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a more vigorous mind, and of the two, was the most interesting. This man, without money in his pocket, had landed in Boston, in his early youth, and penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners, and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of those tribes ; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to his ene-

mies, while he, as a prisoner, was pining inwardly of griefs. He wore an air of tranquil content, and stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to their amusement.

Their schooner had been to Philadelphia with a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour, then much wanted at Nantucket, which is too barren to raise corn. Friend Jenkins, in the simplicity of his heart, supposed that he had merely to relate his artless tale, of the necessities of his fellow-islanders, when he would be allowed to proceed. He did not remind them of the services he had rendered ; nor did they think, that but for him, they would have been obliged to be contented with the scanty accommodations of a few small boats. The schooner was old and crazy, and would bring little or nothing in New York, already glutted with *prizes* of this description ; and the gift would have been of minor importance, even with the addition of a part of her cargo, if a feeling of *gratitude* had existed in their minds.

But the barbarous usages of war ordered it otherwise. She had carried a supply to an *enemy's* port, and was to be delivered over to the court of vice-admiralty at New York. The captain and crew were confined as *prisoners of war* ; and before the frigate returned from her next cruise, were *all* swept off by the contagious fever, which then raged in the *jail* of New York !

## MRS. M'KAY AND COLONEL BROWN.

In the beginning of June, 1781, the British garrison at Augusta, Georgia, capitulated to the American forces, under the command of Gen. Pickens and Col. H. Lee, of the partisan legion: Col. Grierson, who was obnoxious to the Americans, on account of his barbarities, was shot down by an unknown hand, after he was a prisoner. A reward of one hundred guineas was offered to any person who would point out the offender, but in vain. Colonel Brown, the British commander, expecting the same fate, conscious that he deserved it, from his unrelenting and vindictive disposition towards the Americans, was furnished with a guard, although he had hanged thirteen American prisoners, and had given others into the hands of the Indians to be tortured. On his way to Savannah, he passed through the settlements where he had burnt a number of houses, and hung some of the relations of the inhabitants.

At Silverbluff, Mrs. M'Kay obtained leave of the American officer, who commanded his safeguard, to speak to him; when she thus addressed him: "Colonel Brown, in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my only son; but you were deaf to my entreaties, you hanged him, though a beardless youth, be-

fore my face. These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M'Kay. As you are now a prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge; but when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it, for the murder of my son!"

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## YANKEE INDIGNATION.

When Arnold's treason was known at Philadelphia, an artist of that city constructed an effigy of him, large as life, and seated in a cart, with a figure of the devil at his elbow, holding a lantern up to the face of the traitor, to show him to the people, having his name and crime in capital letters. The cart was paraded the whole evening through the streets of the city, with drums and fifes playing the rogue's march, with other marks of infamy, and was attended by a vast concourse of people.

The effigy was finally hanged for want of the original, and then committed to the flames. Yet this is the man on whom the British bestowed ten thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his treason, and appointed to the rank of brigadier-general in their service. It could

scarcely be imagined that there was an officer of honor left in that army, who would debase himself and his commission by serving under or ranking with *Benedict Arnold* !

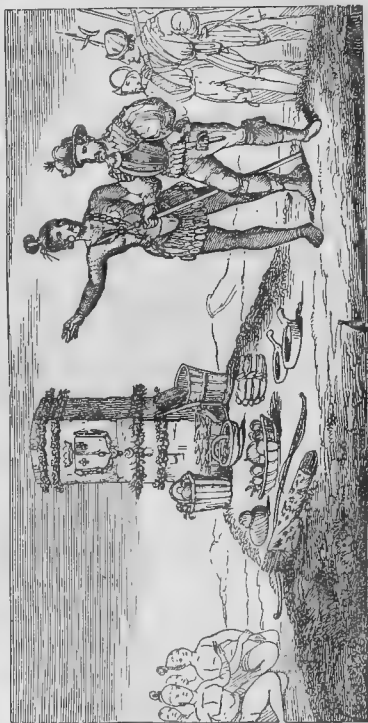
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MAGNANIMITY OF M. DE BOUILLE.

While M. de Bouille was commandant general of the French West India Islands, during the American revolution, a British transport was cast away on one of them, which had on board several hundred men ; who being in a most deplorable situation, supplicated the marquis for relief, and to make them prisoners of war. "No," replied the general, "the king my master does not make war with the elements. Had you been taken in battle, you should remain his prisoners ; but your case is otherwise. I have ordered you clothing and refreshments, and directed a ship to be got ready to transport you to the dominions of your sovereign."

THE END.





The Indians showing Laudonniere the Column erected by Ribaut—See page 26.

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
AMERICAN HISTORY.



BY THE AUTHOR OF  
EVENINGS IN BOSTON, &c.

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NEW YORK:  
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU ST.  
CINCINNATI:—H. W. DERBY & CO.

1856.







## PREFACE.

**THERE** are many passages in the History of the United States which are peculiarly fitted to inspire in the young mind the love of country, and the admiration of what is great, heroic, and noble, in the human character; and to elevate the standard of public virtue in the juvenile breast. It has been the purpose of the author of this volume to select some of the most striking of these historical beauties, and to present them in an attractive form to the young. He has deemed it unnecessary to pay much attention to chronological order; because the history of our country is judiciously made a branch of study in the common schools; so that almost every young person is qualified to refer every event to its proper date. The moral and patriotic features of each delineation have been regarded as most attractive. The love of country and the love of virtue have been considered the most important objects in view. The youth of America have noble examples before them. May they never forget that they are the countrymen of Washington, and of———. There is a long list of worthies; but that name is enough.



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## BEAUTIES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

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### DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

ONE of the most curious facts connected with American history, is its alleged discovery by a native of Iceland. The following are the facts, as recorded by the ancient sagas, and the authorities followed by Snorro Sturleson.—Herjulf, a descendant of Ingulf, and his son Biarn, subsisted by trading between Iceland and Norway, in the latter of which countries they generally passed the winter. One season, their vessels being as usual divided, for the greater convenience of traffic, Biarn did not find his father in Norway, who, he was informed, had proceeded to Greenland, then just discovered. He had never visited that country; but he steered westward for many days, until a strong north wind bore him considerably to the south. After a long interval he arrived in sight of a low, woody country, which, compared with the description he had received of the other, and from the route he had taken, could not, he was sure, be Greenland. Proceeding to the south-west, he reached the latter country, and joined

his father, who was located at Herjulfсноes, a promontory opposite to the western coast of Iceland.

(A. D. 1001.) The information which Biarn gave of this discovery induced Leif, son of Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, to equip a vessel for the unknown country. With thirty-five persons he sailed from Herjulfсноes towards the south, in the direction indicated by Biarn. Arriving at a flat, stony coast, with mountains, however, covered with snow, visible at a great distance, they called it Hellu-land. Proceeding still southwards, they came to a woody, but rather flat coast, which they called Mark-land. A brisk north wind blowing for two days and two nights, brought them to a finer coast, woody and undulating, and abounding with natural productions. Towards the north this region was sheltered by an island; but there was no port until they had proceeded farther to the west. There they landed; and as there was abundance of fish, in a river which flowed into the bay, they ventured there to pass the winter. They found the nights and days less unequal than in Iceland and Norway; on the very shortest (Dec. 21st,) the sun rising at half-past seven, and setting at half-past four. From some wild grapes which they found a few miles from the shore, they denominated the country Vinland, or Winland. The following spring they returned to Greenland.

This description, as the reader will readily recognize, can apply only to North America.

The first of the coasts which Leif and his navigators saw, must have been Newfoundland, or Labrador; the second was probably the coast of New Brunswick; the third was Maine. The causes which led to the voyage, the names, the incidents, are so natural and so connected, as to bear the impress of truth. And Snorro, the earliest historian of the voyage, was not an inventor; he related events as he received them from authorities which no longer exist, or from tradition. Neither he nor his countrymen entertained the slightest doubt that a new and extensive region had been discovered. The sequel will corroborate the belief that they were right.

(1004 to 1008.) The next chief that visited Vinland was Thorwald, another son of Eric the Red. With thirty companions he proceeded to the coast, and wintered in the tent which had sheltered his brother Leif. The two following summers were passed by him in examining the regions both to the west and the east; and, from the description in the Icelandic sagas, we may infer that he coasted the shore from Massachusetts to Labrador. Until the second season, no inhabitants appeared; but two, who had ventured along the shore in their frail canoes, were taken, and most impolitically, as well as most inhumanly, put to death. These were evidently Esquimaux, whose short stature and features resembled those of the western Greenlanders. To revenge the murder of their countrymen, a considerable number of the in-



habitants now appeared in their small boats; but their arrows being unable to make any impression on the wooden defences, they precipitately retired. In this short skirmish, however, Thorwald received a mortal wound; and was buried on the next promontory, with a cross at his head and another at his feet, a proof that he had embraced Christianity. Having passed another winter, his companions returned to Greenland. The following year Thorstein, another son of Eric the Red, embarked for the same place with his wife Gudrida and twenty-five companions; but they were driven by the contending elements to the remote western coast of Greenland, where they passed the winter in great hardships. His adventure was fatal to Thorstein, whose corpse was taken back to the colony by his widow.

(1009.) The first serious attempt at colonizing Vinland was made by a Norwegian chief, Thorfin, who had removed to Greenland, and married the widowed Gudrida. With sixty companions, some domestic animals, implements of husbandry, and an abundance of dried provisions, he proceeded to the coast where Thorwald had died. There he erected his tents, which he surrounded by a strong palisade, to resist the assaults, whether open or secret, whether daily or nocturnal, of the natives. They came in considerable numbers to offer peltries and other productions for such commodities as the strangers could spare. Above all, we are assured, they wanted arms

which Thorwald would not permit to be sold, yet, if an anecdote be true, their knowledge of such weapons must have been limited indeed. One of the savages took up an axe, ran with it into the woods, and displayed it with much triumph to the rest. To try its virtues, he struck one that stood near him; and the latter, to the horror of all present, fell dead at his feet. A chief took it from him, regarded it for some time with anger, and then cast it into the sea. Thorfin remained three years in Vinland, where a son was born to him; and after various voyages to different parts of the north, ended his days in Iceland. His widow made the pilgrimage to Rome; and on her return to the island retired to a convent which he had erected. Many, however, of the colonists whom he had led to Vinland remained, and were ultimately joined by another body under Helgi and Finnbogi, two brothers from Greenland. But the latter had the misfortune to be accompanied by a treacherous and evil woman, Freydisa, a daughter of Eric the Red, and who in a short time excited a quarrel, which proved fatal to about thirty of the colonists. Detested for her vices, she was constrained to return to Greenland; but the odour of her evil name remained with her; she lived despised, and died unlamented.

(1026 to 1121.) Towards the close of the reign of Olaf, the saint, an Icclander, named Gudliet, embarked for Dublin. The vessel being driven by boisterous winds far from its

direct course, towards the south-west, approached an unknown shore. He and the crew were soon seized by the natives, and carried into the interior. Here, however, to their great surprise, they were accosted by a venerable chief in their own language, who inquired after some individuals of Iceland. He refused to tell his name; but, as he sent a present to Thurida, the sister of Snorro Gode, and another for her son, no doubt was entertained that he was the scald Biarn, who had been her lover, and who had left Iceland thirty years before that time. The natives were described of a red colour, and cruel to strangers; indeed, it required all the influence of the friendly chief, to rescue Gudlief and his companions from destruction. From this period to 1050, we hear no more of the northern colony established by Thorfin; but in that year a priest went from Iceland to Vinland to preach christianity. His end was tragical,—a proof that if any of the original settlers had been christians, they had reverted to idolatry. In 1121, a bishop embarked from Greenland for the same destination, and with the same object; but of the result no record exists. We hear no more, indeed, of the colony, or of Vinland, until the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the two Venetians Zeni are said to have visited that part of the world. From that time to the discovery of the New World by Columbus, there was no communication—none, at least, that is known—between it and the north of Europe.

This circumstance has induced many to doubt of the facts which have been related. If, they contend, North America were really discovered and repeatedly visited by the Icelanders, how came a country, so fertile in comparison with that island, or with Greenland, or even Norway, to be so suddenly abandoned? This is certainly a difficulty; but a greater one, in our opinion, is involved in the rejection of all the evidence that has been adduced. It is not Snorro only who mentions Vinland: many other sagas do the same; and even before Snorro, Adam, of Bremen, obtained from the lips of Sweyn II., King of Denmark, a confirmation of the alleged discovery. For relations so numerous and so uniform, for circumstances so naturally and so graphically related, there must have been some foundation. Even fiction does not invent, it only exaggerates. There is nothing improbable in the alleged voyages. The Scandinavians were the best navigators in the world. From authentic and indubitable testimony we know that their vessels visited every sea from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, from the extremity of the Finland Gulf to the entrance at least of Davis' Straits. Men thus familiar with distant seas must have made a greater progress in the science of navigation than we generally allow. The voyage from Reykiavik, in Iceland, to Cape Farewell, is not longer than that from the southwestern extremity of Iceland—once well colonized—to the eastern coast of Labrador. But does the latter country itself exhibit, in modern

times, any vestiges of a higher civilization than we could expect to find if no Europeans had ever visited it? So at least the Jesuit missionaries inform us. They found the cross, a knowledge of the stars, a superior kind of worship, a more ingenious mind, among the inhabitants of the coast which is thought to have been colonized from Greenland. They even assure us that many Norwegian words are to be found in the dialect of the people. The causes which led to the destruction of the settlement were probably similar to those which produced the same effect in Greenland. A handful of colonists, cut off from all communication with the mother country, and consequently deprived of the means of repressing their savage neighbours, could not be expected always to preserve their original characteristics. They would either be exterminated by hostilities, or driven to amalgamate with the natives; probably both causes led to this unfortunate result. The only difficulty in this subject is that which we have before mentioned, viz., the sudden and total cessation of all intercourse with Iceland or Greenland; and even this must diminish when we remember that in the fourteenth century the Norwegian colony in Greenland disappeared in the same manner, after a residence in the country of more than three hundred years. On weighing the preceding circumstances, and the simple natural language in which they are recorded, few men not born in Italy or Spain will deny to the Scandinavians the claim of having

been the original discoverers of the New World. Even Robertson, imperfectly acquainted as he was with the links in this chain of evidence, dared not wholly to reject it. Since his day, the researches of the northern critics, and a more attentive consideration of the subject, have caused most writers to mention it with respect.



## LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

THE voyage of Columbus, although posterior to that of the Northmen some five hundred years, has all the merit of an original discovery. He had probably no knowledge of their colonies; or if, in his visit to Iceland, he read the accounts of their voyages, he certainly could not have recognized in their descriptions of Labrador and New England, the fertile Indies, which it was his object to discover. The following account of his landing in the New World deserves a place among the Beauties of American History:

On the eleventh of October the indications of land became more and more certain. A reed quite green floated by the vessel; and a little after some kind of fish were seen, which were known to abound in the vicinity of rocks. The Pinta picked up the trunk of a bamboo and a plank rudely carved. The Nina saw a branch of a tree with berries on it. They sounded at sunset, and found bottom. The wind was now unequal; and this last circumstance completely satisfied the mind of Columbus that land was not far off. The crew assembled as usual for evening prayer. As soon as the service was concluded, Columbus desired his people to return thanks to God for having preserved them

in so long and dangerous a voyage, and assured them that the indications of land were now too certain to be doubted. He recommended them to look out carefully during the night, for that they should surely discover land before the morning; and he promised a suit of velvet to whoever first descried it, independent of the pension of ten thousand maravedis which he was to receive from the king. About ten o'clock at night, while Columbus was sitting at the stern of his vessel, he saw a light, and pointed it out to Pedro Gutieres: they both called Sanchez de Segovia, the armourer, but before he came it had disappeared: they saw it, nevertheless, return twice afterwards. At two o'clock after midnight, the *Pinta*, which was ahead, made the signal of land. It was in the night of the eleventh of October, 1492, after a voyage of thirty-five days, that the New World was discovered. The men longed impatiently for day: they wished to feast their eyes with the sight of that land for which they had sighed so long, and which the majority of them had despaired of ever seeing. At length day broke, and they enjoyed the prospect of hills and valleys clad in delicious verdure. The three vessels steered towards it at sunrise. The crew of the *Pinta*, which preceded, commenced chanting the *Te Deum*; and all sincerely thanked Heaven for the success of their voyage. They saw as they approached a number of men collected on the shore. Columbus embarked in his cutter, with Alonzo and Yanez Pinzon, car-



rying the royal standard in his hand. The moment he and all his crew set foot on land, they erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, with tears in their eyes, thanked God for the goodness he had manifested towards them. When Columbus rose, he named the island *San Salvador*, and took possession of it in the name of the king of Spain, in the midst of the astonished natives, who surrounded and surveyed him in silence. Immediately the Castilians proclaimed him admiral and viceroy of the Indies, and swore obedience to him. The sense of the glory which they had acquired recalled them to their duty, and they begged pardon of the admiral for all the vexations they had caused him.



DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY  
NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

Among the Spanish discoverers and conquerors of America there was a spirit of chivalry and adventure, which has scarcely a parallel in the history of the world. There were thousands of adventurers ready at any time to peril life in the pursuit of fortune. The voyage of Columbus fired the whole Spanish nation with a desire to visit and acquire new and unknown regions in the discovered world. Gentlemen sold their estates to go to the American shores and become princes; while humble peasants sought wealth and renown at the point of their swords. Among the adventurers who came to the New World, none was more chivalrous, and none more unfortunate, than Balboa.

This enterprising officer, being placed in command of Darien, made numerous incursions on the territories of the neighbouring caciques, in the course of which he received intelligence from the Indians of a great sea a few days' journey to the south. This he justly concluded to be the ocean which Columbus had so long sought in vain. Inflamed with the idea of effecting a discovery which that great man had been unable to accomplish, and eager to reap the first harvest of victory in countries said to abound with gold, he boldly determined to march across the isthmus, and witness with his

own eyes the truth of what he heard. But, in the execution of his design, he had to contend with every difficulty which could be opposed to him by the hand of nature or the hostility of the natives: he had to lead his troops, worn out with fatigue and the diseases of a noxious climate, through deep marshes, rendered nearly impassable by perpetual rains, over mountains covered with trackless forests, and through defiles, from which the Indians, in secure ambuscade, showered down poisoned arrows. But no sufferings could damp the courage of the Spaniards in that enterprising age; Balboa surmounted every impediment. As he approached the object of his research, he ran before his companions to the summit of a mountain, from which he surveyed, with transports of delight, the boundless ocean which rolled beneath; then hurrying to the shore, he plunged into the waves, and claimed the sovereignty of the Southern-Ocean for the crown of Castile. This event took place in September 1513. The inhabitants of the coast on which he had arrived gave him to understand that the land towards the south was *without end*; that it was possessed by powerful nations, who had abundance of gold, and who employed beasts of burden. These allusions to the civilization and riches of Peru, Balboa supposed to apply to those Indies which it was the grand object of European ambition to approach; and the rude sketches of the Peruvian lama, drawn by the Indians on the sand, as they resembled the figure of the

camel, served to confirm him in his error. Delighted with the importance of his discovery, he immediately despatched messengers to Spain, to give an account of his proceedings, and to solicit an appointment corresponding to his services. But the Spanish court was more liberal in exciting enterprise than in rewarding merit, and preferred new adventurers to old servants. The government of Darien was bestowed on Pedrarias Davila, who, regarding Balboa with the hatred which conscious weakness always bears towards superior worth, meditated unceasingly the destruction of his rival. He at length found an occasion to satisfy his vengeance; and the heroic Balboa was publicly executed in Darien, in 1517, affording another instance of the unhappy fate which attended the first conquerors of America.



## COLIGNY AND HIS COLONY IN FLORIDA.

[See Frontispiece.]

AMONG the many characters distinguished in European history, there is scarcely any one more deserving the attention of the American patriot than the celebrated Admiral Coligny. If the Pilgrim Fathers of New England are worthy of all praise, for founding an asylum for religious liberty, Coligny is not less to be commended for having planned and attempted a colony for the same purpose, and that too upon our own shores; and while *they* gain the applause which results from brilliant success, *he* should not be refused the reverence and sympathy which are due to greatness, virtue, and above all, misfortune.

The Admiral de Coligny was born at Catillon-sur-Loin, in the year 1516, of noble parents, and received the best education that the times afforded. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, from which he never swerved during his whole life. In his youth he distinguished himself in several battles, under the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., by his great bravery and skill. After the death of the last mentioned king, Catherine de Medici was declared regent, and by her rigorous acts against the Protestants, she caused them to rise in arms. The Prince de Condé and Admiral Coligny were chosen as commanders of all the Protestant forces. After

the death of Condé, which happened at the battle of Jarnac, the whole command devolved upon Coligny; and well did he prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. He carried on the war against the troops of Catherine with various success, sometimes conquering, sometimes suffering a defeat, but never permitting himself to be disheartened, however great his loss might be. Catherine de Medici, finding, at length, that she could not exterminate the Protestants by force of arms, resolved to do so by stratagem. She therefore concluded a peace with them, and invited the principal of them to court, where they were received with the greatest apparent cordiality. But Coligny, knowing the treachery of the queen, and suspecting some plot to be concealed under this veil of kindness, resolved to defeat her ends. For this purpose he intended to form a colony in the New World, where the Protestants, should circumstances hereafter compel them, might retire and live in peace and security. With this design, in the year 1562, he sent out an expedition consisting of two ships, under the command of John Ribaut. These vessels arrived on the coast of Florida in the month of May in the same year, and Ribaut entered a river which he called the May, but which was subsequently named San Mateo, by the Spaniards; it is now called St. John's. Here he erected a column (of stones,) on which was inscribed the arms of France, as a token of possession; he then sailed farther north, and left a colony at

the bay of Port Royal. But this colony, or account of dissensions among the chiefs, was soon abandoned. A short time afterwards, Coligny sent out three other vessels, under the command of Laudonnière. He reached Florida on the 20th of June, 1564, and sailed up the river May. Here he found the column which had been left by Ribaut still in existence, and decorated with garlands of flowers, which the Indians had hung around it, and which the chief Saturiova now showed him with great apparent gratification. Laudonnière, struck with the beauty of the place, determined to form his settlement here, and commenced building a fortress, which he called Fort Carolina. But a scarcity of provisions arose, and the colonists became discontented, and desired to return to their native country. Laudonnière withstood their demands as long as possible, but finally yielding to their importunity, he embarked on the 28th of August, and began his voyage; but he had sailed only a short distance when he met with a fleet of several vessels, commanded by Ribaut, who was appointed to succeed him in the command. They, therefore, all returned, and the colony soon advanced to a more flourishing condition. But things were not long allowed to remain in this state. On the 20th of September an expedition of the Spaniards, under Melendez, arrived at the fort, and, with the exception of women and children, massacred every living soul. This proved a death-blow to all the hopes of Coligny; and

thus the colony which, had it been suffered to have flourished, would have saved France a civil war, and prevented the great massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, was entirely destroyed.

Charles IX. and Catherine now began to display their hostility more openly than ever against the Protestant religion. They imposed such rigorous exactions upon its professors, that they once more rose in arms, and once more Coligny led them to battle. Here he met with various success; but, on the whole, fortune seemed to incline in his favour. Catherine, at last, despairing of ever conquering the Protestants in the field, again concluded a treaty with him. Coligny was invited to Paris, where he was received with the most distinguished marks of favour. He had one hundred thousand francs given him by Charles IX, as an indemnity for his losses in the wars, and was admitted to a seat in the council.

Things continued in this condition until the night of St. Bartholomew's, the 24th of August, 1572, a night in which one of the most horrible transactions that ever disgraced humanity occurred; a night in which thousands of innocent beings were sent to their final account without previous warning; a night in which deeds were perpetrated (the result not more of religious than political animosity) which are now equally reprobated by Catholic and Protestant. Particular orders had been given to prevent all chance of Coligny's escape. The Duke of



Guise, with a band of miscreants, hastened to his house, which they surrounded. A man by the name of Besme then entered the room in which Coligny was sitting. "Art thou Coligny?" said he; "I am he indeed," said the admiral; "young man, you ought to respect my grey hairs; but, do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." Besme immediately plunged his sword into his body, and his companions pierced him with many wounds. The body was then thrown out of the window into the street, where Guise was impatiently waiting to see it. He wiped the blood off his face, in order to recognize the features, and then gave orders to cut off his head, which he sent to Catherine. This head was then embalmed and sent to the pope, whilst his body remained in the street, exposed to every indignity from the ferocious rabble.

Thus perished Coligny, one of the greatest and most remarkable men that France ever produced. Well might his enemies exult in his fall; for he was the bulwark of the cause which he had espoused. With him perished the best hopes of Protestantism in France. The succeeding leader renounced the faith; and then there followed persecution, exile and apostacy, till the Revolution levelled all distinctions, and seemed, for a time, to have extinguished all religion with a deluge of political fanaticism.

## VOYAGE OF AMIDAS AND BARLOW.

Among the foremost and most efficient promoters of American colonization was renowned and accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh. He was one of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth; and had considerable possessions, which he did not hesitate to expend with a lavish hand, in hopes of founding a colony on our shores. The fate of his relative, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who perished at sea on the returning voyage from America, did not discourage Raleigh, who still persevered in sending out ships and colonists to the New World. The famous voyage of Amidas and Barlow to Carolina was performed under the auspices and at the expense of Raleigh, although he did not accompany the voyagers.

Captain Philip Amidas and Captain Arthur Barlow, set sail from the west of England on the 27th of April, 1584, and the 10th of May arrived at the Canaries, from whence they bent their course to the Caribbee Islands, which they made on the 10th of June, keeping a more southerly course than they needed to have done, as they themselves observed afterwards, apprehending that the current set so strong to the northward on the coast of Florida or Virginia, that there was no stemming it; and that mistake made them go two or three thousand miles out of their way: however, they arrived at the Island of Wokokon, near the coast of Virginia,

or rather of North Carolina (of which this country is now reckoned a part) and took possession thereof in the name of Queen Elizabeth, whom they proclaimed rightful queen and sovereign of the same, to the use of Mr. Raleigh, according to her Majesty's grant. But they soon discovered it to be but an island of twenty miles in length, and six in breadth, and lying in 34 degrees odd minutes north latitude; the land producing cedars, cypress, pines, and vast quantities of grapes; nor was there any want of deer, hare, rabbits, and wild fowl.

After they had continued here three days, an Indian came on board them, and was entertained in the ship; after which he caught some fish and presented to the English; and the next day Granganimo, the brother of Wingina, King of Wingandacoa (as the neighbouring continent was called) came down with forty or fifty of his people to the sea-side. Whereupon several English officers went over to him, and were invited to sit down with him on the mats that were spread for that purpose, the Prince striking his head and his breast, and making a great many signs to signify they were heartily welcome, as they apprehended. Whereupon they made him some small presents, as they did to four of his people, who sat on the lower end of the same mat; but the Prince took away the things from his men, intimating that they were his servants, and that all presents were to be made to him. And having taken leave of the English, he returned with more of his people

two days after, bringing deer-skins, buff, and other peltry to trade with them. Whereupon they showed Granganimo all their merchandise, of which nothing pleased him so much as a bright pewter-dish: he took it up, clapped it upon his breast, and having made a hole in the brim, hung it about his neck, intimating it would be a good shield against his enemies' arrows. This pewter-dish they exchanged for twenty skins, worth twenty nobles, and a copper-kettle for fifty skins, worth as many crowns. They offered also a very advantageous exchange for their axes, hatchets, and knives, and would have given anything for their swords; but the English would not part with them.

Two or three days after, the king's brother came on board their ships, and eat and drank with them, and seemed to relish their wine and food very well, and some few days after he brought his wife and daughter, and several more of his children with him. His wife had good features, but was not tall; she appeared exceeding modest, and had a cloak or mantle of a skin, with the fur next her body, and another piece of a skin before her. About her head she had a coronet of white coral, and in her ears pendants of pearls, about the size of peas, hanging down to her middle, and she had bracelets on her arms. Her husband also wore a coronet or band of white coral about his head sometimes, but usually a coronet of copper, or some other shining metal, which at first our adventurers imagined to be gold, but were mistaken. His hair was cut short, but his wife's was long.

The rest of his habit was like his wife's. The other women of the better sort, and the Prince's children, had several pendants of shining copper in their ears. The complexion of the people in general being tawny, and their hair black. The Prince's wife was usually attended by forty or fifty women to the sea-side; but when she came on board (as she did often) she left them on shore, and brought only two or three with her.

The King's brother, they observed, was very just to his engagements; for they frequently delivered him merchandise upon his word, and he ever came within the day and delivered what he had promised for them. He sent them also every day, as a present, a brace of bucks, with hares, rabbits, and fish, the best in the world; together with several sorts of fruits, such as melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourds, peas, and several kinds of roots, as also maize, or Indian corn.

Afterwards seven or eight of the English officers went in their boat up the river Occam, twenty miles to the northward, and came to an island called Roanoke, where they were hospitably entertained by Granganimo's wife in his absence. She pressed them to stay on shore all night, and when they refused she was much concerned they should be apprehensive of any danger, and sent the provision on board their boat which she had provided for their supper, with mats for them to lie upon: and the captain who wrote the relation, it seems, was of

opinion they might safely have continued on shore; for a more kind and loving people he thought there could not be in the world, as he expressed himself.

These Indians having never seen any Europeans before, were mightily taken with the whiteness of their skin, and took it as a great favour if any Englishman would permit any of them to touch his breast. They were amazed also at the magnitude and structure of their ships, and at the firing of a musket they trembled, having never seen any fire-arms before.

The English continued to trade with the Indians till they had disposed of all the goods they had brought, and loaded their ships with skins, sassafras and cedar. They procured also some pearls from them, and a little tobacco, which they found the Indians very fond of. After which they parted with this people in a very friendly manner, and returned home to England, taking with them Manteo and Wanchese, two Indians, who appeared desirous to embark for England with them; and having made a very profitable voyage, they gave Mr. Raleigh and the rest of their employers such a glorious account of the country, as made them impatient till they had provided ships for another voyage. The tobacco the captains Amidas and Barlow brought home with them in this voyage was the first that had been seen in England, and was soon cried up as a most valuable plant, and a sovereign remedy for almost every malady.

## VOYAGE OF GILBERT AND GOSNOLD.

IN the year 1602, on the 26th of March, Captain Gilbert also set sail from Plymouth, England, with thirty-two mariners and landsmen; the landsmen being commanded by Captain Gosnold, and designed for a colony. They arrived in New England, being in 42 degrees north latitude, on the 14th of May following; where there came on board them several of the natives in an European boat, some of whom also being clothed like Europeans, the boat and clothes having been given them by some fishermen who frequented Newfoundland; but most of them had mantles of deer-skins. They afterwards sailed to the southward, and came to a promontory called Cape Cod, from the shoals of Cod-fish they met with there, and that name it retains to this day. Here Captain Gosnold went on shore, and found peas, strawberries, and other fruits growing, and saw a great deal of good timber.

They sailed from this point to the southward, and arrived at another promontory, which they called Gilbert's Point, the name of the captain of the ship, the shores appearing full of people. Some of them came on board, and though they were peaceable enough, they were observed to be thievish. The English afterwards bending their course to the south-west, they came to an uninhabited island in 41 degrees, to which they

gave the name of Martha's Vineyard; and to another island, a little further to the southward, they gave the name of Elizabeth Island; and these islands are still called by those names.

Upon Elizabeth Island, lying about four miles from the continent, Captain Gosnold proposed to settle with his little colony, and to that end went on shore there on the 28th of May. He found the island covered with timber and underwood, among which were oak, ash, beech, walnut, hazel, cedars, cypress, and sassafras. And as to fruits, here were cherries, vines, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, ground-nuts, and peas; and also a variety of roots and salad-herbs. Here, in the middle of a fresh-water lake, which surrounded a little rocky island, containing an acre of ground, they began to erect a house and fort capable of receiving twenty men.

While this was doing, Captain Gosnold sailed over to the continent, where he found a great many people, and was treated very courteously by them, every one making a present of what he had about him, such as skins, furs, tobacco, chains and necklaces of copper, shells, and the like, for which the English gave them some toys, and returned to their fort.

Two or three days afterwards, one of the Indian chiefs, with fifty stout men, armed with bows and arrows, came over from the continent to the island in their country boats, and there being then but eight Englishmen on shore, they stood upon their guard until the natives gave



them to understand they came in a friendly manner to visit them. Whereupon they were invited to eat and drink, and sat down to dinner with the English on their heels, expressing a great deal of good humour.

The Indians made them another visit two or three days after, when they behaved themselves very peaceably also; but one of the natives having stolen a shield, was made to return it, and they seemed apprehensive the English would revenge it; but finding them still easy and sociable, they were merry together, and parted again in a friendly manner. But as two of the English were straggling by the sea-side two days after, to get crabs, four Indians attacked them, and wounded one of the English with an arrow; whereupon the other Englishman disarmed the aggressor, and the rest ran away.

This seems to have been the only quarrel there was between the English and the Indians in this voyage: however, the colony which was designed to be left there, who were twenty in number, being apprehensive it would be difficult for them to subsist till supplies and reinforcements came from England, if the natives should prove their enemies, especially as their provisions, upon examination, appeared much shorter than was expected; it was resolved to abandon their little fort in the island, and return (all of them) to England. Having, therefore, taken on board some cedar and sassafras,

beaver-skins, deer-skins, black fox-skins, and other peltry they had received of the natives for the goods they carried thither, they set sail from the island of Elizabeth on the 18th of June, arriving at Exmouth in Devon, on the 23d of July following, without having lost one man.

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## SETTLEMENT OF ST. MARY'S.

THE Lord Baltimore having obtained a grant of Maryland, sent over his brother, the honourable Leonard Calvert, Esq., with several Roman Catholic gentlemen and other adventurers, to the number of two hundred, to take possession of the country ; who setting sail from England on the 22d of November, 1633, arrived at Point Comfort, in the Bay of Chesapeake, on the 24th of February following ; where being kindly treated, received, and supplied with provisions by the English of Virginia, they continued the voyage northward to the river Potomac, appointed to be the boundary between Virginia and Maryland, on the west side of the bay.

The adventurers sailed up this river, and landing in several places on the northern shore, acquainted the natives they were come to settle among them and trade with them ; but the natives seemed rather to desire their absence

than their company. However, there were no acts of hostility committed on either side, and the English returning down the river Potomac again, made choice of a place near the mouth of a river (which falls into it, and by them called St. George's River) to plant the first colony.

They advanced afterwards to an Indian town, called Yoamaco, then the capital of the country, and at a conference with the Weroance or sovereign of the place, to whom they made considerable presents, the Weroance consented that the English should dwell in one part of the town, reserving the other for his own people till the harvest was over; and then agreed to quit the whole entirely to the English, and retire further into the country, which they did accordingly; and the following March Mr. Calvert and the planters were left in the quiet possession of the town, to which they gave the name of St. Mary's; and it was agreed on both sides, that if any wrong was done by either party, the nation offending should make full satisfaction for the injury.

The reason the Yoamaco Indians were so ready to enter into a treaty with the English, and yield them part of their country, was in hopes of obtaining their protection and assistance against the Susquehanna Indians, their northern neighbours, with whom they were then at war, and indeed the Yoamaco Indians were upon the point of abandoning their coun-

try to avoid the fury of the Susquehanna nation before the English arrived; from whence it appears, that the adventurers sent over by the Lord Baltimore cannot be charged with any injustice in settling themselves in this part of America, being invited to it by the original inhabitants.

The English being thus settled at St. Mary's, applied themselves with great diligence to cultivating the ground, and raised large quantities of Indian corn, while the natives went every day into the woods to hunt for game, bringing home venison and turkeys to the English colony in abundance, for which they received knives, tools, and toys in return. And thus both nations lived in the greatest friendship, doing good to each other, till some of the English in Virginia, envious of the happiness of this thriving colony, suggested to the Indians that these strangers were not really English, as they pretended, but Spaniards; and would infallibly enslave them, as they had done many of their countrymen: and the Indians were so credulous as to believe it, and appeared jealous of Mr. Calvert, making preparations as if they intended to fall upon the strangers; which the English perceiving, stood upon their guard, and erected a fort for their security, on which they planted several pieces of ordnance, at the firing whereof the Yoamacos were so terrified that they abandoned their country without any other compulsion, and left the English in possession of it; who, receiving supplies and reinforce-

ments continually from England, and having no other enemy to contend with than agues and fevers (which swept off some of them before they found out a proper regimen for the climate) they soon became a flourishing people, many Roman Catholic families of quality and fortune transporting themselves hither to avoid the penal laws made against them in England; and Maryland has been a place of refuge for those of that persuasion from that day to this.



## LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers of New England afford one of the most brilliant examples on record of self sacrifice to a principle of duty. Having adopted certain views of the Christian religion, which they deemed it of vital importance to transmit to their posterity *pure* and unadulterated by intercourse with other denominations, they resolved to found a separate community in some distant region of the earth, and to have it peopled by *Puritans*. This purpose they accomplished at the expense of all that worldly men most value. If, in preserving the religious character of their community, they committed acts, which would now be considered intolerant, let it be remembered that toleration was unknown to any government of that age. The right of the ruling power to exclude what it considered heresy from the state was exercised every where, and had but recently been questioned.

WHEN the light of the Reformation had dawned upon Europe, the doctrines and practices of the Romish church filled the minds of those who opposed them with horror and irreconcilable aversion. The spirit which prevailed at that time was by no means satisfied either with the partial changes which took place in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, or the imperious manner in which these sovereigns dictated a creed to their people: and the less so, as the opinions of the royal theologians

themselves, especially those of the former, had undergone considerable alterations. Elizabeth determined that all her subjects should conform to the belief which she had chosen for them, established a High Commission for ecclesiastical affairs; with powers, not inferior, or less hostile to the rights of conscience, than those of the Inquisition in Spain. Some attempts were made in the house of commons to check these arbitrary and odious proceedings; but Elizabeth interfered with her prerogative, and the guardians of the people were silent. They even consented to an act, by which those who should be absent from church for a month were subjected to a fine and imprisonment, and, if they persisted in their obstinacy, to death, without benefit of clergy. In consequence of this iniquitous statute, and the distresses in which the Puritans were involved, a body of them called Brownists, from the name of their founder, left England, and settled at Leyden, in Holland, under the care of Mr. John Robinson, their pastor. But this situation at length proving disagreeable to them, and their children intermarrying with the Dutch, they were apprehensive lest their church, which they regarded as a model of untarnished purity, should gradually decay; and having obtained a promise from James I. that they should not be molested in the exercise of their religion, and a patent from the South Virginia company, they chartered two small vessels, in one of which they sailed from Delfthaven, July 22d, 1620, and joined

the other at Southampton. They were obliged afterwards to leave one of their vessels behind, on account of its leaky condition, and finally sailed from Plymouth in the *May Flower*, the captain of which having been bribed by the Dutch, who had a settlement at New York, to take them beyond their limits, they made the land as far north as Cape Cod, on the 9th of November.

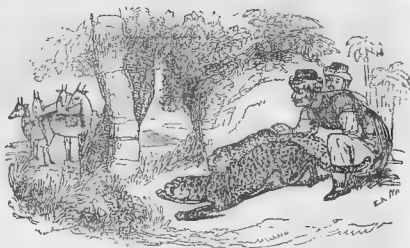
Finding that they were not within the jurisdiction of South Virginia, and that they had no right to the soil or powers of government, they entered into a voluntary compact, conceived in the following words: "We, &c. do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This, the earliest American constitution, is dated November 11th, 1620, and signed by forty-one persons. The whole company, including women and children, amounted to one hundred and one. After thus settling a social contract, they proceeded to explore the coast, and on the 20th of December, having found a port and harbour suited to their purpose, they



landed on the rock of Plymouth, a spot which, as the asylum of religious liberty, is still revered by the sons of the Pilgrims, who annually celebrate the anniversary of their landing.

The inclemency of the season, their previous sufferings at sea, and the hardships and privations to which they were still exposed, thinned their ranks, till, at the end of four months from their landing, nearly one half their number had perished. At times only six or seven were fit for duty. Before leaving England the Pilgrims had formed a sort of partnership with certain London merchants, by which they were bound to carry on all their commerce in common for seven years. This proved a serious bar to the advancement of the colony. At the end of the term the colonists bought the shares of their partners, and divided their joint property among themselves. The government was administered by a governor and seven *assistants*, chosen annually by the people.



## THE TREATY WITH MASSASOIT.

ABOUT the middle of March, 1621, Samoset, one of the Indian sagamores, or captains, came into Plymouth in a friendly manner, and gave the people to understand they were welcome into the country, and that his people would be glad to traffic with them. And coming again the next day with several other Indians, they informed the English that their great Sachem, or king, whom they called Massasoit, had his residence but two or three days' march to the northward, and intended them a visit; and accordingly Massasoit arrived on the 22d of March, with a retinue of about sixty people, and being received by Captain Standish at the head of a file of musketeers, was conducted to a kind of throne they had prepared for his Indian majesty in one of their houses.

They relate that this monarch was of a large stature, middle aged, of a grave countenance, and sparing in his speech; that his face was painted red, and both head and face smeared over with oil; that he had a mantle of deer-skin, and his breeches and stockings, which were all of a piece, were of the same materials; that his knife or tomahawk hung upon his breast on a string, his tobacco-pouch behind him, and his arms were clothed with wild-cat skins; and in the same garb were his principal attendants.

They did not observe any marks of distinction between this prince and his subjects, unless it were a chain of fish-bones which Massasoit wore about his neck.

Soon after the prince was seated, Carver, the governor, came in with a guard of musketeers, a drum and trumpet marching before him: whereupon Massasoit rose up and kissed him; after which they both sat down, and an entertainment was provided for the Indians, of which no part appeared more acceptable to them than the brandy, the sachem himself drinking very plentifully of it. In Massasoit's retinue was the above-mentioned Squanto, who had been carried to Europe by Hunt and brought to New England again, as related above. This Indian it seems had a very great affection for the English, among whom he lived several years; and it was to his favourable representation of the colony that the sachem was induced to make them this friendly visit: and at this first meeting to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with the English, and even to acknowledge King James for his sovereign, and promise to hold his dominions of him; and as an evidence of his sincerity, Massasoit granted and transferred part of his country to the planters and their heirs for ever. This alliance being founded upon the mutual interests of the contracting parties was maintained inviolably many years. The sachem, who had been informed by Squanto how powerful a people the

English were, both by sea and land, promised himself their assistance against the Narraganset Indians, his enemies; and the English stood in no less need of his friendship and assistance to establish themselves in that country.

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## SIR WILLIAM PHIPS.

**THIS** hero was born of mean parents, in 1650, at a small plantation on the banks of the river Kennebeck, the north-east frontier of New England. His father was a gunsmith, and left his mother a widow with a large family of small children. This William being one of the youngest, kept sheep in the wilderness till he was eighteen years of age, and was then bound apprentice to a ship-carpenter. When he had served his time he went to sea, and having been successful in some small adventures, at length discovered a rich Spanish wreck, near the port of La Plata, in Hispaniola, which gained him a great reputation in the English court, and introduced him into the acquaintance of some of the greatest men in the nation.

The galleon, in which this treasure was lost, had been cast away upwards of fifty years, and how Captain Phips came to the knowledge of it does not appear to us; but upon his applying to King Charles II. in the year 1683, and ac-

quizzing his majesty with the probability there was of recovering it, the king made him commander of the *Algier Rose*, a frigate of 18 guns, and 95 men, and sent him to Hispaniola in search of the prize. Here he was informed by an old Spaniard of the very place where it was lost, and began to fish for it, but his ship's crew looking upon it as a romantic undertaking, after some little trial despaired of success, and compelled him to return to England without effecting anything. And though the captain assured the ministry that the impatience of the seamen only prevented his success, the court refused to be concerned in the enterprise any further, and it was dropped for some time.

However, the captain continuing his application to some great men, the Duke of Albemarle, and several other persons of distinction, fitted him out again in the year 1686; and arriving at the port De la Plata with a ship and tender, the captain went up into the woods, and built a stout canoe out of a cotton tree, large enough to carry eight or ten oars. This canoe and tender, with some choice men and skilful divers, the captain sent out in search of the wreck, whilst himself lay at anchor in the port. The canoe kept busking up and down upon the shallows, and could discover nothing but a reef of rising shoals, called the boilers, within two or three feet of the surface of the water.

The sea was calm, every eye was employed in looking down into it, and the divers went down in several places without making any dis-

covery, till at last, as they were turning back, weary and dejected, one of the sailors looking over the side of the canoe into the sea, spied a feather under water, growing, as he imagined, out of the side of a rock; one of the divers was immediately ordered down to fetch it up, and look out if there was anything of value about it.

He quickly brought up the feather, and told them that he had discovered several great guns; whereupon he was ordered down again, and then brought up a pig of silver of two or three hundred pounds value, the sight of which filled them with transports, and convinced them sufficiently, that they had found the treasure they had been so long looking for. When they had buoyed the place, they made haste to the port, and told the captain the joyful news, who could hardly believe them, till they showed him the silver; and then with hands lifted up to heaven, he cried out, Thanks be to God we are all made!

All hands were immediately ordered on board, and sailing to the place, the divers happened to fall first into the room where the bullion had been stored, and in a few days brought up 32 tons of silver, without the loss of any man's life. When they had cleared the store-room they searched the hold, and amongst the ballast of the ship found a great many bags of pieces of eight. It is observable, that these bags having lain so long under water amongst ballast, were crusted over with a hard substance like limestone, to the thickness of several inches, which

being broken with irons contrived for that purpose, the rusty pieces of eight tumbled out in prodigious quantities. Besides these things they found vast treasures of gold, pearls, jewels, and everything that a Spanish galleon used to be laden with.

There was one Adderley, of Providence, who had been with Captain Phips in his former voyage to this place, and promised to assist him again if ever he should make a second adventure, who met him with a small vessel at port De la Plata, and with the few hands he had on board took up six tons of silver for themselves. They both staid till their provision was spent, and then the captain obliging Adderley and his men not to discover the place of the wreck, nor come to it himself till the next year, they weighed anchor and returned. The reason of this obligation was, because the last day of their fishing the divers brought up several sows of silver, which made the captain imagine that there was a great deal of treasure yet behind, though it afterwards appeared that they had in a manner quite cleared the ship of her bullion before they left her.

The captain steered directly away for England without calling at any port by the way, and arrived the latter end of the year, with about three hundred thousand pounds sterling, sixteen thousand of which, after all charges paid, and gratuities to the sailors, came to his own share: besides which, the Duke of Albe-

marle made his wife a present of a golden cup of a thousand pounds value.

Some of King James's courtiers would have persuaded him to have seized the ship and its cargo, under pretence that the captain had not rightly informed him of the nature of his project when he was graciously pleased to grant him his patent; but the king replied, that Phips was an honest man, and that it was his council's fault that he had not employed him himself, and therefore he would give him no disturbance in what he had got; but as a mark of his royal favour conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

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#### FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA.

**THE** British dominion in America underwent, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, some vicissitudes which in after years affected materially the prosperity both of New England and of the other colonial establishments in the same quarter of the world. The war which the king so wantonly declared against France in 1627, and which produced only disgrace and disaster to the British arms in Europe, was attended with events of a very different complexion in America. Sir David Kirk having obtained a commission to attack the American dominions of France, invaded Canada in the



summer of 1628; and so successful was the expedition, that in July, 1629, Quebec was reduced to surrender to the arms of England. Thus was the capital of New France subdued by the English, about one hundred and thirty years before they achieved its final conquest by the sword of Wolfe. This signal event was unknown in Europe when peace was re-established between France and England; and Charles, by the subsequent treaty of St. Germain, not only restored this valuable acquisition to France, but expressed the cession he made in terms of such extensive application, as undeniably inferred a recognition of the French, and a surrender of the British claims to the province of Nova Scotia. This arrangement manifestly threatened no small prejudice to the settlements of the English; and it was soon found that what it threatened, it did not fail to produce.



## SETTLEMENT OF CONNECTICUT.

PLYMOUTH old Colony, as we have seen, was settled in 1620; Massachusetts was colonized in 1630. In 1631, the people of the Old Colony built a trading house at Windsor, for the purpose of trade with the Indians, which consisted chiefly in supplying them with merchandise suited to their savage habits, and receiving in return the valuable furs which they acquired by hunting. The Dutch settled at Hartford in 1633. In 1635, a fort was erected at Saybrook, by John Winthrop. Before his arrival, emigrants had formed settlements at Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor. They came from Massachusetts.

The increasing numbers of the colonists, causing the inhabitants of some of the towns to feel themselves straitened for room, suggested the formation of additional establishments. A project of founding a new settlement on the banks of the river Connecticut was now embraced by Mr. Hooker, one of the ministers of Boston, and a hundred of the members of his congregation. After enduring extreme hardship, and encountering the usual difficulties that attended the foundation of a society in this quarter of America, with the usual display of puritan fortitude and resolution, they at length succeeded in establishing a plantation, which

gradually enlarged into the flourishing state of Connecticut. Some Dutch settlers from New York, who had previously occupied a post in the country, were compelled to surrender it to them; and they soon after obtained from Lord Brooke and Lord Say and Seal, an assignation to a district which these noblemen had acquired in this region, with the intention of flying from the royal tyranny to America. They had at first carried with them a commission from the government of Massachusetts Bay, for the administration of justice in their new settlement; but, afterwards reflecting that their territory was beyond the jurisdiction of the authorities from whom this commission was derived, they combined themselves by a voluntary association into a body politic, constructed on the same model with the state from which they had separated. They continued in this condition till the Restoration, when they obtained a charter for themselves from King Charles II. That this secession from the colony of Massachusetts Bay was occasioned by lack of room in a province as yet so imperfectly peopled, has appeared so improbable to some writers, that they have thought it necessary to assign another cause, and have found none so satisfactory as the jealousy which they conclude Mr. Hooker must inevitably have entertained towards Mr. Cotton, whose influence had become so great in Massachusetts that even a formidable political dissension was quelled by one of his pacific discourses. But envy was not a passion that

could dwell in the humble and holy breast of Hooker, or be generated by such influence as the character of Cotton was formed to exert. The sense of a redundant population was the more readily experienced at first from the unwillingness of the settlers to remove far into the interior of the country and deprive themselves of an easy communication with the coast. Another reason, indeed, appears to have enforced the formation of this new settlement; but it was a reason that argued not dissension, but community of feeling and design between the settlers who remained in Massachusetts and those who removed to Connecticut. By the establishment of this advanced station, a barrier, it was hoped, would be erected against the troublesome incursions of the Pequot Indians. Nor is it utterly improbable that some of the seceders to this new settlement were actuated by a restless spirit which had hoped too much from external change, and which vainly urged a farther pursuit of that spring of contentment which must rise up in the mind of him who would enjoy it.

In the immediate neighbourhood of this new settlement, another plantation was formed about two years after, by a numerous body of emigrants who arrived from England, under the guidance of Theophilus Eaton, a gentleman of fortune, and John Davenport, an eminent puritan minister. Massachusetts Bay appearing to them overstocked, and being informed of a large and commodious bay to the south-west

of Connecticut river, they purchased from the natives all the land that lies between that stream and Hudson's river, which divides the southern parts of New England from New York. Seating themselves in this bay, they spread along the coast, where they built first the town of New Haven, which has given its name to the settlement, and then the towns of Guilford, Milford, Stamford, and Brainford. After some time they crossed the bay, and planted several settlements in Long Island; in all places where they came, erecting churches on the model of the independents. When we perceive the injustice and cruelty exercised by the government of Britain, thus contributing to cover the earth with cities, and to plant religion and liberty in the savage deserts of America, we recognise the overruling providence of that great Being who can render even the fierceness of men conducive to his praise. Having no patent, nor any other title to their lands than the vendition of the natives, and not being included within the boundaries of any colonial jurisdiction, these settlers entered into a voluntary association of the same nature and for the same ends with that which the settlers in Connecticut had formed for themselves: and in this condition they remained till the Restoration, when New Haven and Connecticut were united together by a charter of King Charles II.

BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS OF ELLIOT AND  
MAYHEW.

THE circumstances that had promoted the emigrations to New England, had operated with particular force on the ministers of the puritans; and so many of them had accompanied the other settlers, that among a people who derived less enjoyment from the exercises of piety, the numbers of the clergy would have been thought exceedingly burdensome, and very much disproportioned to the wants of the laity. This circumstance was highly favourable to the promotion of religious habits among the colonists, as well as to the extension of their settlements, in the plantation of which the co-operation of a minister was considered indispensable. It contributed also to suggest and facilitate missionary labour among the heathens, to whom the colonists had associated themselves by superadding the ties of a common country to those of a common nature. While the people at large were daily extending their industry, and overcoming by cultivation the rudeness of desert nature, the clergy eagerly looked around for some addition to their peculiar sphere of usefulness, and at a very early period entertained designs of redeeming to the dominion of piety and civility, the neglected wastes of human character that lay stretched in savage ignorance and idolatry around them. John

Elliot, one of the ministers of Roxbury, a man whose large soul glowed with the intensest flame of zeal and charity, was strongly penetrated with a sense of this duty, and for some time had been diligently labouring to overcome the preliminary difficulty by which its performance was obstructed. He had now at length attained such acquaintance with the Indian language as enabled him not only himself to speak it with fluency, but to facilitate the acquisition of it to others, by the construction and publication of a system of *Indian grammar*. Having completed his preparatory inquiries, he began, in the close of this year, a scene of labour which has been traced with great interest and accuracy by the ecclesiastical historians of England, and still more minutely, I doubt not, in that eternal record where alone the actions of men attain their just, their final, and everlasting proportions. It is a remarkable feature in his long and arduous career, that the energy by which he was actuated never sustained the slightest abatement, but, on the contrary, evinced a steady and vigorous increase. He appears never to have doubted its continuance; but, constantly referring it to God, he felt assured of its derivation from a source incapable of being wasted by the most liberal communication. He delighted to maintain this communication by incessant prayer, and before his missionary labours commenced, he had been known in the colony by the name of "praying Elliot"—a noble designation, if

the noblest employment of a rational creature be the cultivation of access to the Author of his being. Rarely, very rarely, I believe, has human nature been so completely embued, refined, and elevated by religion. Everything he saw or knew occurred to him in a religious aspect: every faculty, and every acquisition that he derived from the employment of his faculties, was received by him as a ray let into his soul from that Eternity for which he continually panted. As he was one of the holiest, so was he also one of the happiest of men; and his life for many years was a continual outpouring of his whole being in devotion to God and charity to mankind.

The kindness of Mr. Elliot's manner soon gained him a favourable hearing from many of the Indians; and both parties being sensible of the expediency of altering the civil and domestic habits that counteracted the impressions which he attempted to produce, he obtained from the general court an allotment of land in the neighbourhood of the settlement of Concord, in Massachusetts, upon which a number of Indian families proceeded, by his directions, to build fixed habitations, and where they eagerly received his instructions both spiritual and secular. It was not long before a violent opposition to these innovations was excited by the powaws, or Indian priests, who threatened death and other inflictions of the vengeance of their idols on all who should embrace Christianity. The menaces and artifices of these persons caused



several of the seeming converts to draw back, but induced others to separate themselves more entirely from the society and converse of their countrymen, and seek the benefit and protection of a closer association with that superior race of men who showed themselves so generously willing to diffuse and communicate all the means and benefits of their superiority. A considerable body of Indians resorted to the land allotted them by the colonial government, and exchanged their wild and barbarous habits for the modes of civilized living and industry. Mr. Elliot was continually among them, instructing, animating, and directing them. They felt his superior wisdom, and saw him continually happy; and there was nothing in his circumstances or appearance that indicated sources of enjoyment from which they were debarred; on the contrary, it was obvious that of every article of selfish comfort he was willing to divest himself in order to communicate to them what he esteemed the only true riches of an immortal being. He who gave him this spirit, gave him favour in the eyes of the people among whom he ministered; and their affection for him reminds us of those primitive ages when the converts were willing, as it were, to pluck out their eyes if they could have given them to their pastor. The women in the new settlement learned to spin, the men to dig and till the ground, and the children were instructed in the English language, and taught to read and write. As the numbers of domesticated Indians

increased they built a town by the side of Charles river, which they called *Natick*; and they desired Mr. Elliot to frame a system of internal government for them. He directed their attention to the counsel that Jethro gave to Moses; and, in conformity with it, they elected for themselves rulers of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens. The colonial government also appointed a court which, without assuming jurisdiction over them, offered the assistance of its judicial wisdom to all who should be willing to refer to it the determination of their more difficult or important subjects of controversy. In endeavouring to extend their missionary influence among the surrounding tribes, Mr. Elliot and his associates encountered a variety of success corresponding to the visible varieties of human character and the invisible predeterminations of the Divine will. Many expressed the utmost abhorrence and contempt of Christianity: some made a hollow profession of willingness to hear, and even of conviction, with the view, as it afterwards appeared, of obtaining the tools and other articles of value that were furnished to those who proposed to embrace the modes of civilized living. In spite of every discouragement the missionaries persisted; and the difficulties that at first mocked their efforts seeming at length to vanish under an invisible touch, their labours were blessed with astonishing success. The character and habits of the lay colonists tended to promote the efficacy of these pious labours, in a manner

which will be forcibly appreciated by all who have examined the history and progress of missions. Simple in their manners, devout, moral, and industrious in their lives, they enforced the lessons of the missionaries by demonstrating their practicability and beneficial effects, and presented a model which, in point of refinement, was not too elevated for Indian imitation.

While Mr. Elliot and an increasing body of associates were thus employed in the province of Massachusetts, Thomas Mayhew, a man who combined in a wonderful degree an affectionate mildness that nothing could disturb, with an ardour and activity that nothing could overcome, together with a few coadjutors, not less diligently and successfully prosecuted the same design in Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Elizabeth Isles, and within the territory comprehended in the Plymouth patent. Abasing themselves that they might elevate their species and promote the Divine glory, they wrought with their own hands among those Indians whom they persuaded to forsake savage habits; and zealously employing all the influence they acquired to the communication of moral and spiritual improvement, their labours were eminently blessed by the same Power which had given them the grace so fully to devote themselves to his service. The character and manners of Mayhew appear to have been singularly calculated to excite the tenderness no less than the veneration of the objects of his benevolence, and to make them feel at once how amiable

and how awful true goodness is. His address derived a captivating interest from that earnest concern, and high and holy value, which he manifestly entertained for every member of the family of mankind. Many years after his death the Indians could not hear his name mentioned without shedding tears and expressing transports of grateful emotion. Both Elliot and Mayhew found great advantage in the practice of selecting the most docile and ingenious of their Indian pupils, and by especial attention to their instruction, qualifying them to act as schoolmasters among their brethren. To a zeal that seemed to increase by exercise, they added insurmountable patience and admirable prudence; and, steadily fixing their view on the glory of the Most High, and declaring that, whether outwardly successful or not in promoting it, they felt themselves blessed and happy in pursuing it, they found its influence sufficient to light them through every perplexity and peril, and finally conduct them to a degree of success and victory unparalleled, perhaps, since that era when the miraculous endowments of the apostolic ministry caused a nation to be born in a day. They were slow to push the Indians upon improved institutions; they desired rather to lead them insensibly forward, more especially in the adoption of religious ordinances. Those practices, indeed, which they considered likely to commend themselves by their beneficial effects to the natural understanding of men, they were not restrained from

recommending to their early adoption; and trial by jury very soon superseded the savage modes of determining right or ascertaining guilt, and contributing to improve and refine the sense of equity. In the dress and mode of cohabitation of the savages, they also introduced, at an early period, alterations calculated to form and develop a sense of modesty, in which the Indians were found to be grossly and universally defective. But all these practices which are, or ought to be, exclusively the fruits of renewed nature and Divine light, they desired to teach entirely by example, and by diligently radicating and cultivating in the minds of their flocks the principles out of which alone such practices can lastingly and beneficially grow. It was not till the year 1660 that the first Indian church was founded by Mr. Elliot and his fellow-labourers in Massachusetts. There were at that time no fewer than ten settlements within the province, occupied by Indians comparatively civilized.



## ESCAPE OF MR. DUSTAN.

THE treaty of Massasoit was observed for fifty years, during which period New England grew and flourished almost without interruption. The war of king Philip gave the first severe blow to its prosperity, and retarded its progress for fifty years. This war, so injurious to the country, was followed by a series of incursions from the Eastern and Canadian Indians, always instigated by the French inhabitants of Canada, and often attended with cruelties and barbarities, in which the French, who accompanied the Indians, were not only prompters, but participators. Haverhill, Massachusetts, was sacked by the Indians on more than one occasion.

In 1698, when Haverhill was attacked and fired by the Indians, a troop of them approached the house of a Mr. Dustan, who at that time was abroad in the fields. He flew to the house, which contained his wife and eight children. He directed the children to escape as fast as possible, while he attempted to save his wife, who was sick in bed. Before this could be done, the savages were at hand. He flew to the door, mounted his horse, seized his gun and hastened away with his children. The Indians pursued and fired upon them; but Dustan returned the fire, and keeping himself in the rear

of his troop of little ones, held the savages at bay till he had retreated to a place of safety. Mrs. Dustan, with her infant, six days old, and their nurse, fell into the hands of the Indians.

The child was soon dashed against a tree and killed. The Indians divided into several parties for subsistence, and Mrs. Dustan and her nurse, and a boy taken from Worcester, fell to the lot of a family of twelve, with whom they travelled through the wilderness to an island, at the mouth of Contoocook river, in the town of Bowcawen, N. H. where they encamped for the night. Just before daylight, finding the whole company in a profound sleep, she arose and armed herself and companions with the Indian tomahawks, which they wielded with such destructive effect, that ten of the twelve were instantly despatched; one woman escaping whom they thought they had killed, and a favourite boy was designedly left. They took the scalps of the conquered enemy, and taking a canoe for their own use, and cutting holes in one or more that were left, to prevent pursuit, they descended the river, and arrived home in safety. She received a reward of fifty pounds from the treasury of the colony. The place whence they were taken, is about one mile north of the town; it is still owned by her descendants, and part of the house is still standing.

## THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

WHEN Canada was in possession of the French, a Catholic priest, named Father Nicholas, having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roofed and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church, and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the



bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New-England privateer and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher, the Rev. John Williams, was appointed. With much labour it was carried to the village, and duly elevated in the belfry.

When father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptized state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them

roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudrieul, the governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire: the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville: and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuit's College at Quebec informed father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion. The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose, giving the war-whoop; then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff, and a cross on the top of it, headed them; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departures of the first crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode on a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence, until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of Lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in that march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery,—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of latter times. But they were loquacious; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different: animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified—even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid

many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave, but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, father Nicholas was sick of his crusade; the labour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages, from the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and crackled beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy

forest ; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible conflict took place in the streets. The French fought with their accustomed spirit, and the Indians with their characteristic fortitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At daybreak all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and de Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep ; it was, to the simple ears of the Indians, as the voice of an oracle ; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at the end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homewards, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of Lake Champlain, they

buried it, with many benedictions from father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the meantime all the squaws and papooses had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell."

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphant array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longue Saulte* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.

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## JOHN WINTHROP.

THE first John Winthrop came into this country in the year 1630, only ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He was a man of talents, learning, and virtue, and was early promoted in the infant colony. In the year 1645, when he was deputy governor, he was charged before the General Court with having been guilty of an invasion upon the liberties of the people. Upon a hearing, notwithstanding a considerable degree of passion had been excited, he was honourably acquitted, and the persons who were at the bottom of the attack upon him, were afterwards severally fined and censured. Upon resuming his seat as governor, he addressed the court in the following speech, which we think would do no discredit to any magistrate, of any country, at any period:—

“I shall not now speak anything about the past proceedings of this court, or the persons therein concerned. Only I bless God that I see an issue of this troublesome affair. I am well



satisfied that I was publicly accused, and that I am now publicly acquitted. But though I am justified before men, yet it may be that the Lord hath seen so much amiss in my administration, as calls me to be humbled; and indeed for me to have been thus charged by men, is a matter of humiliation, whereof I desire to make a right use before the Lord. If Miriam's father spit in her face, she is to be ashamed.—But give me leave before you go, to say something that may rectify the opinions of many people. The questions that have troubled the country have been about the authority of the magistracy, and the liberty of the people. It is *you* that have called us into this office; but being thus called, we have our authority from God; it is the ordinance of God, and it hath the image of God stamped on it; and the contempt of it has been vindicated by God with terrible examples of his vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject unto like passions with yourselves. If you see our infirmities, reflect on your own, and you will not be so severe censurers of our's. We count him a good servant who breaks not his covenants: the covenant between us and you, is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, *that we shall govern you, and judge your causes according to God's laws and our own, according to our best skill.* As for our skill, you must run the hazard of it; and if there be an error, not in the will, but only in the skill, it

becomes you to bear it. Nor would I have you to mistake in the point of your own liberty. *There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts to do what they list*; and this liberty is inconsistent with all authority, impatient of all restraints; by this liberty, *sumus omnes deteriores*: 'tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is A CIVIL, A MORAL, A FEDERAL LIBERTY, *which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is JUST and GOOD; for this liberty, you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives; and whatever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof.* This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you, will in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted unto, by all but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke, and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority."

"The spell," says Cotton Mather, "that was upon the eyes of the people, being thus removed, their distorted and enraged notions of things all vanished; and the people would not afterwards entrust the helm of the weather-beaten bark in any other hands but Mr. Winthrop's until he died."

## GOFFE THE REGICIDE.

IN the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighbourhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the first of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church—and rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic, under which they began the conflict, was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unex-

pected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe; Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place.

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## JUDICIAL INTEGRITY.

JUDGE SEWALL, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, upon hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop; upon which the hatter said to him, "Pray sir, your honour has forgotten

the principal object of your visit." "By no means," answered the judge; "if you please to set a price I am ready to purchase: but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment.

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#### EARLY HEROISM OF WASHINGTON.

GOVERNOR DINWIDDIE having informed the assembly of Virginia, on the 1st of November, 1753, that the French had erected a fort on the Ohio, where Pittsburg now stands, it was resolved to send a message to M. St. Pierre, the commander, to claim that country as belonging to his Britannic Majesty, and to order him to withdraw. Mr. Washington, the future father of his country, a young gentleman just arrived at age, offered his services on this important and hazardous mission. The distance from Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, was upwards of 400 miles; more than one half of which was through a trackless and howling desert, inhabited by cruel and merciless savages; and the season was uncommonly severe. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Washington, attended by one companion only,

set out upon this arduous and dangerous enterprise; travelled from Winchester on foot, carrying his provisions on his back, executed his commission, and after incredible hardships, and many providential escapes, returned safe to Williamsburg, and gave an account of his negotiation to the assembly, the 14th day of February following.

## COLONEL M'LANE.

THIS venerable and distinguished soldier of the revolution, after having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-three, closed his earthly pilgrimage at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1829.

Colonel M'Lane was distinguished for daring personal courage, and for his unremitted activity as a partisan officer. He was long attached to Lee's famous legion of horse, which, throughout the war, was the terror of the British. An instance of his personal prowess, related to us by himself, we may be permitted to give.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, Colonel M'Lane was constantly scouring the adjacent country, particularly the upper part of Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery counties—seizing every opportunity to cut off the scouting parties of the enemy, to intercept their supplies of provisions, and to take advantage of every opening which offered for striking a

sudden blow. In this capacity, he rendered many important services to the army, and caused great alarm to the British; and though they frequently attempted to surprise and take him, yet such was his constant watchfulness, that none of their attempts succeeded. Having concerted with Captain Craig, the plan of an attack upon a small detachment of the enemy, they agreed to rendezvous at a house near Shoemakertown, eight miles from Philadelphia, on the Willow Grove turnpike. Col. M'Lane, having ordered his little band of troopers to follow at some distance, commanded two of them to precede the main body, but also to keep in his rear; and if they discovered an enemy to ride up to his side and inform him of it without speaking aloud. While leisurely approaching the place of rendezvous, in this order, in the early grey of the morning, the two men directly in his rear, forgetting their orders, suddenly called out, "Colonel, the British!" faced about, and putting spurs to their horses, were soon out of sight. The colonel, looking around, discovered that he was in the centre of a powerful ambuscade, into which the enemy had silently allowed him to pass, without his observing them. They lined both sides of the road, and had been stationed there to pick up any straggling party of the Americans that might chance to pass. Immediately on finding they were discovered, a file of soldiers rose from the side of the highway, and fired at the colonel, but without effect — and as he put spurs to his horse,

and mounted the roadside into the woods, the other part of the detachment also fired. The colonel miraculously escaped: but a shot striking his horse upon the flank, he dashed through the woods, and in a few minutes reached a parallel road upon the opposite side of the forest. Being familiar with the country, he feared to turn to the left, as that course led to the city, and he might be intercepted by another ambuscade. Turning, therefore, to the right, his frightened horse carried him swiftly beyond the reach of those who fired upon him. All at once, however, on emerging from a piece of woods, he observed several British troopers stationed near the roadside, and directly in sight ahead, a farm-house, around which he observed a whole troop of the enemy's cavalry drawn up. He dashed by the troopers near him, without being molested, they believing he was on his way to the main body to surrender himself. The farm-house was situated at the intersection of two roads, presenting but few avenues by which he could escape. Nothing daunted by the formidable array before him, he galloped up to the cross-roads, on reaching which he spurred his active horse, turned suddenly to the right, and was soon fairly out of the reach of their pistols, though as he turned, he heard them call loudly, "Surrender or die!" A dozen were instantly in pursuit; but, in a short time, they all gave up the chase, except two. Colonel M'Lane's horse, scared by the first wound he had ever received, and being a



chosen animal, kept ahead for several miles, while his two pursuers followed with unwearied eagerness.

The pursuit at length waxed so hot that, as the colonel's horse stepped out of a small brook which crossed the road, his pursuers entered at the opposite margin. In ascending a little hill, the horses of the three were greatly exhausted, so much that neither could be urged faster than a walk. Occasionally, as one of the troopers pursued on a little in advance of his companion, the colonel slackened his pace, anxious to be attacked by one of the two—but no sooner was his willingness discovered, than the other fell back to his station. They at length approached so near that a conversation took place between them: the troopers calling out, "Surrender, you damned rebel, or we'll cut you to pieces." Suddenly, one of them rode up on the right side of the colonel, and without drawing his sword, laid hold of his collar. The latter, to use his own words, "had pistols which he knew he could depend upon." Drawing one from the holster, he placed it to the heart of his antagonist, fired, and tumbled him dead on the ground. Instantly the other came up on his left, with sworn drawn, and also seized him by the collar of his coat. A fierce and deadly struggle here ensued; in the course of which Colonel M'Lane was desperately wounded in the back of his left hand, cutting asunder the veins and tendons of that member. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he drew his other pistol, and with a stea-

diness of purpose which appeared even in the recital of the incident, placed it directly between the eyes of his adversary, pulled the trigger, and scattered his brains on every side of the road. Fearing that others were in pursuit, he abandoned his horse in the highway : and apprehensive, from his extreme weakness, that he might die from loss of blood, he crawled into an adjacent mill-pond, entirely naked, and at length succeeded in stopping the profuse flow of blood occasioned by his wound.

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GOVERNOR JOHNSTONE'S ATTEMPT ON  
MR. REED.

On Sunday, June 21st, 1778, Mr. Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia, received a written message from Mrs. Ferguson, expressing a desire to see him on business, which could not be committed to writing. On his attending in the evening, agreeably to her appointment, after some previous conversation, she enlarged upon the great talents and amiable qualities of Governor Johnstone, and added, that in several conversations with her, he had expressed the most favourable sentiments of Mr. Reed ; that it was particularly wished to engage his interest to promote the objects of the British commissioners, viz :— a reunion of the two countries, if consistent with his principles and judgment

and that in such case it could not be deemed unbecoming or improper in the British government to take a favourable notice of such conduct: and that in this instance Mr. Reed might have ten thousand pounds sterling, and any office in the colonies in his majesty's gift. Mr. Reed, finding an answer expected, replied, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." This anecdote is given by Dr. Gordon, who was on the royalist side in the war.

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#### AMERICAN COURTESY.

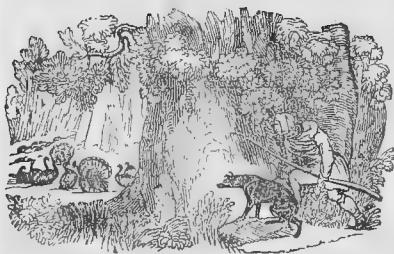
"WHEN," says Dr. Gordon, "the British prisoners taken at Saratoga began their march to Boston, the Americans lined the road on each side. They expected to have met with many insults while passing through the centre of them, supposed to be between eleven and twelve thousand troops; but to their great surprise, not even the least gesture was made use of by way of insult." Considering the exasperating character of the previous warfare, this generous courtesy of the American victors is remarkable. Other instances of their forbearance in the hour of triumph are numerous.

## CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

No sooner did General Washington observe how Sir H. Clinton had strengthened the posts of Stony Point and Verplank, than he entertained the design of attacking them. Toward the end of June, he ordered that a trusty, intelligent person should be employed to go into the works of the first; and on the 8th of July, he was informed by a deserter, that there was a sandy beach, on the south side of it, running along the flank of the works, and only obstructed by a slight abatis, which might afford an easy and safe approach to a body of troops. He formed plans for attacking both posts at the same instant; the executions of which were intrusted with General Wayne and General Howe. All the Massachusetts light infantry marched from West Point, under Lieutenant Colonel Hull, in the morning of the 15th, and joined Wayne at Sandy Beach, 14 miles from Stony Point. The general moved off the ground at twelve o'clock. The roads being exceedingly bad and narrow, and the troops having to pass over high mountains, through difficult defiles and deep morasses, were obliged to move in single files the greatest part of the way. This, and the great heat of the day, occasioned much delay, so that it was eight in the evening before the van arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy, where the men formed into columns,

and remained till several of the principal officers, with General Wayne, returned from reconnoitering the works. At half-past eleven o'clock, the whole moved forward; the van of the right consisting of one hundred and fifty volunteers, under Lieutenant Colonel Fleury, the van of the left, consisting of one hundred volunteers, under Major Stuart, each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, preceded by a brave and determined officer, with twenty picked men, to remove the abbatis and other obstructions. The last, and the overflowing of the morass in front, by the tide, prevented the assault's commencing till about twenty minutes after twelve (July 16th). Previous to it, Wayne placed himself at the head of the right column, and gave the troops the most pointed orders not to fire on any account, but place their whole dependence on the bayonet, which order was faithfully obeyed. Such was the ardour of the troops, that in the face of a most tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, and from cannon loaded with grape-shot, they forced their way at the point of the bayonet, through every obstacle, and both columns met in the centre of the enemy's works nearly at the same instant. Fleury struck their standard with his own hand. Notwithstanding the provocations given by the plunderings and burnings at New Haven, East Haven, Fairfield, and Green Farms, of which they had heard, such was the humanity of the continental soldiers, that they scorned to take the lives of the foe calling for mercy, so

that there were but few of the enemy killed upon the occasion. Great was the triumph of the Americans upon the success of this enterprise, and justly, for it would have done honour to the most veteran troops. Wayne had but fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded, not above thirty of which were finally lost to the service. The general himself received a slight wound in the head with a musket-ball; but it did not prevent his going on with the troops, and he is not included in the wounded. The enemy had only sixty-three killed. Lieutenant Colonel Johnston, who commanded the fort, with other officers and privates, amounting to five hundred and forty-three, were made prisoners.



## DANIEL BOONE.

Among the "Beauties of American History," the conduct of the pioneers of the West certainly appears in a conspicuous light. These men took their lives in their hands, when they penetrated the dark depths of the western wilderness, to found establishments, which are now the admiration of the world. They encountered perils and privations, the mere recital of which causes the ears of the hearer to tingle, and his blood to chill in his veins. The settlement of each particular state in the West would furnish materials for volumes of romance. That of Kentucky is not the least remarkable among them.

The first settlement within the limits of Kentucky was made by the celebrated Daniel Boone, in 1775. He was a native of Maryland, and as early as 1769, made a visit to this country. In 1770 he was living alone in the woods, the only white man in Kentucky. The next year, he, with his brother, explored the country as far as Cumberland river, and in 1775, Boone had collected a company of forty-five persons, who attempted to form a settlement; but they were attacked by the Indians and lost their cattle. In 1775, he built a fort where Boonsborough now stands, and this was the first

effectual settlement in the state. Boone was afterwards taken prisoner by the savages, but escaped and arrived at Boonsborough, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles through the woods, which he performed in four days, eating but a single meal in that time. He was afterwards actively engaged in warfare with the Indians, who continually annoyed the early settlers with hostilities. Being subsequently vexed with law-suits respecting his title to the land in his possession, he retired to the banks of the Missouri, and led a solitary life among the forests. "We saw him," says Mr. Flint, "on those banks, with thin, grey hair, a high forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold conformation of countenance and breast, and a sharp and commanding voice, and with a creed for the future, embracing not many articles beyond his red rival hunters. He appeared to us the same Daniel Boone, if we may use the expression, jerked and dried to high preservation, that he had figured, as the wanderer in the woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians. He could no longer well descry the wild turkey on the trees; but his eye still kindled at the hunter's tale, and he remarked that the population on that part of the Missouri was becoming too dense, and the farms too near each other for comfortable range, and that he never wished to reside in a place where he could not fell trees enough into his yard to keep up his winter fire. Dim as was his eye with age, it would not have been difficult, we apprehend,



to have obtained him as a volunteer on a hunting expedition over the Rocky Mountains. No man ever exemplified more strongly the ruling passion, strong in death." He died in 1822, aged eighty-five.

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#### BRILLIANT EXPLOIT OF COLONEL BARTON.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL BARTON, of a militia regiment belonging to Rhode Island, with several other officers and volunteers, to the number of forty, passed by night (July 10th, 1777,) from Warwick Neck to Rhode Island, then in possession of the British army; and though they had a passage of ten miles by water, eluded the watchfulness of the ships of war and guard-boats which surrounded the island. They conducted their enterprise with such silence and dexterity, that they surprised General Prescott in his quarters, about one mile from the water side, and five from Newport, and brought him, with one of his aids-de-camp, safe to the continent, which they had nearly reached before there was any alarm among the enemy. This adventure, which with impartial judges must outweigh Colonel Harcourt's capture of General Lee, produced much exultation on the one side, and much regret on the other from the influence it would necessarily have on Lee's destination. But more than a month

before, Congress had received information that Lee was treated by General Howe with kindness, generosity, and tenderness, which had led them to desire that Colonel Campbell and the five Hessian officers should be treated in a similar manner, consistently with the confinement and safe custody of their persons. They resolved, within a few days after hearing of Prescott's being taken, that an elegant sword should be provided and presented to Colonel Barton.

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## MRS. WARREN, THE HISTORIAN.

MERCY WARREN, the wife of James Warren, a distinguished statesman and patriot, who flourished before, and during the revolutionary conflict, was born at Barnstable, in the old colony of Plymouth, in 1727. She was the daughter of Colonel James Otis, of Barnstable, and sister to James Otis, the great leader of the revolution in Massachusetts. Mrs. Warren had fine talents, highly cultivated. Her brother, the great patriot, two years older than herself, was an excellent scholar, and directed and assisted his sister in her studies. Mrs. Warren had an active, as well as a powerful mind, and took a part in the politics of the day. She kept a correspondence with some of the active statesmen of the times, and of course was well informed in all that was going on in this country

and in England. She wrote several satirical pieces, poetical and dramatic, which, it is said, by those who lived at that time, had a good effect in keeping down tory influence. The bold and daring Brigadier Ruggles, severely felt the force of her lash. It is said she intended to designate him by one of the characters in the "Group," an irregular dramatic piece, containing much satire even now, when some of the peculiar incidents are lost. Mrs. Warren wrote also two tragedies, of five acts each, and of common length. The first is, the "Sack of Rome," and the other, "The Ladies of Castile." These dramas were written during the war, and published before the close of it, as early as 1778. These productions are full of patriotic feeling and heroic sentiments. The writer was master of rhythm, and her lines can be scanned; a century hence they will be sought for, and read with enthusiasm. They are preserved in a volume with other poems, which were printed in her life-time. It is not easy, at the present time, for us to believe all that has been said of the effects of her writings; but the tradition is too well authenticated to leave a doubt of it on our minds. She also wrote the history of the revolutionary war, which she published in three volumes, in 1805, more than twenty-two years after the close of the scenes she narrates. This is an excellent work of its kind, rather combined with a free spirit of democracy. In her delineations of character, she was a little too suspicious of aristocratic feelings. In drawing

the portrait of John Adams, she exhibited him as inclining to aristocratic principles, which produced a sharp correspondence between the statesman and historian, but which was amiably settled, and notes of courtesy passed between them. She held a free pen, and the great defender of independence was not remarkable for the virtue of the man of Uz. This history shows great research and sound judgment.

It is seldom that women have written of battles with any success, even in fiction. Miss Porter is perhaps an exception, and certainly Mrs. Warren shows that she had some idea of a fight. In the American female historian's works, there is one remarkable feature, that is, she is careful in detailing circumstances, and indulges in no fears in defeat, and no rhapsodies in victory. Mrs. Warren was in advance of the age as a female writer. Neither Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Baillie, or any of that bright coterie of fair ones, who have come forward of late years, were in her time known to the reading public; and it was settled almost as common law, that women were not to presume to teach the reading world, particularly in the graver matters of history and politics. Mrs. Warren made herself unpopular in taking a part against the adoption of the constitution. She supplied the opposition in the convention of Massachusetts, of 1777, with all their arguments; but they could not deliver them with her eloquence, and they failed. Mrs. Warren's life was protracted to a great age. She died in

the autumn of 1814, aged eighty-seven, having possessed as good a share of intellect, as much information, and more influence, arising from mental superiority, than falls to the lot of more than one woman in one age. Her descendants are numerous and respectable; and some one of them should give us a biography of their ancestor, with a collection of her letters.

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#### BENJAMIN WEST, A SOLDIER.

WHEN a very young man, West deviated into a course not at all professional—he became a soldier, and, joining the troops of Gen. Forbes, proceeded in search of the relics of that gallant army lost in the desert by the unfortunate General Braddock. To West and his companions were added a select body of Indians; these again were accompanied by several officers of the Old Island Watch—the well-known forty second—commanded by the most anxious person of the detachment, Major Sir Peter Halket, who had lost his father and brother in that unhappy expedition. Though many months had elapsed since the battle, and though time, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the wild men more savage than they, had done their worst, Halket was not without hopes of finding

the remains of his father and brother, as an Indian warrior assured him that he had seen an elderly officer drop dead beneath a large and remarkable tree, and a young subaltern, who hastened to his aid, fall mortally wounded across the body. After a long march through the woods, they approached the fatal valley. They were affected at seeing the bones of men, who, escaping wounded from invisible enemies, had sunk down and expired as they leaned against the trees; and they were shocked to see in other places the relics of their countrymen mingled with the ashes of savage bivouacks. When they reached the principal scene of destruction, the Indian guide looked anxiously round, darted into the wood, and in a few seconds raised a shrill cry. Halket and West hastened to the place—the Indian pointed out the tree—a circle of soldiers was drawn round it, whilst others removed the leaves of the forest which had fallen since the fight. They found two skeletons—one laying across the other—Halket looked at the skulls—said faintly, “it is my father!” and dropped senseless in the arms of his companions. On recovering, he said, “I know who it is, by that artificial tooth.” They dug a grave in the desert, covered the bones with a Highland plaid, and interred them reverently. This scene, at once picturesque and pious, made a lasting impression on the artist’s mind. After he had painted the death of Wolfe, he proposed the finding of the bones of the Halkets, as an

historical subject ; and describing to Lord Grosvenor the gloomy wood, the wild Indians, the passionate grief of the son, and the sympathy of his companions, said, he conceived it would form a picture full of dignity and sentiment.

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SAMUEL ADAMS.

On the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, an affray took place between the military quartered in Boston and some citizens, which resulted in a loss of lives on both sides. On the following morning, a public meeting was called, and Samuel Adams addressed the assembly with that impressive eloquence which was so peculiar to himself. The people, on this occasion, chose a committee to wait on the lieutenant-governor, to require that the troops be immediately withdrawn from the town. The mission, however, proved unsuccessful, and another resolution was immediately adopted, that a new committee be chosen to wait a second time upon Governor Hutchinson, for the purpose of conveying the sense of the meeting in a more peremptory manner. Mr. Adams acted as chairman. They waited on the lieutenant-governor, and communicated this last vote of the town; and, in a speech of some length, Mr. Adams stated the danger of keeping the troops longer

in the capital, fully proving the illegality of the act itself; and enumerating the fatal consequences that would ensue, if he refused an immediate compliance with the vote. Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, with his usual prevarication, replied, and roundly asserted, that there was no illegality in the measure; and repeated, that the troops were not subject to his authority, but that he would direct the removal of the twenty-ninth regiment. Mr. Adams again rose. The magnitude of the subject, and the manner in which it was treated by Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, had now roused the impetuous feelings of his patriotic soul. With indignation strongly expressed in his countenance, and in a firm, resolute, and commanding manner he replied, "that it was well known, that, acting as governor of the province, he was, by its charter, the commander-in-chief of his majesty's military and naval forces, and as such, the troops were subject to his orders; and if he had the power to remove one regiment, he had the power to remove both, and nothing short of this would satisfy the people; and it was at his peril, if the vote of the town was not immediately complied with, and if it be longer delayed, he, alone, must be answerable for the fatal consequences that would ensue." This produced a momentary silence. It was now dark, and the people were waiting in anxious suspense for the report of the committee. A conference in whispers followed between Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson and Colonel Dalrymple. The former, finding



himself so closely pressed, and the fallacy and absurdity of his arguments thus glaringly exposed, yielded up his positions, and gave his consent to the removal of both regiments; and Colonel Dalrymple pledged his word and honour that he would begin his preparations in the morning, and that there should be no unnecessary delay until the whole of both regiments were removed to the castle.

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#### FIRMNESS OF ADAMS.

EVERY method had been tried to induce Mr. Adams to abandon the cause of his country, which he had supported with so much zeal, courage, and ability. Threats and caresses had proved equally unavailing. Prior to this time there is no certain proof that any direct attempt was made upon his virtue and integrity, although a report had been publicly and freely circulated, that it had been unsuccessfully tried by Governor Bernard. Hutchinson knew him too well to make the attempt. But Governor Gage was empowered to make the experiment. He sent to him a confidential and verbal message by Colonel Fenton, who waited upon Mr. Adams, and, after the customary salutations, he stated the object of his visit. He said that an adjustment of the disputes which existed between England and the colonies, and a reconciliation,

was very desirable, as well as important to the interests of both. That he was authorized from Governor Gage to assure him, that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition, that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government. He also observed, that it was the advice of Governor Gage, to him, not to incur the further displeasure of his majesty; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII., by which persons could be sent to England for trial of treason, or misprision of treason, at the discretion of a governor of the province; but by changing his political course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king. Mr. Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital. He asked Colonel Fenton if he would truly deliver his reply as it should be given. After some hesitation he assented. Mr. Adams required his word of honour, which he pledged.

Then rising from his chair, and assuming a determined manner, he replied, "I trust I have long since made MY PEACE WITH THE KING OF KINGS. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage, IT IS THE ADVICE OF SAMUEL ADAMS TO HIM, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

## CAPTAIN GEORGE LITTLE.

AMONG the vessels which were built by the state of Massachusetts, during the war of the Revolution, was the sloop Winthrop. She was built in the then District of Maine, and for the express purpose of protecting our coasting trade, which had suffered much by the captures, &c. of the enemy. She mounted thirteen guns, and was commanded by captain George Little, of Mansfield, who had been the first lieutenant of the staff ship Protector, John Foster Williams, Esq. commander, and who, in our quasi war with France, in 1798, commanded the frigate Boston. His first lieutenant in the Winthrop was Edward Preble, of Portland, who also had been an officer on board the Protector, and who was afterwards Commodore Preble. The Winthrop was a very fortunate vessel, and more than answered the expectations of those who built her. She protected the coasting trade, made many prizes, and covered herself with glory. Soon after sailing on her first cruise, she fell in with two ships which made a formidable appearance, but boldly running down upon them, she captured them both. They proved to be two stout British Letters of Marque, and she immediately returned with them to Boston. She made a number of prizes afterwards, and recaptured some American vessels. In one of her cruises,

she recaptured a sloop belonging to the late William Gray, Esq., which had been taken by the British brig Meriam, of equal or superior force to the Winthrop, and with a prize-master and crew on board, was ordered for Penobscot, to which place the Meriam herself had gone. Captain Little immediately resolved upon the daring plan of cutting her out. Disguising his vessel, so as to give her as much as possible the appearance of the prize sloop, he entered the harbour of Penobscot in the evening; as he passed the fort, he was hailed, and asked what sloop that was—he answered, “The Meriam’s Prize.” It is said that the fort had some suspicions of him, but they suffered him to pass. He then ran up towards the brig, and, as he approached her, was again hailed and gave the same answer—“Take care (said they on board the Meriam) you’ll run foul of us.” He informed them that he had been ashore on a reef and lost his cables and anchors, and requested them to throw him a warp, which was immediately done. The sloop was then hauled up to the brig, and Lieutenant Preble, as had been appointed, jumped on board with a number of men, who had their various duties assigned them—while some slipped the cables, others made sail, &c. Preble himself, with a few followers, entered the cabin, where the officers were just changing their dress for the purpose of going on shore. They made some attempts to get their arms for defence, but were soon subdued. When they were coming out of the

harbour, the fort fired upon them, but Captain Little judged it best not to return the fire—he kept steadily on his course, and when out of reach of their shot, triumphantly let off *thirteen sky-rockets*. In the same cruise he took two other vessels, one of which was a schooner of eight guns, which he had driven ashore. He manned out his boats, went on shore, made the crew prisoners, and got off the schooner—with his four prizes he returned to Boston. The five vessels entered the harbour together in fine style, with a leading breeze; and a gallant show they made.

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#### GENERAL LEE.

GENERAL LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often, by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attended by General Washington, to a place distant from the camp. Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine sometime before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, demanding something to eat, when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him some victuals in a moment—but he must help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat, which she had placed before him on the

dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she had heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few moments, she desired the General again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarcely had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. Lee made no objections, and began drawing water. In the mean time, General Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was despatched in search of Lee; whom, to his surprise, he found engaged as above. But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with the title of general! The mug fell from her hands, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon;—when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to his aid-de-camp, observed, “you see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat—the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect—neither virtue nor abilities without it will make you look like a gentleman.”



## EARLY AMERICAN HEROISM.

DURING one of the former wars between France and England, in which the then colonies bore an active part, a respectable individual, a member of the society of Friends, of the name of ———, commanded a fine ship which sailed from an Eastern port, to a port in England. This vessel had a strong and effective crew, but was totally unarmed. When near her destined port, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavour to escape, but seeing, from the superior sailing of the Frenchman, that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below: he was followed into the cabin by his *cabin boy*, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager: he asked his commander if nothing more could be done to save the ship—his commander replied that it was impossible, that every thing had been done that was practicable, there was no escape for them, and they must submit to be captured. Charles then returned upon deck and summoned the crew around him—he stated in a few words what was their captain's conclusion—then, with an elevation of mind, dictated by a soul formed for enterprise and noble daring, he observed, “if you will place yourselves under my command, and stand by me, I have conceived a plan by which the ship may

be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors, no doubt feeling the ardour, and inspired by the courage of their youthful and gallant leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and, as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exhilarated conquerors, elated beyond measure, with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzaing; and not foreseeing any danger, they left but few men on board their ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel, while some seized the arms, which had been left in profusion on her deck, and with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board; the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and placing her out of boarding distance, hailed, with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crowd of Frenchmen who were left on board of the peaceful bark he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of water, (a threat they well knew he was very capable



of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase.) They sorrowfully acquiesced with his commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause—the former master of the merchant vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprize as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honour and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in an action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an admiral, and known as Sir Charles Wager. It is said, that he always held in veneration and esteem, that respectable and conscientious Friend, whose cabin-boy he had been, and transmitted yearly to his **OLD MASTER**, as he termed him, a handsome present of **MADEIRA**, to cheer his declining days.



## EXPLOIT OF MR. JASPER.

MR. JASPER, a sergeant in the revolutionary army, had a brother who had joined the British, and who, likewise, held the rank of sergeant in their garrison at Ebenezer. No man could be truer to the American cause than sergeant Jasper; yet he warmly loved his tory brother, and actually went to the British garrison to see him. His brother was exceedingly alarmed, lest he should be seized, and hung as an American spy; for his name was well known to many of the British officers. "Do not trouble yourself," said Jasper; "I am no longer an American soldier."

"Thank God for that, William," exclaimed his brother, heartily shaking him by the hand; "and now only say the word, my boy, and here is a commission for you, with regimentals and gold to boot, to fight for his majesty, king George."

Jasper shook his head, and observed, that though there was but little encouragement to fight *for* his country, he could not find it in his heart to fight *against* her. And there the conversation ended. After staying two or three days with his brother, inspecting and hearing all that he could, he took his leave, returned to the American camp, by a circuitous route, and told General Lincoln all that he had seen.

Soon after, he made another trip to the Eng-

lish garrison, taking with him his particular friend, sergeant Newton, who was a young man of great strength and courage. His brother received him with his usual cordiality; and he and his friend spent several days at the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day, his brother observed that he had bad news to tell him.

"Ay! what is it?" asked William.

"Why," replied his brother, "here are ten or a dozen American prisoners, brought in this morning, as deserters, from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately; and, from what I can learn, it will be apt to go hard with them,—for it seems they have all taken the king's bounty."

"Let us see them," said Jasper. So his brother took him and his friend Newton to see them. It was indeed a melancholy sight to see the poor fellows hand-cuffed upon the ground. But when the eye rested on a young woman, wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of five years, all pity for the male prisoners was forgotten. Her humble garb showed that she was poor; but her deep distress, and sympathy with her unfortunate husband, proved that she was rich in conjugal love, more precious than all gold. She generally sat on the ground, opposite to her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal-black hair spreading in long, neglected tresses on her neck and bosom. Sometimes she would sit silent as a statue of

grief, her eyes fixed upon the earth; then she would start with a convulsive throb, and gaze on her husband's face with looks as piercing sad, as if she already saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her son an orphan. While the child, distressed by his mother's anguish, added to the pathos of the scene, by the artless tears of childish suffering. Though Jasper and Newton were undaunted in the field of battle, their feelings were subdued by such heart-stirring misery. As they walked out into the neighbouring wood, the tears stood in the eyes of both. Jasper first broke silence. "Newton," said he, "my days have been but few; but I believe their course is nearly finished."

"Why so, Jasper?"

"Why, I feel that I must rescue those poor prisoners, or die with them; otherwise, the remembrance of that poor woman and her child will haunt me to my grave."

"That is exactly what I feel, too," replied Newton; "and here is my hand and heart to stand by you, my brave friend, to the last drop. Thank God, a man can die but once; and why should we fear to leave this life in the way of our duty?"

The friends embraced each other, and entered into the necessary arrangements, for fulfilling their desperate resolution.

Immediately after breakfast, the prisoners were sent on their way to Savannah, under the guard of a sergeant and corporal, with eight

men. They had not been gone long, before Jasper, accompanied by his friend Newton, took leave of his brother, and set out on some pretended errand to the upper country. They had scarcely, however, got out of sight of Ebenezer, before they struck into the woods, and pushed hard after the prisoners and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, anxiously watching an opportunity to make a blow. The hope, indeed, seemed extravagant;—for what could *two* unarmed men do against *ten*, equipped with loaded muskets and bayonets? However, unable to give up their countrymen, our heroes still travelled on.

About two miles from Savannah, there is a famous spring, generally called the Spa, well known to travellers, who often stopped there to quench their thirst. "Perhaps," said Jasper, "the guard may stop there." Hastening on through the woods, they gained the Spa, as their last hope, and there concealed themselves among the thick bushes that grew around the spring. Presently, the mournful procession came in sight of the spring, where the sergeant ordered a halt. Hope sprung afresh in the bosoms of our heroes, though no doubt mixed with great alarms; for "it was a fearful odds." The corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant, with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth.

Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite to her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her lap. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last approached the spring, where our heroes lay concealed, and, resting their muskets against a pine tree, dipped up water. Having drunk themselves, they turned away, with replenished canteens, to give to the prisoners also. "Now, Newton, is our time," said Jasper. Then, bursting like lions from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were resting against the pine, and in an instant shot down the two soldiers who were upon guard. It was now a contest who should get the loaded muskets that fell from the hands of the slain; for by this time a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprung and seized upon the muskets; but, before they could use them, the swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled a final blow at the heads of their brave antagonists. The tender bones of the skull gave way, and down they sunk, pale and quivering, without a groan. Then hastily seizing the muskets, which had thus a second time fallen from the hands of the slain, they flew between their surviving enemies and their weapons, ground near the road, and ordered them to surrender; which they instantly did. They then snapped

the hand-cuffs of the prisoners, and armed them with muskets. .

At the commencement of the fight, poor Mrs. Jones had fallen to the earth in a swoon, and her little son stood screaming piteously over her. But when she recovered, and saw her husband and his friends freed from their fetters, she behaved like one frantic with joy. She sprang to her husband's bosom, and with her arms round his neck, sobbed out, "My husband is safe—bless God, my husband is safe!" Then, snatching up her child, she pressed him to her heart, as she exclaimed, "thank God! my son has a father yet!" Then kneeling at the feet of Jasper and Newton, she pressed their hands vehemently, but in the fulness of her heart she could only say, "God bless you! God Almighty bless you!"

For fear of being retaken by the English, our heroes seized the arms and regimentals of the dead, and with their friends and captive foes, recrossed the Savannah, and safely joined the American army at Purisburgh, to the inexpressible astonishment of all.



## DEATH OF CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

ON the night of the 7th of March, 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously he had expected an attack. Captain Blake, a brave officer, who commanded a detachment of the second South Carolina regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner, Captain Biddle said, "We have been cruising here for some time, and have spoken a number of vessels, who will, no doubt, give information of us, and I should not be surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to anything that carries her guns upon deck, I think myself a match for her." About three, P. M. of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak her. It was 4 o'clock before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square-sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to windward, hove to; the Moultrie, being about one hundred and fifty yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About



eight o'clock the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her; the answer was, "the Polly, of New York;" upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then, for the first time, discovered to be a two-decker. After several questions had been asked and answered, as she was ranging up alongside the Randolph, and had got on her weather-quarter, Lieutenant Barnes, of that ship, called out, "This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colours, and gave the enemy a broadside. Shortly after the action commenced, Captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh, and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought that he was killed. He soon, however, ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward encouraged the crew. The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot ahead, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved, who was stationed on the quarter-deck near Captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and well-directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to the enemy's one, and she appeared, while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the action began, and while the surgeon was examin-

ing Captain Biddle's wound on the quarter-deck, the Randolph blew up.

The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth, of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that Captain Morgan, of the Fair American, and all his crew, thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth, and had a trumpet in his hand, to hail and inquire how Captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth, the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before he sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, "In case of coming to action in the night, be very careful of your magazines." The number of persons on board the Randolph was three hundred and fifteen, who all perished except four men, who were tossed about for four days on a piece of the wreck before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterwards in Philadelphia, and of some individuals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event, in addition to the accounts given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his History of the American Revolution, and in his History of the Revolution of South Carolina. In the former work, the historian thus

concludes his account of the action: "Captain Biddle, who perished on board the *Randolph*, was universally lamented. He was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skilful naval officer."

Thus prematurely fell, at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier—brave to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession.



## CONQUEST OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK was originally settled by the Dutch in 1609. Its early state is very beautifully described in the singular history written by Washington Irving, under the name of "Knickerbocker." The tranquillity of the colonists, which he celebrates, was rudely disturbed in 1613 by Captain Argal, from the English colony of Virginia, who conquered the Dutch, and made them agree to pay tribute. Next year the colony recovered its original state, and its affairs went on prosperously, until the period, when England, beginning to perceive the importance of her American colonies, resolved to dislodge the Dutch from their establishments, lying between the Connecticut and the Hudson. At this time Peter Stuyvesant was the governor of this colony.

During nearly ten years of peace, Stuyvesant used diligent exertion in extending and consolidating the colony of New Netherlands; all his labours were, however, doomed to prove unavailing to the advantage of his country. Charles II. had now ascended the British throne; and although he had received, during his exile, more courtesy from the Dutch than from any other nation, he had conceived a peculiar aversion towards the people of Holland; and did not hesitate to use every means to provoke the resentment of the States-general: among others, he asserted his claim to the province of New

Netherlands; and, without any attempt at negotiation with the States, he executed a charter, conveying to the Duke of York the whole territory, from the eastern shore of the Delaware, to the western bank of the Connecticut. This grant took no more notice of the existing possession of the Dutch, than it showed respect to the recent charter of Connecticut, which, whether from design or ignorance, it tacitly, but entirely superseded. No sooner did the Duke of York obtain this grant, than he conveyed to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret all that portion now constituting the province of New Jersey.

It was manifest that this grant would require a military force to carry it into effect. While the Dutch, notwithstanding the intimations they received from Stuyvesant, continued unsuspecting or incredulous, an armament, under the command of Colonel Nichols, who was also appointed governor of the province he was about to conquer, was prepared and despatched. After touching at Boston, the fleet sailed to Hudson river, and took a position before the capital of New Netherlands. Stuyvesant resolved to make a gallant defence, but his sentiments did not pervade the minds of the inhabitants, who, apprehending all resistance to the disciplined forces, and powerful artillery of the invaders, utterly hopeless, the most valorous and faithful satisfied themselves with the resolution not to remain the subjects of their tyrannical conqueror, but could not perceive the pro-

priety of aggravating their distress by exposing their persons and habitations to the certainty of capture by storm, and the extremity of military violence.

Colonel Nichols lost no time in sending a summons to surrender the fortress, towns, and the whole territory to the king of England, as his lawful right, which had been intruded on and usurped by the Dutch. The reply of Stuyvesant gave an authentic account of the grounds of the claims of the Dutch.

The reasoning of Stuyvesant, as might have been anticipated, did not produce any effect on his opponents, who made immediate preparations for the reduction of the fort. These prompt measures induced the governor to make another attempt at negotiation; but Colonel Nichols replied, that he could treat on no subject but that of surrender. Unsupported as was Stuyvesant by his countrymen, he felt compelled to agree to a treaty of capitulation, which was concluded on the most favourable terms to the inhabitants; and, to gratify the punctilious feelings of Stuyvesant, an article was introduced, that the English and Dutch limits in America should be settled by the court of England and the States-general. On the 27th of August, 1664, the commissioners, on behalf of both parties, met at the governor's farm, and signed the articles of capitulation.

## HICKORY CLUBS.

**BARON DE GLAUBECK** having signalized himself in many engagements after the battle of Guilford, General Greene recommended him to the governor of North Carolina, and advised him to put the cavalry of that State under his command. The governor took the general's advice, and accordingly placed the Baron at the head of the cavalry; but to his great astonishment, not a man among them had a sword; however, in order to supply the deficiency, he ordered every man to supply himself with a substantial hickory club, one end of which he caused to be mounted with a heavy piece of iron; then, to show an example to his men, he threw aside his sword, armed himself with one of these bludgeons, and mounted his horse. After giving his men the necessary instructions in wielding their clubs, he marched with his whole body, consisting of three hundred, towards Cornwallis's army, in order to reconnoitre his lines, where he arrived the same day, about one o'clock. Cornwallis was then retreating towards Wilmington, and his men being fatigued, had halted to take some refreshment. The Baron having seized this favourable opportunity, charged two Hessian picquets, whom he made prisoners; and routed three British regiments, to whose heads he applied the clubs so effectually, that a considerable number were killed on the spot; and finally he retreated with upwards of sixty prisoners.

## MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

Mrs. ADAMS was the daughter of a New England clergyman settled within a few miles of Boston: a man respectable in his holy office, and who educated his children in the best manner of the times. The personal and mental accomplishments of his daughter attracted the attention and secured the affection of Mr. Adams, then a young man of distinction at the bar in Massachusetts. They were married in the year 1764, and resided in Boston. The revolutionary difficulties were then fast increasing, and Mr. Adams was conspicuously engaged. When a continental congress was formed, he was sent a delegate from Massachusetts to this body. It was a perilous moment. The wise were baffled, the courageous hesitated, and the great mass of the people were inflamed, but confused; they had no fixed and settled purpose, but all was left for the development of time. Mr. Adams was one of the boldest in the march of honest resistance to tyranny. He looked farther than the business of the day, and ventured at that early period, to suggest plans of self-government and independence. To Mrs. Adams he communicated his thoughts freely on all these high matters of state, for he had the fullest confidence in her fortitude, prudence, secrecy, and good sense, without the test which the Roman Portia gave her lord, to gain his



confidence in matters of policy, 'when the state was out of joint.' When Mr. Adams was appointed to represent his country at the court of St. James, his wife went with him, and such was her exquisite sense of propriety, her republican simplicity, her delicate and refined manners, her firmness and dignity, that she charmed the proud circles in which she moved, and they speak of her, to this day, as one of the finest women that ever graced an embassy to that country.

When Mr. Adams was chosen vice-president, she was the same unaffected, intelligent, and elegant woman. No little managements, no private views, no sly interference with public affairs, was ever, for a moment, charged to her. When her husband came to the chair of the chief magistrate, the widest field opened for the exercise of all the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Adams; and her fondest admirers were not disappointed. She graced the table by her courtesy and elegance of manners, and delighted her guests by the powers of her conversation. Through the drawing-room she diffused ease and urbanity, and gave the charm of modesty and sincerity, to the interchanges of civility. But this was not all; her acquaintance with public affairs, her discrimination of character, her discernment of the signs of the times, and her pure patriotism, made her an excellent cabinet minister; and, to the honour of her husband, he never forgot nor undervalued her worth. The politicians of that period speak

with enthusiasm of her foresight, her prudence, and the wisdom of her observations. Tracy respected, Bayard admired, and Ames eulogized her. All parties had the fullest confidence in the purity of her motives, and in the elevation of her understanding. It was a stormy period. Fatigue and anguish often overwhelmed the president, from the weight and multiplicity of his labours and cares; but her sensibility, affection, and cheerfulness, chased the frown from his brow, and plucked the root of bitterness from his heart. To those who see the matters of state at a distance, or through the medium of letters, all things seem to go on fairly and smoothly; but those who are practically acquainted with the difficulty of administering the best of governments, will easily understand how much necessity there is for the wisdom of the serpent, united with the gentleness of the dove; and they too can comprehend how much the delicate interference of a sagacious woman can effect. Pride, vanity, and selfishness are full of claims and exactions, all bustling and importunate for office and distinction. Peremptory denial produces enmity and confusion, but gentle evasion and cautious replies soften the hearts of the restless, and temper the passions of the sanguine. An intelligent woman can control these repinings, and hush these murmurings with much less sacrifice or effort than men. A woman knows when to apply the unction of soft words, without forgetting her dignity, or infringing on a single

principle which the most scrupulous would wish to maintain. Mrs. Adams calmed these agitations of disappointment, healed the rankling wound of offended pride, and left men in admiration of her talents, and in love with her sincerity. Notwithstanding these numerous duties and great exertions as the wife of a statesman, Mrs. Adams did not forget that she was a parent. She had several children, and felt in them the pride and interest, if she did not make the boast of the mother of the Gracchi. Many women fill important stations with the most splendid display of virtues; but few are equally great in retirement; there they want the animating influence of a thousand eyes, and the inspiration of homage and flattery. This is human nature in its common form, and the exception is honourable and rare. Mrs. Adams, in rural seclusion at Quincy, was the same dignified, sensible, and happy woman, as when surrounded by fashion, wit, and intellect. No hectic of resentment, no pangs of regret were ever discovered by her, while indulging in the retrospection of an eventful life, in these shades of retirement. Her conversation showed the same lively interest in the passing occurrences, as though she had retired for a day only, and was to have returned on the morrow to take her share in the business and pleasures of political existence. There was no trick, no disguise in this. It arose from a settled, and perfectly philosophical and christian contentment, which great minds only can feel. Serenity, purity,

and elevation of thought preserve the faculties of the mind from premature decay, and, indeed, keep them vigorous in old age. To such, the lapse of time is only the change of the shadow on the dial of life.

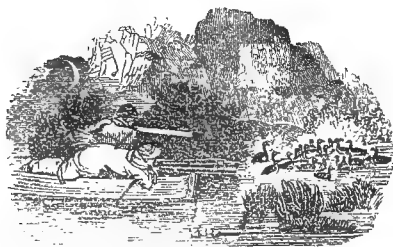
The hours which are numbered and gone are noticed, but their flight does not "chill the genial current of the soul." Religious thankfulness for the past, and faith in assurances for the future, make "the last drop in the cup of existence clear, sweet, and sparkling."

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## WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL.

On Tuesday noon, (December 4th, 1783,) the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances's (alias Black Sam's) tavern, to take a final leave of their much-beloved commander-in-chief. After awhile General Washington came in, and calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them: "With an heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish, that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." Having drunk, he said, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each will come and take me by the hand." General Knox being nearest, turned to him; Washington, with tears rolling

down his cheeks, grasped Knox's hand, and then kissed him: he did the same by every succeeding officer, and by some other gentlemen who were present. The passions of human nature were never more tenderly agitated, than in this interesting and distressing scene. The whole company were in tears. When Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry, about two o'clock, in his way to Whitehall, the others followed, walking in a solemn, mute, and mournful procession, with heads hanging down and dejected countenances, till he embarked in his barge for Powle's Hook. When he had entered, he turned, took off his hat, and with that bid them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and the barge pushing off, returned from Whitehall in like manner as they had advanced.



PRESERVATION OF THE CONNECTICUT  
CHARTER.

AMONG the New England colonies, none appears to have been more favoured by the smiles of a beneficent Providence than Connecticut. Tranquil, happy, protected from Indian incursions by the barrier interposed between them and Canada by the territory of the surrounding states, the people recognized in their prosperity the hand of the Deity, to whose service, in common with their sister colonies, they had dedicated their polity. Mr. Bancroft describes the early state of Connecticut as one of truly Arcadian innocence and peace. The stern firmness of the leading men guarded their political rights, and the people enjoyed them in quiet. In latter times changes came.

Connecticut was destined to suffer, with the rest of the colonies, from the violent acts committed in the last year's reign of the Stuarts. Massachusetts had been deprived of her charter, and Rhode Island had been induced to surrender hers, when, in July, 1685, a writ of *quo warranto* was issued against the governor and company of Connecticut. The colonial government was strongly advised by Vane to comply with the requisition, and surrender the charter; but it was determined neither to appear to defend the charter nor voluntarily to surrender

it. Sir Edmund Andros made repeated applications for the surrender of the charter, but without success. The singular mode of its escape from his demand in person, is thus recorded by Trumbull: "The assembly met as usual, in October, 1687, and the government continued, according to charter, until the last of the month. About this time, Sir Edmund, with his suite, and more than sixty regular troops, came to Hartford, where the assembly were sitting, demanded the charter, and declared the government under it to be dissolved. The assembly were extremely reluctant and slow with respect to any resolve to surrender the charter, or with respect to any motion to bring it forth. The tradition is, that Governor Treat strongly represented the great expense and hardships of the colonists in planting the country; the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, both against the savages and foreigners; to what hardships and dangers he himself had been exposed for that purpose; and that it was like giving up his life now to surrender the patent and privileges so dearly bought, and so long enjoyed. The important affair was debated and kept in suspense until the evening, when the charter was brought and laid upon the table where the assembly were sitting. By this time, great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to undertake whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished, and one Captain Wadsworth, of Hart-

ford, in the most silent and secret manner, carried off the charter, and secreted it in a large hollow tree, fronting the house of the Honourable Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of the colony. The people appeared all peaceable and orderly. The candles were officiously relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person who had conveyed it away." Though Sir Edmund was thus foiled in his attempt to obtain possession of the charter, he did not hesitate to assume the reins of government, which he administered in a manner as oppressive in this as in the other colonies. When, on the arrival of the declaration of the Prince of Orange at Boston, Andros was deposed and imprisoned, the people of Connecticut resumed their previous form of government, having been interrupted little more than a year and a half.

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#### EXPEDITION OF DE LA BARRE.

THE interior of New York was originally inhabited by a confederacy, which consisted at first of five, and afterwards of six, nations of Indians. This confederacy was formed for mutual defence against the Algonquins, a powerful Canadian nation, and displayed much of the wisdom and sagacity which mark the institutions of a civilized people. By their union



they had become formidable to the surrounding tribes. Being the allies of the English, the French were alarmed at their successes, and became jealous of their power. In the year 1684, De la Barre, the governor of Canada, marched to attack them, with an army of seventeen hundred men. His troops suffered so much from hardships, famine, and sickness, that he was compelled to ask peace of those whom he had come to exterminate. He invited the chiefs of the Five Nations to meet him at his camp, and those of three of them accepted the invitation. Standing in a circle, formed by the chiefs and his own officers, he addressed a speech to Garrangula, of the Onondaga tribe, in which he accused the confederates of conducting the English to the trading grounds of the French, and threatened them with war and extermination if they did not alter their behaviour. Garrangula, knowing the distresses of the French troops, heard these threats with contempt. After walking five or six times round the circle, he addressed De la Barre in the following bold language, calling him Yonnondio, and the English governor, Corlear :

“Hear, Yonnondio; I do not sleep; I have my eyes open, and the sun which enlightens me, discovers to me a great captain, at the head of a company of soldiers, who speaks as if he was dreaming. He says that he only came to smoke the great pipe of peace with the Onondagas. But Garrangula says, that he sees the contrary; that it was to knock them on the

head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French. We carried the English to our lakes, to trade there with the Utawawas, and Quatoghies, as the Adirondacs brought the French to our castles, to carry on a trade which the English say is theirs. We are born free; we neither depend on Yonnondio nor Corlear. We may go where we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies are your slaves, use them as such; command them to receive no other but your people. Hear, Yonnondio! what I say is the voice of all the Five Nations. When they buried the hatchet at Cadaracui, in the middle of the fort, they planted the tree of peace in the same place, to be there carefully preserved, that instead of a retreat for soldiers, the fort might be a rendezvous for merchants. Take care that the many soldiers who appear there do not choke the tree of peace, and prevent it from covering your country and ours with its branches. I assure you that our warriors shall dance under its leaves, and will never dig up the hatchet to cut it down, till their brother Yonnondio or Corlear shall invade the country which the Great Spirit has given to our ancestors."

De la Barre was mortified and enraged at this bold reply; but, submitting to necessity, he concluded a treaty of peace, and returned to Montreal. His successor, De Nonville, led a larger army against the confederates; but fell into an ambuscade, and was defeated.

## EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH.

ON Tuesday, November 25th, 1783, was the day agreed upon for the evacuation of New York. To prevent every disorder which might otherwise ensue from such an event, the American troops under the command of General Knox, marched from Harlaem to the Bowery Lane in the morning. They remained there till about one o'clock, when the British forces left the posts in the Bowery, and the Americans marched forward and took possession of the city.

This being effected, Knox and a number of citizens on horseback rode to the Bowery to receive their excellencies General Washington and Governor Clinton, who, with their suites, made their public entry into the city on horseback; followed by the lieutenant governor and the members of council, for the temporary government of the southern district, four abreast—General Knox and the officers of the army, eight abreast—citizens on horseback, eight abreast—the speaker of the assembly and citizens on foot, eight abreast. The procession ceased at Cape's tavern.

The governor gave a public dinner at Frances's tavern; at which the commander-in-chief and other general officers were present. The arrangements for the whole business were so well made and executed, that the most admira-

ble tranquillity succeeded through the day and night. On Monday, (December 1st,) the governor gave an elegant entertainment to the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. Gen. Washington, the principal officers of New York state and of the army, and upwards of a hundred gentlemen, were present. Magnificent fire-works, infinitely exceeding everything of the kind in the United States, were exhibited at the Bowling Green in Broadway, in the evening of Tuesday, in celebration of the definitive treaty of peace. They commenced by a dove's descending with the olive-branch, and setting fire to a maroon battery.

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## FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

SCARCELY had the venerable founders of New England felled the trees of the forest, when they began to provide means to insure the stability of their colony. Learning and religion they wisely judged to be the firmest pillars of the commonwealth. The legislature of Massachusetts, having previously founded a public school or college, had, the last year, directed its establishment at Newtown, and appointed a committee to carry the order into effect. The liberality of an individual now essentially contributed to the completion of this wise and benevolent design. John Harvard, a worthy

minister, dying this year at Charleston, left a legacy of nearly £800 to the public school at Newtown. In honour of their benefactor, the collegiate school was, by an order of court, named Harvard College; and Newtown, in compliment to the institution, and in memory of the place where many of the first settlers of New England received their education, was called Cambridge. At this time also, Rowley, in Massachusetts, was founded by about sixty industrious families from Yorkshire, under the guidance of Ezekiel Rogers, an eminent minister. These settlers, many of whom had been clothiers in England, built a fulling-mill; employed their children in spinning cotton wool; and were the first who attempted to make cloth in North America. A still more important branch of business was introduced this year, that of printing, the first press ever used in North America being established at Cambridge.



## BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Among the great battles on which the destinies of nations have so frequently turned, none claims a more conspicuous place than that of Bunker's Hill (properly Breed's Hill). The action was important in every point of view. It first demonstrated the capacity of the raw republican troops to maintain their ground in a "fair stand-up fight" against veteran troops. It confirmed the martial attitude first assumed at Lexington and Concord. It inspired confidence in the military character of the nation. It served as the rallying point of future operations, and gave a vivacity and cheerfulness to the soldiers of the Revolution, of incalculable value in the subsequent events of the contest.

On the 16th of June, 1775, the Americans took possession of Bunker's Hill, an eminence which overlooks and commands the town of Boston; and labouring with incredible diligence and secrecy, they threw up a redoubt, and protected it by means of an entrenchment, before the approach of day enabled the British to discover what they had done. From this position General Gage thought it necessary to dislodge them. Accordingly, he directed a strong body of men, under the orders of Generals Howe and Pigot, to land at the foot of Bunker's Hill, and to proceed with a detach-

ment of the artillery against the Americans. But the latter, having the advantage of the ground, poured upon them such an incessant and deadly fire of musketry, that the British were thrown into confusion; and so many of the officers were killed, that General Howe was left almost alone. Yet though twice repulsed, with great loss, in consequence of the well-directed fire of their opponents, the king's troops rallied and advanced again towards the fortifications which the provincials had erected. The redoubt was now attacked on three sides at once; the ammunition of the colonists began to fail; and the British pressing forward, the Americans were constrained to abandon the post, and to retreat in the face of the enemy over Charlestown Neck; where they were exposed to a galling fire from the ships in the harbour. In this battle the town of Charlestown, which is separated from Boston by a narrow sheet of water, was reduced to ashes by the order of General Pigot, who was saved by that measure, as well as by the arrival of General Clinton, from the ignominy of a defeat.

Though the victory in the attack at Bunker's Hill was claimed by the royalists, it was not gained without considerable loss on their part. The flower of the English troops in America were engaged, and their killed and wounded amounted to 1054; while those of the provincials were not above half of that number. But while the colonists suffered a defeat in this encounter, they were elated, in no ordinary de-

gree, at the intrepidity which their forces had displayed; and they entertained the hope that patriotism and an ardent love of freedom would enable them to withstand the assaults of the British, till experience should render them equal to them in discipline and military skill.

They erected fortifications on the heights in the neighbourhood of Charlestown, and reduced the king's troops in Boston to very great distress, for want of provisions. Far from entertaining any thought of submission, they redoubled their exertions, and increased their vigilance.

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PAUL JONES.

AFTER Paul Jones's crew, of the *Ranger* privateer, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had landed at Lord Selkirk's, in Scotland, in May, 1778, stripped the house of the plate, and carried it on board, the ship lay to, while Captain Jones wrote a letter to his lordship, which he sent on shore, and in which he ingenuously acknowledged that he meant to have seized and detained him as a person of much consequence to himself, in case of a cartel; but disclaiming, at the same time, any concern in taking off his plate, which, he said, was done by his crew, in spite of his remonstrances; who said they were determined to be repaid for the hardships and



dangers they had encountered in Kirkcudbright-bay—and in attempting, a few days before, to set fire to the shipping in the harbour of Whitehaven. Captain Jones also informed his lordship that he had secured all his plate, and would certainly return it to him at a convenient opportunity. This he afterwards punctually performed, by sending it to Lord Selkirk's banker, in London. This fact, authenticated by Lord Selkirk himself, is to be found in Gilpin's tour to the lakes in Scotland.

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#### CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

It is frequently remarked that the most laudable deeds are achieved in the shades of retirement; and to its truth history testifies in every page. An act of heroism or philanthropy, performed in solitude, where no undue feelings can affect the mind or bias the character, is worth to the eye of an impartial observer whole volumes of exploits displayed before the gaze of a stupid and admiring multitude. It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same

house. As the old man drove up he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number; most, if not all of them, of the legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter, upon an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From 6 o'clock until 11, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing, with ingenuity and ability, everything that could be said, pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of

his own mind; or perhaps, he was observing, with philosophic eyes, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom those destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which, characteristic of himself, no art would "be able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveller remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman that he had ever heard or read: so perfect was his recollection that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in *the order* in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublim-

ity, that *not another word was uttered* ; an attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was immediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was : the traveller concluded it was the preacher, from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard ; but no, it was the **CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.**



## FLIGHT OF HORSES.

IT is a fact well known to the readers of history, that panic fears often seize whole armies at once, and deprive the vast multitude not only of courage and self-possession, but of all reason. Some of the most signal and disastrous defeats on record have resulted wholly from this cause; and have enabled the victors to claim, as the fruits of their own valour and conduct, what was the consequence of the outrageous fears of their opponents. This fact, as we have observed, is well known. It is not so well known that the war horse, "with his neck clothed with thunder," is subject to the same disease as man, viz.: panic fear acting on the multitude. The following anecdote illustrates this.

ABOUT the 10th of June, 1810, at 2 o'clock in the morning, while Col. R. M. Johnson's regiment was encamped on the Peninsula, below Fort Wayne, in a beautiful grass plain, some of the horses that had passed the line of sentinels and got some distance up the St. Joseph, became alarmed and came running into camp in a great fright. This alarmed all the horses in the regiment, which united in a solid column within the lines, and took three courses round the camp. It would seem almost incredible, but it is a fact; they appeared not to cover than about 40 by 60 yards of ground, and

yet their number was about 600. The moon shone at the full, the camp was an open plain, and the scene awfully sublime. They at length forced their passage through the lines, overset several tents, carried away several pannels of fence, passed off through the woods, and were, in a few minutes, out of hearing of the loudest bells that belonged to the regiment. The next day was spent in collecting them, some of which were found ten or twelve miles from the camp up the St. Joseph, and about 20 or 25 were never found, although pursued above 20 miles. This alarming flight of the horses of that regiment injured them more than could have been supposed; for they had run so long in such a compact body that very few had escaped without being lamed, having their hind feet cut by the shoes of those that crowded on them.

The writer of this was an officer of the guard, and then on duty. The night being clear and calm, the moon rolling in full splendour, the flight of the horses, which resembled distant thunder, the idea of an immediate attack from the Indians, and the ground of our encampment being paved with the bones of former warriors, all combined to furnish one of those awfully sublime *Night Scenes* that beggar all description.

A similar flight of the horses took place about the 22d of June, after the regiment arrived at Fort Meigs.

## DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR.

A NUMBER of the citizens belonging to Massachusetts and New York, who had, in the year 1788, purchased of the State of Massachusetts a large tract of land lying westward of New York, and within the territories of the Six Nations, sent a committee into the Indian country to treat with the natives about a quit-claim. The Indians heard of their coming, and supposing them to be another company, who were aiming at the same purchase, sent them word to come no farther, lest they should be involved in trouble. The committee having advanced a considerable distance into their country, were unwilling to retrace their steps without effecting the object of their mission. One of them, Major Schuyler, wrote a letter to the commanding officer at Fort Niagara, explaining their intentions, and requesting his influence with the Indians in removing their misapprehensions. One of the Indian messengers undertook to carry the letter to Niagara, and bring back the answer. The committee remained where they were. In the mean time Major Schuyler was taken sick, and sent towards Albany. The messenger returned; and being asked if he had got a letter in answer to the one he had taken, he told them (through the interpreter) that he had; but looking round, observed, "I do not see the man to whom I promised to deliver it." They

informed him of the cause of the major's absence; but told him they were all engaged in the same business, had one heart, and that the letter was intended for them all; and wished he would deliver it. He refused. They consulted among themselves, and offered him fifty dollars, as a reward for his service and an inducement to deliver them the letter. He spurned at their proposal. They again consulted, and concluded as they were sufficiently numerous to overpower him and the other Indians who were present, they would take it by force; but first requested the interpreter to explain to him the whole matter, the difficulty they were in, their loss of time, &c. &c., and their determination to have the letter. As soon as this was communicated to the Indian, he sternly clenched the letter in one hand, drew his knife with the other, and solemnly declared that if they should get the letter by violence, he would not survive the disgrace, but would plunge the knife in his own breast. They desisted from their purpose and reasoned with him again, but he was inflexible. They then asked him if he was willing, after having taken so long a journey, to go a hundred miles farther for the sake of delivering the letter to Major Schuyler. He answered, "*Yes, I do not value fatigue; but, I will never be guilty of a breach of trust.*" Accordingly, he went, and had the satisfaction of completing his engagement. The letter was favourable to their views, and they entered into a treaty for the land.



## DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

IMMEDIATELY on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him, "It is with equal regret, my dear sire, that I part with you," said he; "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more!"

We told him we hoped better things.

"Oh no!" replied he, "it is impossible. War is a kind of game, and has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, the die is to be cast; and, in my judgment, without the least chance on our side. The militia will, I suppose, as usual, play the *back-game*; that is, get out of battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an *old soldier*, and cannot run; and I believe I have some brave fellows that will stand by me to the last. So, when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

I never was more affected in my life; and I perceived tears in the eyes of General Marion. De Kalb saw them too; and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm tone and animated look, "No! no! gentleman; no emotion for me, but those of congratulation. I am happy. To

die is the irreversible decree of him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay! This, thank God, is my case. The happiness of man is my wish; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever."

As he spoke this, a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I shall never forget, while memory maintains her place in my aged brain.

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugeley's mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. About ten, that night, orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who had, at the same time, commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance of both armies met at two o'clock, and began firing on each other. It was, however, soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared very willing to leave the matter to be decided by day-light. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeley's mills, and wait to be attacked. General Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out insinuations that it originated in fear. Upon this, the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his

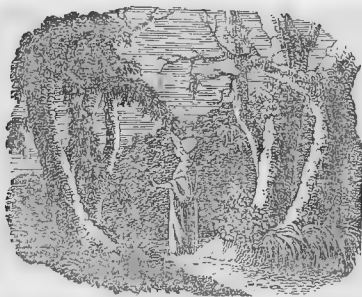
command on foot, saying, with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As day-light increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods, reddened all over with the scarlet uniform of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortune of the day. More determined valour was never displayed: for though out-numbered more than two to one, they sustained the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorifying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valour do against equal valour, aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting with loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him, as they furiously strove to destroy or to defend. In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Monsieur de Buyson, stretched his arms over

the fallen hero, and called out, "Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died, as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When an English officer condoled with him for his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you, sir, for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier, fighting for the rights of man." He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when the great Washington visited Camden, he eagerly inquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So, there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water, with his blood, the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"



## THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of General George Washington, was born in Virginia, in the same year with her husband, 1732, according to Weems; and probably he knew as well as any of Washington's biographers. She was the widow Custis when she married Colonel Washington, in 1758. She is mentioned by Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft and Weems, as wealthy and beautiful, one to whom Washington had been long attached; but neither of them give her maiden name; and all but Weems forgot to mention the time of her birth. But we believe that her maiden name was Dandridge. She was known, to those who visited Mount Vernon, as a woman of domestic habits and kind feelings, before her husband had gained more than the distinction of a good soldier and gentlemanly planter, with whom one might deal with safety, and be sure of getting fair articles at a fair price. After Washington was appointed to command the American armies, and had repaired to Cambridge to take the duties upon himself, Mrs. Washington made a visit to the eastern states, and spent a short time with her husband in the camp at Cambridge. The quarters were excellent, for the Vassals and other wealthy Tories had deserted their elegant mansions at Cambridge, which were occupied by the American officers. After

this visit Mrs. Washington was seldom with her husband, until the close of the war. She met him at Annapolis, in Maryland, when he resigned his commission, at the close of the year 1783. It is not remembered that she came to New York with the president, when the federal government was organized, in 1789; but was at Philadelphia during the first session after its removal to that city. A military man like Washington could not suffer even the courtesies of social intercourse to move on without a strict regard to economical regulations. These were displayed with good manners and taste. Mrs. Washington, in her drawing-room, was of course obliged to exact courtesies which she thought belonged to the officer, rather than those which were congenial to herself. The levees in Washington's administration were certainly more courtly than have been known since. Full dress was required of all who had a right to be there, but since that time, any dress has been accepted as proper which a gentleman chose to wear. At table, Mrs. Washington seldom conversed upon politics; but attended strictly to the duties of the hostess. Foreign ambassadors often attempted to draw her into a conversation upon public affairs, but she always avoided the subject with great propriety and good sense.

It was not in the saloons of Philadelphia, when heartless thousands were around her, that Mrs. Washington shone the most conspicuous.

It was at her plain mansion-house, at Mount Vernon, that she was most truly great. There she appeared, with her keys at her side, and gave directions for every thing, so that, without any bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner appeared, as if there had been no effort in the whole affair. She met her guests with the most hospitable feelings, and they always departed from the place with regret. Her first husband, John Custis, died young, and her son died still younger, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. A great part of her time was absorbed in assisting in the education of these children. They were the favourites of Mount Vernon. The place was one of general resort for all travellers; and every one, from every nation, who visited this country, thought that his American tour could not be finished unless he had been at Mount Vernon, and had seen the Washington family, and partaken of the cakes of the domestic hearth. Of course, no eastern caravansary was ever more crowded than the mansion-house at Mount Vernon, in the summer months. Washington died in less than three years after his retirement from office. He was as great, if not a greater, object of curiosity in retirement, than in public life; for it was almost miraculous, to a foreigner, to see the head of a great nation calmly resigning power and office, and retiring to a rural residence to employ himself in agricultural pursuits. Seeing was to them the only

method of believing; and they would see. Mrs. Washington did not long survive her husband; in eighteen months she followed him to his grave. She was an excellent parent, a good wife, an important member of society, and passed a long life without an enemy. It is to be regretted that an ample memoir of this excellent woman has not been written; but we must content ourselves at present with a scanty notice. The few letters, that have been published, that came from her, show that she wrote with good taste and in a pleasant style. Her ashes repose in the same vault with those of her august husband, a family tomb, built within the pale of the pleasure grounds around the house, at Mount Vernon.





## PENN'S TREATY.

WILLIAM PENN will be recognized by posterity as one of the best and greatest men that ever lived. He was one whose character was, in all respects, consistent. What his principles and his conscience dictated, he practised. His enlarged philanthropy; his liberal toleration, so far in advance of the age; his wisdom as a legislator, and his just and humane conduct towards the aborigines, all entitle him to the admiration of posterity, as they have already procured him the most unqualified encomiums of impartial history. The last trait we have mentioned, the conduct of Penn towards the Indians, affords a strong contrast to that of many of the early settlers of our country.

The colonies in general merit little praise for their wisdom and discretion in their conduct with the Indians. They were too prone to look on the wild man as an inferior being, and to set themselves up as lords over his rights and property, without remembering that they were intruders on his soil, or condescending to meet him, even in the land of his fathers, on equal and amicable terms. But the memorable interview of Penn with the Indians, on the banks of the Delaware, exhibited a different scene; the even scales of justice, and the mild persuasion of Christian love, were the powerful

engines with which he swayed the barbarian mind, and taught the savage to confide in the sincerity of the white man; and the first page in the annals of Pennsylvania is one of the brightest in the history of mankind, recording an event not more to the credit of the wise and benevolent legislator, through whose agency it happened, than honourable to humanity itself. At a spot which is now the site of one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, the Indian sachems, at the head of their assembled warriors, awaited in arms the approach of the quaker deputation. Penn, distinguished from his followers only by a sash of blue silk, and holding in his hand a roll of parchment that contained the confirmation of the treaty, arrived, at the head of an unarmed train, carrying various articles of merchandise, which, on their approach to the sachems, were spread on the ground. He addressed the natives through an interpreter, assuring them of his friendly and peaceable intentions; and certainly the absence of all warlike weapons was a better attestation of his sincerity than a thousand oaths. The conditions of the proposed purchase were then read; and he delivered the sachems not only the stipulated price, but a handsome present of the merchandise which he had spread before them. He concluded by presenting the parchment to the sachems, and requesting that they would carefully preserve it for three generations. The Indians cordially acceded to his propositions, and solemnly pledged themselves to live in love

with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.

The prudence with which Penn conducted himself was strictly consistent with a sincere attachment to his own opinions. He evidently appreciated more correctly the rights of his fellow men than his northern neighbours, the puritan colonists. He believed, and acted on the belief, that the Indians had as much right to hold the peculiarities of their creed, as he had to hold his own religious tenets; and he never gave them unnecessary offence by treating their sentiments with bitterness, or, what is more keenly felt, by contempt. This prudent conduct, together with a still more extraordinary reliance upon the protection of Providence in refusing to maintain any armed force, although surrounded with the warlike aborigines, was attended by a no less singular exemption from evils arising to every other European colony, without exception, from the neighbourhood of the Indian tribes. Whatever animosity the Indians might conceive against the European neighbours of the Pennsylvanians, or even against Pennsylvanian colonists who did not belong to the quaker society, they never failed to discriminate the followers of Penn, as persons whom it was impossible for them to include within the pale of legitimate hostility. This unique and interesting fact has, doubtless, availed more than all arguments in support of the alleged immorality of all kinds of resistance which can result in the deprivation of human life.

## YOUNG AMERICAN TAR.

WHILE the frigate *United States* was lying in the harbour of Norfolk, some time anterior to the declaration of war in 1812, a little boy in petticoats was in the habit of accompanying his mother, a poor woman, who frequently visited the ship to wash for the seamen. The lad, whose name was John Kreamer, soon became a favourite with the sailors, and it was determined by them, if his mother would consent, to adopt him as one of their number. He came on board, and recommended himself by his activity and shrewdness to the favour of every one. War was subsequently declared against Great Britain, and the frigate sailed upon a cruise, in which she captured the enemy's frigate *Macedonian*. As the two vessels were approaching each other, Commodore Decatur, who was standing upon the quarter-deck, watching with his glass the movements of his adversary, noticed that little Jack appeared anxious to speak to him. "What do you want?" said Decatur. Jack coolly answered, that "he had come to ask that his name might be enrolled on the ship's books!" "For what purpose?" said the Commodore. "Because," replied Jack, "I want to draw my share of the prize-money." Pleased with the boy's confident anticipation of victory, Decatur immediately gave orders to have his name registered, and when the prize-

money allowed by Congress was distributed, Jack received his proportion. From that time he was regarded by the commodore with more than ordinary interest, was taken into his cabin, and prepared for the duties of a higher station. He was constantly about Decatur's person, and acted as the coxswain of his own barge. So soon as his age would justify an application to the Navy Department for a midshipman's warrant, it was made, and promptly complied with. Little Jack, as he was formerly styled by the sailors, was thus transformed into Mr. Creamer, and was with Decatur in the *President* when she was captured, and in the *Guerriere* in the expedition to Algiers. He afterwards sailed in the *Franklin 74*, with Commodore Stewart, to the Pacific Ocean. That was his last cruise. He was upset in one of the ship's boats by a sudden squall in the harbour of Valparaiso, and sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be afforded.



## BOSTON MASSACRE.

THE conquest of Canada, which terminated the seven years' war, left the American colonists loyal and attached subjects of Great Britain. A few short years of oppression, or to speak more precisely, of menaced oppression, changed them into exasperated and determined enemies of the mother country. Taxes, stamp acts, quartering of soldiers on the citizens, all sorts of vexatious and irritating proceedings, soon roused the spirit of our forefathers.

Several regiments of soldiers were quartered in Boston, and the descendants of the Pilgrims were shocked and outraged at seeing their peaceful town desecrated by being converted into a garrison of dissolute soldiery. It appears at length to have become their determination to rid the place of this nuisance.

Frequent quarrels had arisen between the inhabitants and the soldiers, who had been stationed at Boston in the autumn of 1768; but the public peace was preserved till the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, when a scuffle ensued, near the barracks, between a few soldiers and some young men of the town; the soldiers pursued the young men through the streets; the townsmen took the alarm; the bells of the churches were rung; the multitude assembled at the custom-house, and insulted and threatened the sentinel stationed there. Captain Preston, the officer on duty at the time, hastened

with a party to support the sentinel : he endeavoured to persuade the people to disperse ; but his humane and peaceful efforts were unavailing. The mob became more riotous than before, throwing stones and other missiles at the military. At length a soldier who had been struck fired on the multitude ; some of his comrades soon followed his example : four persons were killed, and several wounded. The crowd fled, but soon collected in another street. The drums beat to arms ; the troops were drawn out ; and the utmost agitation and confusion prevailed in the town.

A meeting of the inhabitants was held, and a deputation sent to the governor, requesting him to remove the troops. He assembled the council, who were of opinion that the removal of the troops would be for the good of his majesty's service. The troops were accordingly removed to Castle William. Captain Preston surrendered himself for trial ; and the soldiers who had been under his command at the custom-house were taken into custody.

Some days afterwards, the bodies of those who had been killed in the riot, accompanied by a great concourse of people, displaying emblematical devices calculated to inflame the popular mind, were carried in funeral procession through the town to the place of sepulture. The colonial newspapers gave an inflammatory account of the transaction, representing it as an atrocious massacre of the peaceable inhabitants.

Fortunately for Captain Preston and his party, their trial was delayed till the month of October. Before that time the irritation of the public mind had somewhat abated; and Captain Preston and six of his men, after the examination of many witnesses, were acquitted even by a Boston jury. Two of the party were found guilty of manslaughter.

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## THE BRAVE NOT MERCENARY.

COUNT DILLON, commander of the Irish brigade, in the service of France, and who led on the third column of the allied armies in their assault of the British garrison at Savannah, on the 9th of October, 1779, anxious that his regiment should signalize itself, offered 100 guineas as a reward to the first of his grenadiers that should plant a fascine in the fosse, which was exposed to the whole fire of the garrison. Not one offered to advance. The Count, mortified and disappointed beyond measure, began upbraiding them with cowardice, when the sergeant-major made the following noble reply:—"Had you not, sir, held out a sum of money as a temptation, your grenadiers would one and all have presented themselves."—They did so instantly, and out of one hundred and ninety-four, of which the company consisted, only ninety returned alive.



## DON'T GIVE UP THE VESSEL.

IN May, 1776, Captain Mugford, commanding the continental armed schooner Franklin, captured a British ship of about 300 tons, and mounting six guns. In the then state of the country she was invaluable, as her cargo was made up entirely of the ammunitions of war. Captain Mugford, after seeing his prize safe into Boston harbour, was going out again, but the tide making against him, he came to an anchor off Pudding-gut Point; the next morning, by the dawn of day, the sentry saw thirteen boats, from the British men-of-war, making for them; they were prepared to receive them before they could board the schooner. She sunk five of the boats, the remainder attempting to board, they cut off the hands of several of the crews as they laid them over the gunwale. The brave Captain Mugford, making a blow at the people in the boats with a cutlass, received a wound in the breast, on which he called his lieutenant, and said, "I am a dead man: *don't give up the vessel*; you will be able to beat them off; if not, cut the cable and run her on shore." He expired in a few minutes. The lieutenant then ran her on shore, and the boats made off. Those who were taken up from the boats which were sunk, say they lost seventy men; the Franklin had but one man killed besides the captain.

## HEROIC EXPLOIT OF PETER FRANCISCO.

WHILE the British army were spreading havoc and desolation all around them, by their plundering and burnings in Virginia, in 1781, Peter Francisco, an American trooper, had been reconnoitring, and whilst stopping at the house of a Mr. Wand, in Amelia county, nine of Tarleton's cavalry coming up with three negroes, told him he was a prisoner. Seeing himself overpowered by numbers, he made no resistance; and believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving the paymaster and Francisco together. He demanded his watch, money, &c., which being delivered to him, in order to secure his plunder, he put his sword under his arm, with the hilt behind him. While in the act of putting a silver buckle in his pocket, Francisco, finding so favourable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew the sword with force from under his arm and instantly gave him a blow across the scull. "My enemy," observed Francisco, "was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and, in the same moment that he pulled the trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben Wand (the man of the house) very ungenerously brought out a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse they

could get, and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. *A short struggle ensued.* I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troop of *four hundred* men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which I increased by repeatedly hallooing, as loud as I could, *Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we will soon despatch these few, and then attack the main body!* The wounded man flew to the troop; the others were panic-struck, and fled. I seized Wand, and would have despatched him, but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind, I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had despatched ten more in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled and fell on their rear. I went the next day to Wand for my horses; he demanded two, for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with my six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of Wand at a future day, but Providence ordained I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses."

## DESTRUCTION OF THE GASPEE.

THE occurrences of the year 1772, afforded new sources of mutual animosity. The destruction of his majesty's revenue-schooner, Gaspee, was one of those popular excesses which highly incensed the British ministry. Lieutenant Dodington, who commanded that vessel, had become very obnoxious to the inhabitants of Rhode Island, by his extraordinary zeal in the execution of the revenue laws. On the 9th of June, the Providence packet was sailing into the harbour of Newport, and Lieutenant Dodington thought proper to require the captain to lower his colours. This the captain of the packet deemed repugnant to his patriotic feelings, and the Gaspee fired at the packet to bring her to : the American, however, still persisted in holding on her course, and by keeping in shoal water, dexterously contrived to run the schooner aground in the chase. As the tide was upon the ebb, the Gaspee was set fast for the night, and afforded a tempting opportunity for retaliation; and a number of fishermen, aided and encouraged by some of the most respectable inhabitants of Providence, being determined to rid themselves of so uncivil an inspector, in the middle of the night manned several boats, and boarded the Gaspee. The lieutenant was wounded in the affray; but, with everything belonging to him, he was care-

fully conveyed on shore, as were all his crew. The vessel, with her stores, was then burnt; and the party returned unmolested to their homes. When the governor became acquainted with this event, he offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of the offenders, and the royal pardon to those who would confess their guilt. Commissioners were appointed also to investigate the offence, and bring the perpetrators to justice; but, after remaining some time in session, they reported that they could obtain no evidence, and thus the affair terminated; a circumstance which forcibly illustrates the inviolable brotherhood which then united the people against the government.

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#### DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON.

**THE** British government, having determined to carry into execution the duty on tea, attempted to effect by policy what was found to be impracticable by constraint. The measures of the colonists had already produced such a diminution of exports from Great Britain, that the warehouses of the East India Company contained about seventeen millions of pounds of tea, for which a market could not readily be procured. The unwillingness of that company to lose their commercial profits, and of the ministry to lose the expected revenue from the

sale of the tea in America, led to a compromise for the security of both. The East India Company were authorized by law to export their tea, free of duties, to all places whatever; by which regulation, tea, though loaded with an exceptionable duty, would come cheaper to America than before it had been made a source of revenue. The crisis now approached, when the colonies were to decide whether they would submit to be taxed by the British parliament, or practically support their own principles, and meet the consequences. One sentiment appears to have pervaded the entire continent. The new ministerial plan was universally considered as a direct attack on the liberties of the colonists, which it was the duty of all to oppose. A violent ferment was everywhere excited; the corresponding committees were extremely active; and it was very generally declared, that whoever should, directly or indirectly, countenance this dangerous invasion of their rights, would be an enemy to his country. The East India Company, confident of finding a market for their tea, reduced as it now was in its price, freighted several ships to the colonies with that article, and appointed agents for the disposal of it. Cargoes were sent to New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Boston. The inhabitants of New York and Philadelphia sent the ships back to London, "and they sailed up the Thames to proclaim to all the nation that New York and Pennsylvania would not be enslaved." The inhabitants of Charleston un-

loaded the tea, and stored it in cellars, where it could not be used, and where it finally perished.

At Boston, before the vessels arrived with it, a town-meeting was called to devise measures to prevent the landing and sale within the province. The agreement not to use tea while a duty was imposed was now solemnly renewed ; and a committee was chosen to request the consignees of the East India Company neither to sell nor unlade the tea which should be brought into the harbour. They communicated the wishes of the town to the merchants, who were to have the custody and sale of the tea ; but they declined making any such promise, as they had received no orders or directions on the subject. On the arrival of the vessels with the tea in the harbour of Boston, another meeting of the citizens was immediately called. " The hour of destruction," it was said, " or of manly opposition, had now come ;" and all who were friends to the country were invited to attend, " to make an united and successful resistance to this last and worst measure of the administration." A great number of people assembled from the adjoining towns, as well as from the capital, in the celebrated Faneuil Hall, the usual place of meeting on such occasions, but the meeting was soon adjourned to one of the largest churches in the town. Here it was voted, as it had been at a meeting before the tea arrived, that they would use all lawful means to prevent its being landed, and to have it returned immediately to England. After several days spent

in negotiations, the consignees still refused to return the tea, and, fearing the vengeance of an injured people, they retired to the castle. The owner of the ship which brought the tea was unable to obtain a pass for her sailing, as the officer was in the interest of the British ministers. Application was then made to the governor, to order that a pass be given for the vessel; but he declined interfering in the affair. When it was found no satisfactory arrangement could be effected, the meeting broke up; but, late in the evening, a number of men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, proceeded to the vessels, then lying at the wharf, which had the tea on board, and in a short time every chest was taken out, and the contents thrown into the sea; but no injury was done to any other part of their cargoes. The inhabitants of the town, generally, had no knowledge of the event until the next day. It is supposed, the number of those concerned in the affair was about fifty; but who they were has been only a matter of conjecture to the present day.

This act of violence, which, in its effects, rapidly advanced the grand crisis, appears rather to have been the result of cool determination, than of a sudden ebullition. The populace appear to have been fully warned by their leaders as to the important consequences which would result from any destruction of the property of the East India Company. "One of the citizens, Josiah Quincy, equally distinguished as a statesman and patriot," says Bradford,



“addressed the meeting with unusual warmth and solemnity. He seemed deeply impressed with a sense of the serious consequences of their proceedings on this interesting occasion. The spirit then displayed, and the sentiments then avowed, he warned them, should be such as they would be ready to approve and maintain at any future day. For, to retreat from the ground they should then take, would bring disgrace on themselves, and ruin on the country.” That Mr. Quincy did not overrate the importance of that memorable day was very apparent in the sequel.

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#### SPIRITED CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN WADSWORTH.

**COLONEL FLETCHER**, Governor of New York had been vested with plenary powers to command the militia of Connecticut, and insisted on the exercise of that command. The legislature of Connecticut, deeming that authority to be expressly given to the colony by charter, would not submit to his requisition; but, desirous of maintaining a good understanding with Governor Fletcher, endeavoured to make terms with him, until his majesty's pleasure should be further known. All their negotiations were, however, unsuccessful; and, on the 26th of October, he came to Hartford, while the assembly was sitting, and, in his majesty's name,

demanded submission; but the refusal was resolutely persisted in. After the requisition had been repeatedly made, with plausible explanations and serious menaces, Fletcher ordered his commission and instructions to be read in audience of the trainbands of Hartford, which had assembled upon his order. Captain Wadsworth, the senior officer, who was exercising his soldiers, instantly called out, "Beat the drums!" which, in a moment, overwhelmed every voice. Fletcher commanded silence. No sooner was a second attempt made to read, than Wadsworth vociferated, "Drum, drum! I say." The drummers instantly beat up again, with the greatest possible spirit. "Silence, silence," exclaimed the governor. At the first moment of a pause, Wadsworth called out earnestly, "Drum, drum! I say!" and, turning to his excellency, said, "If I am interrupted again, I will make the sun shine through you in a moment." Col. Fletcher declined putting Wadsworth to the test, and abandoning the contest, returned with his suite to New York. It has been already observed, that the history of the American colonies has been decidedly undervalued and neglected; this must have been the case even with the best educated classes of society, or surely, after such specimens of determined independence of spirit as the history of this colony, and of Massachusetts, exhibits, the measures which ultimately led to an entire separation would never have received the sanction of the British senate.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S DEFENCE OF  
GEORGIA.

As soon as intelligence of the declaration of war against Spain (23d of October, 1739,) reached Georgia, General Oglethorpe passed over to Florida with four hundred select men of his regiment, and a considerable party of Indians; and a few days after, he marched with his whole force, consisting of above two thousand men, regulars, provincials, and Indians, to Fort Moosa, within two miles of St. Augustine. The Spanish garrison evacuating the fort on his approach, and retiring into the town, put themselves in a posture of defence; and the general, soon discovering that an attempt to take the castle by storm would be presumptuous, changed his plan of operations, and resolved, with the assistance of the ships of war which were lying at anchor off Augustine bar, to turn the siege into a blockade. Having made the necessary dispositions, he summoned the Spanish governor to a surrender; but, secure in his stronghold, he sent him for answer, that he would be glad to shake hands with him in his castle. Indignant at this reply, the general opened his batteries against the castle, and at the same time threw a number of shells into the town. The fire was returned with equal spirit from the Spanish fort, and from six half-galleys in the harbour; but the distance was so great, that the cannon

ade, though it continued several days, did little execution on either side. It appears that, notwithstanding the blockade, the Spanish garrison contrived to admit a reinforcement of seven hundred men, and a large supply of provisions. All prospect of starving the enemy being lost, the army began to despair of forcing the place to surrender. The Carolina troops, enfeebled by the heat of the climate, dispirited by sickness, and fatigued by fruitless efforts, marched away in large bodies. The naval commander, in consideration of the shortness of his provisions, and of the near approach of the usual season of hurricanes, judged it imprudent to hazard his fleet longer on that coast. The general himself was sick of a fever, and his regiment was worn out with fatigue, and disabled by sickness. These combined diasters rendered it necessary to abandon the enterprise; and Oglethorpe, with extreme sorrow and regret, returned to Frederica.

After a lapse of two years the Spaniards prepared to retaliate by the invasion of Georgia, intending, if successful, to subjugate the Carolinas and Virginia. On receiving information of their approach, General Oglethorpe solicited assistance from South Carolina: but the inhabitants of that colony, entertaining a strong prejudice against him, and terrified by the danger which threatened themselves, determined to provide only for their own safety, though without avowing their intention. General Oglethorpe, however, made preparations for a

vigorous defence. He assembled seven hundred men, exclusive of a body of Indians, fixed his head-quarters at Frederica, on the island of St. Simon, and, with this small band, determined to encounter whatever force might be brought against him. It was his utmost hope that he might be able to resist the enemy until a reinforcement should arrive from Carolina, which he daily and anxiously expected. On the last day of June, the Spanish fleet, consisting of thirty-two sail, and having on board more than three thousand men, came to anchor off St. Simon's Bay. Notwithstanding all the resistance which General Oglethorpe could oppose, they sailed up the river Alatomaha, landed upon the island, and there erected fortifications. Convinced that his small force, if divided, must be entirely inefficient, Oglethorpe assembled the whole of it at Frederica. One portion he employed in strengthening his fortifications; the Highlanders and Indians, ranging night and day through the woods, often attacked the outposts of the enemy. The toil of the troops was incessant; and the long delay of the expected succours, still unexpectedly withheld by South Carolina, caused the most gloomy and depressing apprehensions. Oglethorpe, at length, learning by an English prisoner who escaped from the Spanish camp, that a difference subsisted between the troops from Cuba and those from St. Augustine, so as to occasion a separate encampment, resolved to attack the enemy while thus divided. Taking advantage of his

knowledge of the woods, he marched out in the night with three hundred chosen men, the Highland company and some rangers, with the intention of surprising the enemy. Having advanced within two miles of the Spanish camp, he halted his troops, and went forward himself with a select corps to reconnoitre the enemy's situation. While he was endeavouring cautiously to conceal his approach, a French soldier of his party discharged his musket, and ran into the Spanish lines. Thus betrayed, he hastened his return to Frederica, and endeavoured to effect by stratagem what could not be achieved by surprise. Apprehensive that the deserter would discover to the enemy his weakness, he wrote to him a letter, desiring him to acquaint the Spaniards with the defenceless state of Frederica, and the ease with which his small garrison might be cut to pieces. He pressed him to bring forward the Spaniards to an attack; but, if he could not prevail thus far, to use all his art and influence to persuade them to stay at least three days more at Fort Simon; for within that time, according to advices he had just received from Carolina, he should have a reinforcement of two thousand land forces, with six British ships of war. The letter concluded with a caution to the deserter against dropping the least hint of Admiral Vernon's meditated attack upon St. Augustine, and with an assurance that for his service he should be amply rewarded by the British king. Oglethorpe gave it to a Spanish prisoner, who, for

a small reward, together with his liberty, promised to deliver it to the French deserter. On his arrival at the Spanish camp, however, he gave the letter, as Oglethorpe expected, to the commander-in-chief, who instantly put the deserter in irons. This letter perplexed and confounded the Spaniards; some suspecting it to be a stratagem to prevent an attack on Frederica, and others believing it to contain serious instructions to direct the conduct of a spy. While the Spanish officers were deliberating what measures to adopt, an incident, not within the calculation of military skill, or the control of human power, decided their counsels. Three ships of force, which the governor of South Carolina had sent out to Oglethorpe's aid, appeared at this juncture off the coast. The agreement of this discovery with the contents of the letter convinced the Spanish commander of its real intention. The whole army, seized with an instant panic, set fire to the fort, and precipitately embarked, leaving several cannon, with a quantity of provisions and military stores; and thus, in the moment of threatened conquest, was the infant colony providentially saved.

Thus was Georgia, with trifling loss, delivered from the most imminent danger. General Oglethorpe not only retrieved, but established his reputation.

## FRANK LILLY.

JONATHAN RILEY was a sergeant in the ——— regiment, had served under Gen. Amherst in the old French war, and was with the provincials at the taking of Havana. This man was often selected for dangerous and trying situations; and his uniform courage and presence of mind insured him success. He was at length placed on a recruiting station, and in a short period enlisted a great number of men. Among his recruits was Frank Lilly, a boy about 16 years of age, a weak and puny lad, who would not, perhaps, have passed muster, were we not greatly in want of men. The soldiers made this boy the butt of their ridicule, and many a sorry joke was uttered at his expense. They told him to *swear his legs*, in other words to get them insured. Yet there was something about him interesting, and at times he discovered a spirit beyond his years. To this boy, for some unknown cause, Riley became greatly attached, and seemed to pity him from the bottom of his heart. Often on our long and fatiguing marches, dying almost from want, harassed incessantly by the enemy, did Riley carry the boy's knapsack for miles, and many a crust for the poor wretch was saved from his scanty allowance. But Frank Lilly's resolution was once the cause of saving the whole detachment. The American army was encamped at Elizabethtown. The



soldiers stationed about four miles from the main body, near the bay that separated the continent from Staten Island, forming an advance picket guard, were chosen from a southern regiment, and were continually deserting. It was a post of some danger, as the young ambitious British officers, or experienced sergeants, often headed parties that approached the shore in silence, during the night, and attacked our outposts. Once they succeeded in surprising and capturing an officer and twenty men, without the loss of a man on their part. General Washington determined to relieve the forces near the bay, and our regiment was the one from which the selection was made. The arrangement of our guard, as near as I can recollect, was as follows :

A body of 250 men were stationed a short distance inland. In advance of these were several outposts, consisting of an officer and thirty men each. The sentinels were so near as to meet in their rounds, and were relieved in every two hours.—It chanced, one dark and windy night, that Lilly and myself were sentinels on adjoining posts. All the sentinels were directed to fire on the least alarm, and retreat to the guard, where we were to make the best defence we could, until supported by the detachment in our rear. In front of me was a strip of woods, and the bay was so near that I could hear the dashing of the waves. It was near midnight, and occasionally a star to be seen through the flying clouds. The hours passed

heavily and cheerlessly away. The wind at times roared through the adjoining woods with astonishing violence. In a pause of the storm, as the wind died suddenly away, and was heard only moaning at a distance, I was startled by an unusual noise in the woods before me. Again I listened attentively, and imagined that I heard the heavy tread of a body of men, and the rattling of cartridge-boxes. As I met Lilly, I informed him of my suspicions. All had been quiet in the rounds, but he would keep a good watch, and fire on the least alarm. We separated, and I had marched but a few rods, when I heard the following conversation. "Stand." The answer was from a speaker rapidly approaching, and in a low, constrained voice. "Stand yourself, and you shall not be injured. If you fire, you are a dead man. If you remain where you are, you shall not be harmed. If you move, I will run you through."

Scarcely had he spoken, when I saw the flash, and heard the report of Lilly's gun. I saw a black mass rapidly advancing, at which I fired, and with all the sentinels retreated to the guard, consisting of thirty men, commanded by an ensign. An old barn had served them for a guard-house, and they barely had time to turn out, and parade in the road, as the British were getting over a fence within six rods of us, to the number of eighty, as we supposed. We fired upon them, and retreated in good order towards the detachment in the rear. The enemy, disappointed of their expected prey, pushed us hard,

but we were soon reinforced, and they in their turn were compelled to retreat, and we followed them at their heels to the boats. We found the next morning that poor Frank Lilly, after discharging his musket, was followed so close by the enemy that he was unable to get over a fence, and he was run through with a bayonet. It was apparent, however, that there had been a violent struggle. But in front of his post was a British non-commissioned officer, one of the best formed men I ever saw, shot directly through the body. He died in great agonies, as the ground was torn up with his hands, and he had literally bitten the dust. We discovered long traces of blood, but never knew the extent of the enemy's loss. Poor Riley took Lilly's death so much to heart that he never afterwards was the man he previously had been. He became indifferent, and neglected his duty. There was something remarkable in the manner of his death. He was tried for his life, and sentenced to be shot. During the trial, and subsequently, he discovered an indifference truly astonishing. On the day of his execution, the fatal cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was caused to kneel in front of the whole army. Twelve men were detailed for the purpose of executing him, but a pardon had been granted, unknown to Riley, in consequence of his age and services; they had no cartridges. The word "ready," was given, and the cocking of guns could be distinctly heard. At the word "fire," Riley fell

dead upon his face, when not a gun had been discharged.

It was said that Frank Lilly was the fruit of one of Riley's old love affairs with a beautiful and unfortunate girl. There was a sad story concerning her fate; but I am old now, and have forgotten it.

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## CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

THE expedition against the capital of Canada was the most daring and important. Strong by nature, and still stronger by art, Quebec had obtained the appellation of the Gibraltar of America; and every attempt against it had failed. It was now commanded by Montcalm, an officer of distinguished reputation; and its capture must have appeared chimerical to any one but Pitt. He judged rightly, however, that the boldest and most dangerous enterprises are often the most successful, especially when committed to ardent minds, glowing with enthusiasm, and emulous of glory. Such a mind he had discovered in General Wolfe, whose conduct at Louisbourg had attracted his attention. He appointed him to conduct the expedition, and gave him for assistants Brigadier Generals Moncton, Townshend, and Murray; all, like himself, young and ardent. Early in

the season he sailed from Halifax with eight thousand troops, and, near the last of June, landed the whole army on the island of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec. From this position he could take a near and distinct view of the obstacles to be overcome. These were so great, that even the bold and sanguine Wolfe perceived more to fear than to hope. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, written before commencing operations, he declared that he saw but little prospect of reducing the place.

Quebec stands on the north side of the St. Lawrence, and consists of an upper and lower town. The lower town lies between the river and a bold and lofty eminence, which runs parallel to it far to the westward. At the top of this eminence is a plain, upon which the upper town is situated. Below, or east of the city, is the river St. Charles, whose channel is rough, and whose banks are steep and broken. At a short distance farther down is the Montmorency; and between these two rivers, and reaching from one to the other, was encamped the French army, strongly entrenched, and at least equal in number to that of the English. General Wolfe took possession of Point Levi, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and there erected batteries against the town. The cannonade which was kept up, though it destroyed many houses, made but little impression on the works, which were too strong and too remote to be materially affected; their elevation, at the same time, placing them beyond the reach

of the fleet. Convinced of the impossibility of reducing the place, unless he could erect batteries on the north side of the St. Lawrence, Wolfe soon decided on more daring measures. The northern shore of the St. Lawrence, to a considerable distance above Quebec, is so bold and rocky as to render a landing in the face of an enemy impracticable. If an attempt were made below the town, the river Montmorency passed, and the French driven from their entrenchments, the St. Charles would present a new, and perhaps an insuperable barrier. With every obstacle fully in view, Wolfe, heroically observing that "a victorious army finds no difficulties," resolved to pass the Montmorency, and bring Montcalm to an engagement. In pursuance of this resolution, thirteen companies of English grenadiers, and part of the second battalion of royal Americans, were landed at the mouth of that river, while two divisions, under Generals Townshend and Murray, prepared to cross it higher up. Wolfe's plan was to attack first a redoubt, close to the water's edge, apparently beyond reach of the fire from the enemy's entrenchments, in the belief that the French, by attempting to support that fortification, would put it in his power to bring on a general engagement; or, if they should submit to the loss of the redoubt, that he could afterwards examine their situation with coolness, and advantageously regulate his future operations. On the approach of the British troops the redoubt was evacuated; and

the general, observing some confusion in the French camp, changed his original plan, and determined not to delay an attack. Orders were immediately despatched to the Generals Townshend and Murray to keep their divisions in readiness for fording the river; and the grenadiers and royal Americans were directed to form on the beach until they could be properly sustained. These troops, however, not waiting for support, rushed impetuously toward the enemy's entrenchments; but they were received with so strong and steady a fire from the French musketry, that they were instantly thrown into disorder, and obliged to seek shelter at the redoubt which the enemy had abandoned. Detained here awhile by a dreadful thunder storm, they were still within reach of a severe fire from the French; and many gallant officers, exposing their persons in attempting to form the troops, were killed, the whole loss amounting to nearly five hundred men. The plan of attack being effectually disconcerted, the English general gave orders for repassing the river, and returning to the isle of Orleans.

Compelled to abandon the attack on that side, Wolfe deemed that advantage might result from attempting to destroy the French fleet, and by distracting the attention of Montcalm with continual descents upon the northern shore. General Murray, with twelve hundred men in transports, made two vigorous but abortive attempts to land; and though more successful in the third, he did nothing more

than burn a magazine of warlike stores. The enemy's fleet was effectually secured against attacks, either by land or by water, and the commander-in-chief was again obliged to submit to the mortification of recalling his troops. At this juncture, intelligence arrived that Niagara was taken, that Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been abandoned, but that General Amherst, instead of pressing forward to their assistance, was preparing to attack the Isle-aux-Nois. While Wolfe rejoiced at the triumph of his brethren in arms, he could not avoid contrasting their success with his own disastrous efforts. His mind, alike lofty and susceptible, was deeply impressed by the disasters at Montmorency; and his extreme anxiety, preying upon his delicate frame, sensibly affected his health. He was observed frequently to sigh; and, as if life was only valuable while it added to his glory, he declared to his intimate friends, that he would not survive the disgrace which he imagined would attend the failure of his enterprise. Nothing, however, could shake the resolution of this valiant commander, or induce him to abandon the attempt. In a council of his principal officers, called on this critical occasion, it was resolved that all the future operations should be above the town. The camp at the Isle of Orleans was accordingly abandoned; and the whole army having embarked on board the fleet, a part of it was landed at Point Levi, and a part higher up the river. Montcalm, apprehending from this



movement that the invaders might make a distant descent and come on the back of the city of Quebec, detached M. de Bougainville with fifteen hundred men, to watch their motions, and prevent their landing.

Baffled and harassed in all his previous assaults, General Wolfe seems to have determined to finish the enterprise by a single bold and desperate effort. The admiral sailed several leagues up the river, making occasional demonstrations of a design to land troops; and, during the night, a strong detachment in flat-bottomed boats fell silently down with the stream, to a point about a mile above the city. The beach was shelving, the bank high and precipitous, and the only path by which it could be scaled was now defended by a captain's guard and a battery of four guns. Colonel Howe, with the van, soon clambered up the rocks, drove away the guard, and seized upon the battery. The army landed about an hour before day, and by daybreak was marshalled on the heights of Abraham.

Montcalm could not at first believe the intelligence; but, as soon as he was assured of its truth, he made all prudent haste to decide a battle which it was no longer possible to avoid. Leaving his camp at Montmorency, he crossed the river St. Charles, with the intention of attacking the English army. No sooner did Wolfe observe this movement, than he began to form his order of battle. His troops consisted of six battalions, and the Louisbourg

grenadiers. The right wing was commanded by General Monckton, and the left by General Murray. The right flank was covered by the Louisbourg grenadiers, and the rear and left by Howe's light infantry. The form in which the French advanced indicating an intention to outflank the left of the English army, General Townshend was sent with the battalion of Amherst, and the two battalions of royal Americans, to that part of the line, and they were formed *en potence*, so as to present a double front to the enemy. The body of reserve consisted of one regiment, drawn up in eight divisions, with large intervals. The dispositions made by the French general were not less masterly. The right and left wings were composed about equally of European and colonial troops. The centre consisted of a column, formed of two battalions of regulars. Fifteen hundred Indians and Canadians, excellent marksmen, advancing in front, screened by surrounding thickets, began the battle. Their irregular fire proved fatal to many British officers, but it was soon silenced by the steady fire of the English. About nine in the morning the main body of the French advanced briskly to the charge, and the action soon became general. Montcalm having taken post on the left of the French army, and Wolfe on the right of the English, the two generals met each other where the battle was most severe. The English troops reserved their fire until the French had advanced within forty yards of their line

and then, by a general discharge, made terrible havoc among their ranks. The fire of the English was vigorously maintained, and the enemy everywhere yielded to it. General Wolfe, who, exposed in the front of his battalions, had been wounded in the wrist, betraying no symptom of pain, wrapped a handkerchief round his arm, and continued to encourage his men. Soon after, he received a shot in the groin; but, concealing the wound, he was pressing on at the head of his grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, when a third ball pierced his breast. The army, not disconcerted by his fall, continued the action under Monckton, on whom the command now devolved, but who, receiving a ball through his body, soon yielded the command to General Townshend. Montcalm, fighting in front of his battalions, received a mortal wound about the same time; and General Senezergus, the second in command, also fell. The British grenadiers pressed on with their bayonets. General Murray, briskly advancing with the troops under his direction, broke the centre of the French army. The Highlanders, drawing their broadswords, completed the confusion of the enemy; and after having lost their first and second in command, the right and centre of the French were entirely driven from the field; and the left was following the example, when Bougainville appeared in the rear, with the fifteen hundred men who had been sent to oppose the landing of the English. Two battalions and two pieces

of artillery were detached to meet him; but he retired, and the British troops were left the undisputed masters of the field. The loss of the French was much greater than that of the English. The corps of French regulars was almost entirely annihilated. The killed and wounded of the English army did not amount to six hundred men. Although Quebec was still strongly defended by its fortifications, and might possibly be relieved by Bougainville, or from Montreal, yet General Townshend had scarcely finished a road in the bank to get up his heavy artillery for a siege, when the inhabitants capitulated, on condition that during the war they might still enjoy their own civil and religious rights. A garrison of five thousand men was left under General Murray, and the fleet sailed out of the St. Lawrence.

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#### LAFAYETTE.

LAFAYETTE was born a subject of the most absolute and most splendid monarchy in Europe, and in the highest rank of her proud and chivalrous nobility. He had been educated at a college of the University of Paris, founded by the royal munificence of Louis XIV., or of his minister, Cardinal Richelieu. Left an orphan in early childhood, with the inheritance of a princely fortune, he had been married, at

sixteen years of age, to a daughter of the house of Noailles, the most distinguished family of the kingdom, scarcely deemed in public consideration inferior to that which wore the crown. He came into active life, at the change from boy to man, a husband and a father, in the full enjoyment of everything that avarice could covet, with a certain prospect before him of all that ambition could crave. Happy in his domestic affections, incapable, from the benignity of his nature, of envy, hatred, or revenge, a life of "ignoble *ease* and indolent repose" seemed to be that which nature and fortune had combined to prepare before him. To men of ordinary mould this condition would have led to a life of luxurious apathy and sensual indulgence. Such was the life into which, from the operation of the same causes, Louis XV. had sunk, with his household and court, while Lafayette was rising to manhood, surrounded by the contamination of their example. Had his natural endowments been even of the higher and nobler order of such as adhere to virtue, even in the lap of prosperity, and in the bosom of temptation, he might have lived and died a pattern of the nobility of France, to be classed, in aftertimes, with the Turennes and the Montausiers of the age of Louis XIV., or with the Villars or the Lamoignons of the age immediately preceding his own.

But as, in the firmament of heaven that rolls over our heads, there is, among the stars of the first magnitude, one so pre-eminent in splendour, as, in the opinion of astronomers, to constitute

a class by itself; so, in the fourteen hundred years of the French monarchy, among the multitudes of great and mighty men which it has evolved, the name of Lafayette stands unrivalled in the solitude of glory.

In entering upon the threshold of life, a career was open before him. He had the option of the court and the camp. An office was tendered to him in the household of the king's brother, the Count de Provence, since successively a royal exile and a reinstated king. The servitude and inaction of a court had no charms for him; he preferred a commission in the army, and, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, was a captain of dragoons in garrison at Metz.

There, at an entertainment given by his relative, the Marechal de Broglie, the commandant of the place, to the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the British King, and then a transient traveller through that part of France, he learns, as an incident of intelligence received that morning by the English Prince from London, that the Congress of Rebels, at Philadelphia, had issued a Declaration of Independence. A conversation ensues upon the causes which have contributed to produce this event, and upon the consequences which may be expected to flow from it. The imagination of Lafayette has caught across the Atlantic tide the spark emitted from the Declaration of Independence; his heart has kindled at the shock, and, before he

slumbers upon his pillow, he has resolved to devote his life and fortune to the cause.

You have before you the cause and the man. The self-devotion of Lafayette was two-fold. First, to the people, maintaining a bold and seemingly desperate struggle against oppression, and for national existence. Secondly, and chiefly, to the principles of their Declaration, which then first unfurled before his eyes the consecrated standard of human rights. To that standard, without an instant of hesitation, he repaired. Where it would lead him, it is scarcely probable that he himself then foresaw. It was then identical with the stars and stripes of the American Union, floating to the breeze from the Hall of Independence, at Philadelphia. Nor sordid avarice, nor vulgar ambition, could point his footsteps to the pathway leading to that banner. To the love of ease or pleasure nothing could be more repulsive. Something may be allowed to the beatings of the youthful breast, which make ambition virtue, and something to the spirit of military adventure, imbibed from his profession, and which he felt in common with many others. France, Germany, Poland, furnished to the armies of this Union, in our revolution struggle, no inconsiderable number of officers of high rank and distinguished merit. The names of Pulaski and De Kalb are numbered among the martyrs of our freedom, and their ashes repose in our soil side by side with the canonized bones of Warren and of Montgomery. To the virtues of Lafayette, a more

protracted career and happier earthly destinies were reserved. To the *moral* principle of political action, the sacrifices of no other man were comparable to his. Youth, health, fortune; the favour of his king; the enjoyment of ease and pleasure; even the choicest blessings of domestic felicity—he gave them all for toil and danger in a distant land, and an almost hopeless cause; but it was the cause of justice, and of the rights of human kind.

The resolve is firmly fixed, and it now remains to be carried into execution. On the 7th of December, 1776, Silas Deane, then a secret agent of the American Congress at Paris, stipulates with the Marquis de Lafayette that he shall receive a commission, to date from that day, of Major-General in the army of the United States; and the Marquis stipulates, in return, to depart when and how Mr. Deane shall judge proper, to serve the United States with all possible zeal, without pay or emolument, reserving to himself only the liberty of returning to Europe if his family or his king should recall him.

Neither his family nor his king were willing that he should depart; nor had Mr. Deane the power, either to conclude this contract, or to furnish the means of his conveyance to America. Difficulties rise up before him only to be dispersed, and obstacles thicken only to be surmounted. The day after the signature of the contract, Mr. Deane's agency was superseded by the arrival of Doctor Benjamin Franklin and



Arthur Lee as his colleagues in commission; nor did they think themselves authorized to confirm his engagements. Lafayette is not to be discouraged. The commissioners extenuate nothing of the unpromising condition of their cause. Mr. Deane avows his inability to furnish him with a passage to the United States. "The more desperate the cause," says Lafayette, "the greater need has it of my services; and, if Mr. Deane has no vessel for my passage, I shall purchase one myself, and will traverse the ocean with a selected company of my own."

Other impediments arise. His design becomes known to the British Ambassador at the Court of Versailles, who remonstrates to the French government against it. At his instance, orders are issued for the detention of the vessel purchased by the Marquis, and fitted out at Bordeaux, and for the arrest of his person. To elude the first of these orders, the vessel is removed from Bordeaux to the neighbouring port of Passage, within the dominion of Spain. The order for his own arrest is executed; but, by stratagem and disguise, he escapes from the custody of those who have him in charge, and, before a second order can reach him, he is safe on the ocean wave, bound to the land of Independence and of Freedom.

It had been necessary to clear out the vessel for an island of the West Indies; but, once at sea, he avails himself of his right as owner of the ship, and compels his captain to steer for the shores of emancipated North America. He

lands, with his companions, on the 25th of April, 1777, in South Carolina, not far from Charleston, and finds a most cordial reception and hospitable welcome in the house of Major Huger.

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## WASHINGTON APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

ON the 15th of June, 1775, Congress proceeded to choose, by ballot, a commander-in-chief of the provincial or continental forces, and unanimously elected George Washington to that arduous office. That gentleman afterwards acted such a distinguished part in the war, and acquired such an illustrious name, that it is proper to glance at his personal history previous to the period under consideration. He was the third son of Augustus Washington, and was born in Virginia, in the year 1732. By the death of his elder brothers, he succeeded to the patrimonial estate, at an early age; was major of militia, and was appointed by the governor of Virginia to negotiate with the French governor of Fort Du Quesne, concerning the boundaries of the French and British governments. He became soon afterwards lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of militia, which the colony raised for the defence of its frontier. In a short time he succeeded to the command of the regiment; and was present, as a volunteer,

in General Braddock's unfortunate expedition in 1755. Such was the confidence placed in his talents, that on that occasion the retreat was conducted under his direction. He was afterwards engaged in another expedition to the Ohio; and in the year 1758, on account of ill health, he resigned his commission, and lived in retirement and rural tranquillity.

From this outline of his personal history, it is obvious that his experience in military affairs was extremely limited. But he was known to be a man of sound understanding, undaunted courage, and inflexible integrity. He enjoyed, in a high degree, the confidence of his countrymen, and had been chosen one of the deputies to Congress for his native province of Virginia. He had used neither solicitation nor influence of any kind to procure the appointment; and when the president informed him of his election, and of the request of Congress that he would accept the office, he stood up in his place, and addressed the president in the following terms: "Though I am truly sensible of the high honour done me by this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience are not equal to the arduous trust. But, as the Congress desire it, I will enter on the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my cordial thanks for this high testimony of their approbation." He besought Congress to remember that he thought

himself unequal to the command with which they had honoured him; that he expected no emolument from it, but that he would keep an exact account of his expenses, and hoped they would reimburse him.

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## THE TRIPOLITAN WAR.

THE United States had for some time enjoyed the undisputed repose of peace, with only one exception. Tripoli, the least considerable of the Barbary states, had made demands, founded neither in right nor in compact, and had denounced war on the failure of the American government to comply with them before a given day. The president, on this occasion, sent a small squadron of frigates into the Mediterranean, with assurances to that power of the sincere desire of the American government to remain in peace; but with orders to protect our commerce against the threatened attack. It was a seasonable and salutary measure; for the bey had already declared war; and the American commerce in the Mediterranean was blockaded, while that of the Atlantic was in peril. The arrival of the squadron dispelled the danger. The *Insurgente*, which had been so honourably added to the American navy, and the *Pickering*, of fourteen guns, the former commanded by Captain Fletcher, the latter by

Captain Hillar, were lost in the equinoctial gale, in September, 1800. In 1801, the *Enterprise*, of fourteen guns, Captain Sterrett, fell in with a Tripolitan ship of war of equal force. The action continued three hours and a half, the corsair fighting with great obstinacy, and even desperation, until she struck, having lost fifty killed and wounded, while the *Enterprise* had not a man injured. In 1803, Commodore Preble assumed the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and, after humbling the Emperor of Morocco, who had begun a covert war upon American commerce, concentrated most of his force before Tripoli. On arriving off that port, Captain Bainbridge, in the frigate *Philadelphia*, of forty-four guns, was sent into the harbour to reconnoitre. While in eager pursuit of a small vessel, he unfortunately advanced so far that the frigate grounded, and all attempts to remove her were in vain. The sea around her was immediately covered with Tripolitan gunboats, and Captain Bainbridge was compelled to surrender. This misfortune, which threw a number of accomplished officers and a valiant crew into oppressive bondage, and which shed a gloom over the whole nation, as it seemed at once to increase the difficulties of a peace an hundred fold, was soon relieved by one of the most daring and chivalrous exploits that is found in naval annals. Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, then one of Commodore Preble's subalterns, proposed a plan for recapturing or destroying the *Philadelphia*. The American

squadron was at that time lying at Syracuse. Agreeably to the plan proposed, Lieutenant Decatur, in the ketch *Intrepid*, four guns and seventy-five men, proceeded, under the escort of the *Syren*, Captain Stewart, to the harbour of Tripoli. The *Philadelphia* lay within half gun-shot of the bashaw's castle, and several cruisers and gunboats surrounded her with jealous vigilance. The *Intrepid* entered the harbour alone, about eight o'clock in the evening, and succeeded in getting near the *Philadelphia*, between ten and eleven o'clock, without having awakened suspicion of her hostile designs. This vessel had been captured from the Tripolitans, and, assuming on this occasion her former national appearance, was permitted to warp alongside, under the alleged pretence that she had lost all her anchors. The moment the vessel came in contact, Decatur and his followers leaped on board, and soon overwhelmed a crew which was paralysed with consternation. Twenty of the Tripolitans were killed. All the surrounding batteries being opened upon the *Philadelphia*, she was immediately set on fire, and not abandoned until thoroughly wrapped in flames; when, a favouring breeze springing up, the *Intrepid* extricated herself from her prey, and sailed triumphantly out of the harbour amid the light of the conflagration. Not the slightest loss occurred on the side of the Americans, to shade the splendour of the enterprise.

## BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI.

IN July, 1804, Commodore Preble brought together all his forces before Tripoli, determined to try the effect of a bombardment. The enemy having sent some of his gunboats and galleys without the reef, at the mouth of the harbour, two divisions of American gunboats were formed for the purpose of attacking them, while the large vessels assailed the batteries and town. On the 3d of August this plan was put in execution. The squadron approached within gun-shot of the town, and opened a tremendous fire of shot and shells, which was as promptly returned by the Tripolitan batteries and shipping. At the same time the two divisions of gunboats, the first under the command of Captain Somers, the second under Captain Stephen Decatur, who had been promoted as a reward for his late achievement, advanced against those of the enemy. The squadron was about two hours under the enemy's batteries, generally within pistol-shot, ranging by them in deliberate succession, alternately silencing their fires, and launching its thunders into the very palace of the bashaw; while a more animated battle was raging in another quarter. Simultaneously with the bombardment, the American gunboats had closed in desperate conflict with the enemy. Captain Decatur, bearing down upon one of superior force, soon carried her by boarding, when, taking his prize

in tow, he grappled with another, and in like manner, transferred the fight to the enemy's deck. In the fierce encounter which followed this second attack, Captain Decatur, having broken his sword, closed with the Turkish commander, and, both falling in the struggle, gave him a mortal wound with a pistol-shot, just as the Turk was raising his dirk to plunge it into his breast. Lieutenant Trippe, of Captain Decatur's squadron, had boarded a third large gunboat, with only one midshipman and nine men, when his boat fell off, and left him to wage the unequal fight of eleven to thirty-six, which was the number of the enemy. Courage and resolution, however, converted this devoted little band into a formidable host, which, after a sanguinary contest, obliged the numerous foe to yield, with the loss of fourteen killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, and had three of his party wounded, but none killed. Several bombardments and attacks succeeded each other at intervals throughout the month. Day after day death and devastation were poured into Tripoli with unsparing perseverance, each attack exhibiting instances of valour and devotedness which will give lustre to history. The eyes of Europe were drawn to the spot where a young nation, scarcely emerged into notice, was signally chastising the despotic and lawless infidel, to whom some of her most powerful governments were then paying tribute.



## DESTRUCTION OF THE INTREPID.

ON the 4th of September, 1804, Commodore Preble, in order to try new experiments of annoyance, determined to send a fireship into the enemy's harbour. The Intrepid was fitted out for this service, being filled with powder, shells, and other combustible materials. Captain Somers, who had often been the emulous rival of Decatur in the career of glory, was appointed to conduct her in, having for his associates in the hazardous enterprise, Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, all volunteers. The Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus, were to convey the Intrepid as far as the mouth of the harbour. Captain Somers and Lieutenant Wadsworth made choice of two of the fleetest boats in the squadron, manned with picked crews, to bring them out. At eight o'clock in the evening she stood into the harbour with a moderate breeze. Several shot were fired at her from the batteries. She had nearly gained her place of destination when she exploded, without having made any of the signals previously concerted to show that the crew was safe. Night hung over the dreadful catastrophe, and left the whole squadron a prey to the most painful anxiety. The convoy hovered about the harbour until sunrise, when no remains could be discovered either of the Intrepid or her boats. Doubt was turned into certainty, that she had prematurely blown up, as one of the

enemy's gunboats was observed to be missing, and several others much shattered and damaged. Commodore Preble, in his account, says, that he was led to believe "that those boats were detached from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the ketch, and without suspecting her to be a fireship, the missing boats had suddenly boarded her, when the gallant Somers and the heroes of his party, observing the other three boats surrounding them, and no prospect of escape, determined at once to prefer death, and the destruction of the enemy, to captivity and torturing slavery, put a match to the train leading directly to the magazine, which at once blew the whole into the air, and terminated their existence;" and he adds, that his "conjectures respecting this affair are founded on a resolution which Captain Somers and Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel had formed, neither to be taken by the enemy, nor suffer him to get possession of the powder on board the Intrepid." Soon after these events, Commodore Preble gave up the command in the Mediterranean to Commodore Barron, and returned to the United States. His eminent services were enthusiastically acknowledged by his admiring fellow-citizens, as well as those of his associates in arms, "whose names," in the expressive language of Congress on the occasion, "ought to live in the recollection and affection of a grateful country, and whose conduct ought to be regarded as an example to future generations."

## ROMANTIC EXPEDITION OF GENERAL EATON.

WHILE the squadron remained before Tripoli, other deeds of heroism were performed. William Eaton, who had been a captain in the American army, was, at the commencement of this war, consul at Tunis. He there became acquainted with Hamet Caramauly, whom a younger brother had excluded from the throne of Tripoli. With him he concerted an expedition against the reigning sovereign, and repaired to the United States to obtain permission and the means to undertake it. Permission was granted, the co-operation of the squadron recommended, and such pecuniary assistance as could be spared was afforded. To raise an army in Egypt, and lead it to attack the usurper in his dominions, was the project which had been concerted. In the beginning of 1805, Eaton met Hamet at Alexandria, and was appointed general of his forces. On the 6th of March, at the head of a respectable body of mounted Arabs, and about seventy Christians, he set out for Tripoli. His route lay across a desert one thousand miles in extent. On his march, he encountered peril, fatigue, and suffering, the description of which would resemble the exaggerations of romance. On the 25th of April, having been fifty days on the march, he arrived before Derne, a Tripolitan city on the Mediterranean, and found in the harbour a part of the American squadron destined to assist him. He learnt also that the usurper, having

received notice of his approach, had raised a considerable army, and was then within a day's march of the city. No time was therefore to be lost. The next morning he summoned the governor to surrender, who returned for answer, "My head or yours." The city was assaulted, and after a contest of two hours and a half, possession was gained. The Christians suffered severely, and the general was slightly wounded. Great exertions were immediately made to fortify the city. On the 8th of May it was attacked by the Tripolitan army. Although ten times more numerous than Eaton's band, the assailants, after persisting four hours in the attempt, were compelled to retire. On the 10th of June another battle was fought, in which the enemy were defeated. The next day the American frigate *Constitution* arrived in the harbour, which so terrified the Tripolitans that they fled precipitately to the desert. The frigate came, however, to arrest the operations of Eaton in the midst of his brilliant and successful career. Alarmed at his progress, the reigning bashaw had offered terms of peace, which being much more favourable than had before been offered, were accepted by Mr. Lear, the authorized agent of the government. Sixty thousand dollars were given as a ransom for the unfortunate American prisoners, and an engagement was made to withdraw all support from Hamet. The nation, proud of the exploits of Eaton, regretted this diplomatic interference, but the treaty was subsequently ratified by the president and senate.

### GENERAL HARRISON'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.

FOR several years the Indian tribes, residing near the sources of the Mississippi, had occupied themselves in murdering and robbing the white settlers in their vicinity. At length the frontier inhabitants, being seriously alarmed by their hostile indications, in the autumn of 1811, Governor Harrison resolved to move towards the Prophet's town, on the Wabash, with a body of Kentucky and Indiana militia, and the fourth United States regiment, under Colonel Boyd, to demand satisfaction of the Indians, and to put a stop to their threatened hostilities. His expedition was made early in November. On his approach within a few miles of the Prophet's town, the principal chiefs came out with offers of peace and submission, and requested the governor to encamp for the night ; but this was only a treacherous artifice. At four in the morning the camp was furiously assailed, and a bloody contest ensued ; the Indians were however repulsed. The loss on the part of the Americans was sixty-two killed, and one hundred and twenty-six wounded, and a still greater number on the side of the Indians. Governor Harrison, having destroyed the Prophet's town, and established forts, returned to Vincennes.

## PERRY'S VICTORY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

By the exertions of Commodore Perry, an American squadron had been fitted out on Lake Erie early in September. It consisted of nine small vessels, in all carrying fifty-four guns. A British squadron had also been built and equipped, under the superintendence of Commodore Barclay. It consisted of six vessels, mounting sixty-three guns. Commodore Perry, immediately sailing, offered battle to his adversary, and on the 10th of September, the British commander left the harbour of Malden to accept the offer. In a few hours the wind shifted, giving the Americans the advantage. Perry, forming the line of battle, hoisted his flag, on which were inscribed the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." Loud huzzas from all the vessels proclaimed the animation which this motto inspired. About noon the firing commenced; and after a short action two of the British vessels surrendered, and the rest of the American squadron now joining in the battle, the victory was rendered decisive and complete. The British loss was forty-one killed, and ninety-four wounded. The American loss was twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded, of which number twenty-one were killed and sixty-two wounded on board the flag-ship Lawrence, whose whole complement of able-bodied men before the action was about

one hundred. The commodore gave intelligence of the victory to General Harrison in these words: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." The Americans were now masters of the lake; but the territory of Michigan was still in the possession of Colonel Proctor. The next movements were against the British and Indians at Detroit and Malden. General Harrison had previously assembled a portion of the Ohio militia on the Sandusky river; and on the 7th of September, four thousand from Kentucky, the flower of the state, with Governor Shelby at their head, arrived at his camp. With the co-operation of the fleet, it was determined to proceed at once to Malden. On the 27th the troops were received on board, and reached Malden the same day; but the British had, in the mean time, destroyed the fort and public stores, and retreated along the Thames towards the Moravian villages, together with Tecumseh's Indians, amounting to twelve or fifteen hundred. It was now resolved to proceed in pursuit of Proctor. On the 5th of October a severe battle was fought between the two armies at the river Thames, and the British army was taken by the Americans. In this battle Tecumseh was killed, and the Indians fled. The British loss was nineteen regulars killed and fifty wounded, and about six hundred prisoners. The American loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to upwards of fifty. Proctor made his escape down the Thames.

## NAVAL VICTORIES OF 1812.

ON the 19th of August, Captain Hull, commanding the *Constitution*, of forty-four guns, fell in with the British frigate, *Le Guerriere*. She advanced towards the *Constitution*, firing broadsides at intervals; the American reserved her fire till she had approached within half-pistol shot, when a tremendous cannonade was directed upon her, and in thirty minutes, every mast and nearly every spar being shot away, Captain Dacres struck his flag. Of the crew, fifty were killed and sixty-four wounded; while the *Constitution* had only seven killed and seven wounded. The *Guerriere* received so much injury, that it was thought to be impossible to get her into port, and she was burned. Captain Hull, on his return to the United States, was welcomed with enthusiasm by his grateful and admiring countrymen. The vast difference in the number of killed and wounded, certainly evinced great skill, as well as bravery, on the part of the American seamen. But this was the first only of a series of naval victories. On the 18th of October, Captain Jones, in the *Wasp*, of eighteen guns, captured the *Frolic*, of twenty-two, after a bloody conflict of three-quarters of an hour. In this action the Americans obtained a victory over a superior force; and, on their part, but eight were killed and wounded, while on that of the enemy about



eighty. The Wasp was unfortunately captured, soon after her victory, by a British ship of the line. On the 25th, the frigate United States, commanded by Captain Decatur, captured the British frigate Macedonian. In this instance, also, the disparity of loss was astonishingly great: on the part of the enemy, a hundred and four were killed and wounded; on that of the Americans, but eleven. The United States brought her prize safely to New York. A most desperate action was fought, on the 29th of December, between the Constitution, of forty-four guns, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, and the British frigate Java, of thirty-eight. The combat continued more than three hours; nor did the Java strike till she was reduced to a mere wreck. Of her crew, a hundred and sixty-one were killed and wounded, while of that of the Constitution, there were only thirty-four.

These naval victories were peculiarly gratifying to the feelings of the Americans; they were gained in the midst of disasters on land, and by that class of citizens whose rights had been violated; they were gained over a nation whom long-continued success had taught to consider themselves lords of the sea, and who had confidently affirmed that the whole American navy would soon be swept from the ocean. Many British merchantmen were also captured, both by the American navy and by privateers, which issued from almost every port, and were remarkably successful.

## CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG.

COMMERCE in general, and especially the fisheries, suffered great injury from privateers fitted out at Louisbourg, a French port on Cape Breton. Its situation gave it such importance, that nearly six millions of dollars had been expended on its fortifications. The place was deemed so strong as to deserve the appellation of the Dunkirk of America. In peace, it was a safe retreat for the ships of France, bound homeward from the East and West Indies. In war, it gave the French the greatest advantage for ruining the fishery of the northern English colonies, and endangered the loss of Nova Scotia. The reduction of this place was, for these reasons, an object of the highest importance to New England; and Mr. Vaughan, of New Hampshire, who had often visited that place as a trader, conceived the project of an expedition against it. He communicated it to Governor Shirley, and being ardent and enthusiastic, convinced him that the enterprise was practicable, and inspired him with his own enthusiasm. Early in January, before he received any answer to the communications he had sent to England on the subject, he requested of the members of the general court, that they would lay themselves under an oath of secrecy to receive from him a proposal of very great importance. They readily took the oath, and he communi

cated to them the plan which he had formed of attacking Louisbourg. The proposal was at first rejected; but it was finally carried by a majority of one. Letters were immediately despatched to all the colonies, as far as Pennsylvania, requesting their assistance, and an embargo on their ports. Forces were promptly raised, and William Pepperrell, Esq., of Kittery, was appointed commander of the expedition. This officer, with several transports, under the convoy of the Shirley snow, sailed from Nantucket on the 24th of March, and arrived at Canso on the 4th of April. Here the troops, joined by those of New Hampshire and Connecticut, amounting collectively to upwards of four thousand, were detained three weeks, waiting for the ice, which environed the island of Cape Breton, to be dissolved. At length Commodore Warren, agreeably to orders from England, arrived at Canso in the *Superbe*, of sixty guns, with three other ships of forty guns each; and, after a consultation with the general, proceeded to cruise before Louisbourg. The general soon after sailed with the whole fleet; and on the 30th of April, coming to anchor at Chapeaurouge Bay, landed his troops. Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan conducted the first column through the woods within sight of Louisbourg, and saluted the city with three cheers. At the head of a detachment, chiefly of the New Hampshire troops, he marched in the night to the north-east part of the harbour, where they burned the warehouses containing the naval

stores, and staved a large quantity of wine and brandy. The smoke of this fire, driven by the wind into the grand battery, so terrified the French, that they abandoned it; and, spiking the guns, retired to the city. The next morning Vaughan took possession of the deserted battery; but the most difficult labours of the siege remained to be performed. The cannon were to be drawn nearly two miles over a deep morass within gun-shot of the enemy's principal fortifications; and for fourteen nights the troops, with straps over their shoulders, sinking to their knees in mud, were employed in this arduous service. The approaches were then begun in the mode which seemed most proper to the shrewd understandings of untaught militia. Those officers who were skilled in the art of war talked of zig-zags and epaulements; but the troops made themselves merry with the terms, and proceeded in their own way. By the 20th of May they had erected five batteries, one of which mounted five forty-two pounders, and did great execution. Meanwhile, the fleet cruising in the harbour had been equally successful; it captured a French ship of sixty-four guns, loaded with stores for the garrison, to whom the loss was as distressing as to the besiegers the capture was fortunate. English ships of war were, besides, continually arriving, and added such strength to the fleet, that a combined attack upon the town was resolved upon.

Discouraged by these adverse events and me-

nacing appearances, Duchambon, the French commander, determined to surrender; and, on the 16th of June, articles of capitulation were signed. After the surrender of the city, the French flag was kept flying on the ramparts; and several rich prizes were thus decoyed. Two East Indiamen, and one South Sea ship, estimated at 600,000*l.* sterling, were taken by the squadron at the mouth of the harbour. This expedition was one of the most remarkable events in the history of North America. It was not less hazardous in the attempt, than successful in the execution. "It displayed the enterprising spirit of New England; and though it enabled Britain to purchase a peace, yet it excited her envy and jealousy against the colonies, by whose exertions it was acquired." The intelligence of this event spread rapidly through the colonies, and diffused universal joy. Well might the citizens of New England be somewhat elated; without even a suggestion from the mother country, they had projected, and with but comparatively little assistance achieved, an enterprise of vast importance to her and them. Their commerce and fisheries were now secure, and their maritime cities relieved from all fear of attack from a quarter recently so great a source of dread and discomfort.

## JAMES OTIS'S RESISTANCE OF THE WRITS OF ASSISTANCE.

THE writ of assistance was to command all sheriffs and other civil officers to assist the person to whom it was granted in breaking open and searching every place where he might suspect any prohibited or uncustomed goods to be concealed. It was a sort of commission, during pleasure, to ransack the dwellings of the citizens; for it was never to be returned, nor any account of the proceedings under it rendered to the court whence it issued. Such a weapon of oppression in the hands of the inferior officers of the customs, might well alarm even innocence, and confound the violators of the law.

The mercantile part of the community united in opposing the petition, and was in a state of great anxiety, as to the result of the question. The officers of the customs called upon Mr. Otis for his official assistance, as advocate-general, to argue their cause: but as he believed these writs to be illegal and tyrannical, he resigned the situation, though very lucrative, and if filled by a compliant spirit, leading to the highest favours of government. The merchants of Salem and Boston applied to Otis and Thacher, who engaged to make their defence. The trial took place in the council chamber of the Old Town House, in Boston. The judges were

five in number, including Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, who presided as chief justice; and the room was filled with all the officers of government and the principal citizens, to hear the arguments in a cause that inspired the deepest solicitude. The case was opened by Mr. Gridley, who argued it with much learning, ingenuity, and dignity, urging every point and authority that could be found, after the most diligent search, in favour of the custom-house petition; making all his reasoning depend on this consideration,—"if the parliament of Great Britain is the sovereign legislator of the British empire." He was followed by Mr. Thacher on the opposite side, whose reasoning was ingenious and able, delivered in a tone of great mildness and moderation. "But," in the language of President Adams, "Otis was a flame of fire; with a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes to defend the *Non sine Diis animosus infans*, to defend the vigorous youth, were then and there sown. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary

claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years, *i. e.*, in 1776, he grew up to manhood and declared himself free."

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#### RETIREMENT OF WASHINGTON FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

As the period for a new election of a President of the United States approached, after plain indications that the public voice would be in his favour, and when he probably would have been chosen for the third time unanimously, Washington determined irrevocably to withdraw to the seclusion of private life. He published, in September, 1796, a farewell address to the people of the United States, which ought to be engraven upon the hearts of his countrymen. In the most earnest and affectionate manner he called upon them to cherish an immovable attachment to the national union, to watch for its preservation with jealous anxiety, to discountenance even the suggestion that it could in any event be abandoned, and indignantly to frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of the country from the rest. Overgrown military establishments he represented as particularly hostile to republican liberty. While he recommended the most implicit obedience to the acts of the established



government, and reprobated all obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or overawe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, he wished also to guard against the spirit of innovation upon the principles of the constitution. Aware that the energy of the system might be enfeebled by alterations, he thought that no change should be made without an evident necessity; and that, in so extensive a country, as much vigour as is consistent with liberty was indispensable. On the other hand, he pointed out the danger of a real despotism, by breaking down the partitions between the several departments of government, by destroying the reciprocal checks, and consolidating the different powers. Against the spirit of party, so peculiarly baneful in an elective government, he uttered his most solemn remonstrances, as well as against inveterate antipathies or passionate attachments in respect to foreign nations. While he thought that the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly and impartially awake against the wiles of foreign influence, he wished that good faith and justice should be observed towards all nations, and peace and harmony cultivated. In his opinion, honesty, no less in public than in private affairs, was always the best policy. Providence, he believed, had connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue. Other subjects to which he alluded,

were the importance of credit, of economy, of a reduction of the public debt, and of literary institutions; above all, he recommended religion and morality as indispensably necessary to political prosperity. This address to the people of the United States was received with the highest veneration and gratitude. Several of the State legislatures ordered it to be put upon their journals, and every citizen considered it as the legacy of the most distinguished American patriot.

On the 7th of December, 1796, the President for the last time met the National Legislature. In his speech, after taking a view of the situation of the United States, regardless of opposition and censure, he recommended the attention of Congress to those measures which he deemed essential to national independence, honour, and prosperity. On the 4th of March, 1797, he attended the inauguration of his successor in office. Great sensibility was manifested by the members of the legislature and other distinguished characters when he entered the senate chamber, and much admiration expressed at the complacence and delight he manifested at seeing another clothed with the authority with which he had himself been invested. Having paid his affectionate compliments to Mr. Adams, as President of the United States, he bade adieu to the seat of government, and hastened to the delights of domestic life. He intended that his journey should have been private, but the attempt was vain; the same affectionate and re-

spectful attentions were on this occasion paid him which he had received during his presidency. In his retirement at Mount Vernon he gave the world the glorious example of a man voluntarily disrobing himself of the highest authority, and returning to private life, with a character having upon it no stain of ambition, of covetousness, of profusion, of luxury, of oppression, or of injustice; while it was adorned with the presence of virtues and graces, brilliant alike in the shade of retirement and in the glare of public life.

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#### NOBLE DEFENCE OF CHARLESTON.

IN the latter part of the year 1775 and beginning of 1776, great exertions had been made in Britain to send an overwhelming force into America; and on the 2d of June the alarm guns were fired in the vicinity of Charleston, and expresses sent to the militia officers to hasten to the defence of the capital with the forces under their command. The order was promptly obeyed; and some continental regiments from the neighbouring states also arrived. The whole was under the direction of General Lee, who had been appointed commander of all the forces in the southern states, and had under him the continental generals, Armstrong and Howe.

The utmost activity prevailed in Charleston. The citizens, abandoning their usual avocations, employed themselves entirely in putting the town into a respectable state of defence. They pulled down the valuable store-houses on the wharfs, barricadoed the streets, and constructed lines of defence along the shore. Relinquishing the pursuits of peaceful industry and commercial gain, they engaged in incessant labour, and prepared for bloody conflicts. The troops, amounting to between five and six thousand men, were stationed in the most advantageous positions. The second and third regular regiments of South Carolina, under colonels Moultrie and Thomson, were posted on Sullivan's Island. A regiment, commanded by Colonel Gadsden, was stationed at Fort Johnson, about three miles below Charleston, on the most northerly point of James's Island, and within point blank shot of the channel. The rest of the troops were posted at Haddrel's Point, along the bay near the town, and at such other places as were thought most proper. Amidst all this bustle and preparation, lead for bullets was extremely scarce, and the windows of Charlestown were stripped of their weights, in order to procure a small supply of that necessary article.

While the Americans were thus busily employed, the British exerted themselves with activity. About the middle of February, an armament sailed from the Cove of Cork, under the command of Sir Peter Parker and Earl

Cornwallis, to encourage and support the loyalists in the southern provinces.

After a tedious voyage, the greater part of the fleet reached Cape Fear, in North Carolina, on the 3d of May. General Clinton, who had left Boston in December, took the command of the land forces, and issued a proclamation, promising pardon to all the inhabitants who laid down their arms; but that proclamation produced no effect. Early in June, the armament, consisting of between forty and fifty vessels, appeared off Charleston bay, and thirty-six of the transports passed the bar, and anchored about three miles from Sullivan's Island. Some hundreds of the troops landed on Long Island, which lies on the west of Sullivan's Island, and which is separated from it by a narrow channel, often fordable. On the 10th of the month, the Bristol, a fifty-gun ship, having taken out her guns, got safely over the bar; and on the 25th, the Experiment, a ship of equal force, arrived, and next day passed in the same way. On the part of the British every thing was now ready for action. Sir Henry Clinton had nearly three thousand men under his command. The naval force, under Sir Peter Parker, consisted of the Bristol and Experiment, of fifty guns each; the Active, Acteon, Solebay, and Syren frigates, of twenty-eight guns each; the Friendship, of twenty-two, and the Sphinx, of twenty guns; the Ranger sloop, and Thunder bomb, of eight guns each.

On the forenoon of the 28th of June, this

fleet advanced against the fort on Sullivan's Island, which was defended by Colonel Moultrie, with three hundred and forty-four regular troops, and some militia, who volunteered their services on the occasion. The Thunder bomb began the battle. The Active, Bristol, Experiment, and Solebay followed boldly to the attack, and a terrible cannonade ensued. The fort returned the fire of the ships slowly, but with deliberate and deadly aim. The contest was carried on during the whole day with unabating fury. All the forces collected at Charleston stood prepared for battle; and both the troops and the numerous spectators beheld the conflict with alternations of hope and fear, which appeared in their countenances and gestures. They knew not how soon the fort might be silenced or passed by, and the attack immediately made upon themselves; but they were resolved to meet the invaders at the water's edge, to dispute every inch of ground, and to prefer death to what they considered to be slavery.

The Sphinx, Acteon, and Syren were ordered to attack the western extremity of the fort, which was in a very unfinished state; but, as they proceeded for that purpose, they got entangled with a shoal, called the Middle Ground. Two of them ran foul of each other: the Acteon stuck fast; the Sphinx and Syren got off, the former with the loss of her bowsprit, the latter with little injury; but, happily for the Americans, that part of the attack completely failed.

It had been concerted that, during the attack by the ships, Sir Henry Clinton, with the troops, should pass the narrow channel which separates Long Island from Sullivan's Island, and assail the fort by land: but this the general found impracticable; for the channel, though commonly, fordable, was at that time, by a long prevalence of easterly winds, deeper than usual. Sir Henry Clinton and some other officers waded up to the shoulders; but, finding the depth still increasing, they abandoned the intention of attempting the passage. The seamen, who found themselves engaged in such a severe conflict, often cast a wistful look towards Long Island, in the hope of seeing Sir Henry Clinton and the troops advancing against the fort; but their hope was disappointed, and the ships and the fort were left to themselves to decide the combat. Although the channel had been fordable, the British troops would have found the passage an arduous enterprise; for Colonel Thomson, with a strong detachment of riflemen, regulars, and militia, was posted on the east end of Sullivan's Island, to oppose any attack made in that quarter.

In the course of the day the fire of the fort ceased for a short time, and the British flattered themselves that the guns were abandoned; but the pause was occasioned solely by the want of powder, and when a supply was obtained, the cannonade recommenced as steadily as before. The engagement, which began about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, continued with

unabated fury till seven in the evening, when the fire slackened, and about nine entirely ceased on both sides. During the night all the ships, except the *Acteon* which was aground, removed about two miles from the island. Next morning the fort fired a few shots at the *Acteon*, and she at first returned them; but, in a short time, her crew set her on fire and abandoned her. A party of Americans boarded the burning vessel, seized her colours, fired some of her guns at Commodore Parker, filled three boats with her sails and stores, and then quitted her. She blew up shortly afterwards.

In this obstinate engagement both parties fought with great gallantry. The loss of the British was considerable. The *Bristol* had forty men killed, and seventy-one wounded; Mr. Morris, her captain, lost an arm. The *Experiment* had twenty-three men killed, and seventy-six wounded; captain Scott, her commander, also lost an arm; Lord William Campbell, the late governor of the province, who served on board as a volunteer, received a wound in his side which ultimately proved mortal; Commodore Sir Peter Parker received a slight contusion. The *Acteon* had Lieutenant Pike killed, and six men wounded. The *Solebay* had eight men wounded. After some days the troops were all reembarked, and the whole armament sailed for New York. The garrison lost ten men killed, and twenty-two wounded. Although the Americans were raw troops, yet they behaved with the steady intrepidity of



veterans. In the course of the engagement the flag-staff of the fort was shot away; but Sergeant Jasper leaped down upon the beach, snatched up the flag, fastened it to a sponge staff, and, while the ships were incessantly directing their broadsides upon the fort, he mounted the merlon and deliberately replaced the flag. Next day president Rutledge presented him with a sword, as a testimony of respect for his distinguished valour. Colonel Moultrie, and the officers and troops on Sullivan's Island, received the thanks of their country for their bravery; and, in honour of the gallant commander, the fort was named Fort Moultrie.

The failure of the attack on Charlestown was of great importance to the American cause, and contributed much to the establishment of the popular government. The friends of congress triumphed; and numbers of them, ignorant of the power of Britain and of the spirit which animated her counsels, fondly imagined that their freedom was achieved. The diffident became bold: the advocates of the irresistibility of British fleets and armies were mortified and silenced; and they, who from interested motives had hitherto been loud in their professions of loyalty, began to alter their tone. The brave defence of Fort Moultrie saved the southern states from the horrors of war for several years.

## BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

LORD RAWDON having returned to England, the command of the British troops in South Carolina devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart; who, in the beginning of September, took post at Eutaw Springs. General Green marched against him from the hills of Santee. The rival forces were equal, amounting on each side to two thousand men. On the 8th an attack was made by the Americans: a part of the British line, consisting of new troops, broke, and fled; but the veteran corps received the charge of the assailants on the points of their bayonets. The hostile ranks were for a time intermingled, and the officers fought hand to hand; but Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, who had turned the British left flank, charging them at this instant in the rear, their line was soon completely broken, and driven off the field. They were vigorously pursued by the Americans, who took upwards of five hundred of them prisoners. The British, on their retreat, took post in a large three-story brick house, and in a picketed garden; and from these advantageous positions renewed the action. Four six-pounders were ordered up before the house; but the Americans were compelled to leave these pieces and retire. They formed again at a small distance in the woods; but General Green, thinking it inexpedient to renew the

desperate attempt, left a strong picket on the field of battle, and retired with his prisoners to the ground from which he had marched in the morning. In the evening of the next day, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, leaving seventy of his wounded men and one thousand stand of arms, moved from Eutaw towards Charleston. The loss of the British, inclusive of prisoners, was supposed to be not less than eleven hundred men. The loss of the Americans, in killed, wounded, and missing, was about half that number. This battle was attended by consequences very advantageous to the Americans, and may be considered as closing the revolutionary war in South Carolina.

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#### BATTLE OF TRENTON, 1776.

THE neighbourhood of Philadelphia now becoming the seat of war, Congress adjourned to Baltimore; resolving at the same time "that General Washington should be possessed of full powers to order and direct all things relative to the department and the operations of the war." In this extremity, judicious determinations in the cabinet were accompanied with vigorous operations in the field. The united exertions of civil and military officers had by this time brought a considerable body of militia into their ranks. General Sullivan, too, on whom the

command of General Lee's division devolved on his capture, promptly obeyed the orders of the commander-in-chief, and at this period joined him, and General Heath marched a detachment from Peek's Kill.

The army, with these reinforcements, amounted to seven thousand men, and General Washington determined to commence active and bold operations. He had noticed the loose and uncovered state of the winter quarters of the British army, and contemplated the preservation of Philadelphia, and the recovery of New Jersey, by sweeping, at one stroke, all the British cantonments upon the Delaware. The present position of his forces favoured the execution of his plan. The troops under the immediate command of General Washington, consisting of about two thousand four hundred men, were ordered to cross the river at M'Konkey's ferry, nine miles above Trenton, to attack that post. General Irvine was directed to cross with his division at Trenton ferry, to secure the bridge below the town, and prevent the retreat of the enemy that way. General Cadwallader received orders to pass the river at Bristol ferry, and assault the post at Burlington. The night of the 25th was assigned for the execution of this daring scheme. It proved to be severely cold, and so much ice was made in the river, that General Irvine and General Cadwallader, after having strenuously exerted themselves, found it impracticable to pass their divisions, and their part of the plan totally failed. The command-

er-in-chief was, however, more fortunate, and, though with much difficulty and considerable loss of time, succeeded in crossing the river, and reached Trenton by eight o'clock in the morning. The brave Colonel Rawle, the commanding officer, assembled his forces for the defence of his post; but he was mortally wounded by the first fire, and his men, in apparent dismay, attempted to file off towards Princeton. General Washington, perceiving their intention, moved a part of his troops into this road in their front, and defeated the design. Their artillery being seized, and the Americans pressing upon them, they surrendered. Twenty of the Germans were killed, and a thousand made prisoners. By the failure of General Irvine, a small body of the enemy stationed in the lower part of the town escaped over the bridge to Bordentown. Of the American troops, two privates were killed and two frozen to death, and one officer and three or four privates were wounded. Could the other divisions have crossed the Delaware, General Washington's plan, in its full extent, would probably have succeeded. Not thinking it prudent to hazard the fruits of this gallant stroke by more daring attempts, the General the same day recrossed the Delaware with his prisoners, with six pieces of artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and some military stores.

This display of enterprise and vigour on the part of the Americans astonished and perplexed General Howe, and, though in the depth of winter, he found it necessary to commence ac-

tive operations. Such was the reviving influence on the minds of the American soldiers, and such the skill which the commander-in-chief exercised, that, after several successful operations following that of Trenton, he not only saved Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, but recovered the greatest part of the Jerseys, in defiance of an army vastly superior to his, in discipline, resources, and numbers. Of all their recent extensive possessions in the Jerseys, the English retained now only the posts of Brunswick and Amboy. These successful operations on the part of the Americans were immediately followed by a proclamation, in the name of General Washington, absolving all those who had been induced to take the oaths of allegiance tendered by the British commissioners, and promising them protection on condition of their subscribing to a form of oath prescribed by Congress. The effects of this proclamation were almost instantaneous. The inhabitants of the Jerseys, who had conceived a violent hatred to the British army, on account of their unchecked course of plundering, instantly renounced their allegiance to Great Britain, and attached themselves to the cause of America. Several who were resolved to avenge their wrongs, joined the army under General Washington, while others rendered equal service to the side to which they attached themselves, by supplying the American army with provisions and fuel, and by conveying intelligence of the operations of the British army.

## BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

HAVING secured the Hessian prisoners on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, Washington recrossed the river two days after the action, and took possession of Trenton. Generals Mifflin and Cadwallader, who lay at Bordentown and Crosswix with three thousand six hundred militia, were ordered to march up in the night of the 1st of January, to join the commander-in-chief, whose whole effective force, including this accession, did not exceed five thousand men. The detachments of the British army which had been distributed over New Jersey, now assembled at Princeton, and were joined by the army from Brunswick under Lord Cornwallis. From this position they advanced toward Trenton in great force, on the morning of the 2d of January; and, after some slight skirmishing with troops detached to harass and delay their march, the van of their army reached Trenton about four in the afternoon. On their approach, General Washington retired across the Assumpinck, a rivulet that runs through the town, and by some field pieces, posted on its opposite banks, compelled them, after attempting to cross in several places, to fall back out of the reach of his guns. The two armies, kindling their fires, retained their positions on opposite sides of the rivulet, and kept up a cannonade until night. The situa-

tion of the American general was at this moment extremely critical. Nothing but a stream, in many places fordable, separated his army from an enemy in every respect its superior. If he remained in his present position, he was certain of being attacked the next morning, at the hazard of the entire destruction of his little army. If he should retreat over the Delaware, the ice in that river not being firm enough to admit a passage upon it, there was danger of great loss, perhaps of a total defeat; the Jerseys would be in full possession of the enemy; the public mind would be depressed; recruiting would be discouraged; and Philadelphia would be within the reach of General Howe. In this extremity, he boldly determined to abandon the Delaware, and, by a circuitous march along the left flank of the enemy, fall into their rear at Princeton. When it was dark, the army, leaving its fires lighted, and the sentinels on the margin of the creek, decamped with perfect secrecy. About sunrise two British regiments, that were on their march to join the rear of the British army at Maidenhead, fell in with the van of the Americans, conducted by General Mercer, and a very sharp action ensued. The advanced party of Americans, composed chiefly of militia, soon gave way, and the few regulars attached to them could not maintain their ground. General Mercer, while gallantly exerting himself to rally his broken troops, received a mortal wound. General Washington, however who followed close in their rear, now



led on the main body of the army, and attacked the enemy with great spirit. While he exposed himself to their hottest fire, he was so well supported by the same troops which had aided him a few days before in the victory at Trenton, that the British were compelled to give way, and Washington pressed forward to Princeton. A party of the British that had taken refuge in the college, after receiving a few discharges from the American field-pieces, surrendered themselves prisoners of war; but the principal part of the regiment that was left there, saved itself by a precipitate retreat to Brunswick. In this action upwards of a hundred of the British were killed, and nearly three hundred were taken prisoners. Great was the surprise of Lord Cornwallis when the report of the artillery at Princeton, and the arrival of breathless messengers, apprised him that the enemy was in his rear. Alarmed by the danger of his position, he commenced a retreat; and, being harassed by the militia and the countrymen who had suffered from the outrages perpetrated by his troops on their advance, he did not deem himself in safety till he arrived at Brunswick, from whence, by means of the Raritan, he had communication with New York.

## SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

BRILLIANT as were the successes of General Green in the Carolinas, it was in Virginia that the last great stroke in favour of American independence was to be effected. The army under the commander-in-chief had passed another distressing winter, and symptoms of mutiny had again manifested themselves, but were happily suppressed. Deplorably deficient in provisions and supplies, and promised reinforcements being grievously delayed, Washington still remained undiscouraged, and determined, in conjunction with the French fleet, to resume vigorous operations. New York was the destined point of the combined attack; but the large reinforcements which had recently arrived there, and other unfavourable circumstances, induced the commander-in-chief, so late as August, entirely to change the plan of the campaign, and to resolve to attempt the capture of the army of Lord Cornwallis, which had now taken up a position at Yorktown, in Virginia. The defence of West Point, and of the other posts on the Hudson, was committed to General Heath, and a large portion of the troops raised in the northern states was for this service left under his command.

General Washington resolved in person to conduct the Virginia expedition. The troops under Count Rochambeau, and strong detach-

ments from the American army, amounting to more than two thousand men, and consisting of the light infantry, Lamb's artillery, and several other corps, were destined for it. By the 25th of August the whole body, American and French, had crossed the North River. An intercepted letter of General Washington's, in which he communicated, as the result of a consultation with the French commanders, the design to attack New York, had excited the apprehensions of the British general for the safety of that city. This apprehension was kept alive, and the real object of the Americans concealed, by preparations for an encampment in New Jersey, opposite to Staten Island, by the route of the American army, and other appearances, indicating an intention to besiege New York; and the troops had passed the Delaware, out of reach of annoyance, before Sir Henry suspected their destination. General Washington pressed forward with the utmost expedition, and at Chester he received the important intelligence that Count de Grasse had arrived with his fleet in the Chesapeake, and that the Marquis St. Simon had, with a body of three thousand land forces, joined the Marquis de Lafayette. Having directed the route of his army from the head of the Elk, he, accompanied by Rochambeau, Chatelleux, Du Portail, and Knox, proceeded to Virginia. They reached Williamsburgh on the 14th of September, and immediately repaired on board the *Ville de Paris*, to settle with Count de

Grasse the plan of operations. The whole body of American and French troops reached Williamsburgh by the 25th of September. At this place the allied forces were joined by a detachment of the militia of Virginia, under the command of Governor Nelson, and preparations were soon made to attack the entrenchments of Lord Cornwallis.

Yorktown, the head-quarters of Lord Cornwallis, is a village on the south side of York River, the southern banks of which are high, and where ships of the line may ride in safety. Gloucester Point is a piece of land on the opposite shore, projecting considerably into the river. Both these posts were occupied by the British; and a communication between them was commanded by their batteries, and by several ships of war. The main body of Lord Cornwallis's army was encamped on the open grounds about Yorktown, within a range of outer redoubts and field-works; and Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, with a detachment of six or seven hundred men, held the post at Gloucester Point.

The legion of the Duke de Lauzun, and a brigade of militia under General Weedon, the whole commanded by the French general De Choisé, were directed to watch and restrain the enemy on the side of Gloucester; and the grand combined army, on the 30th of September, moved down to the investiture of Yorktown. On the night of the 6th of October, advancing to within six hundred yards of the

English lines, they began their first parallel, and laboured with such silence and diligence, that they were not discovered until morning, when the works they had raised were sufficient to protect them. On the 9th, several batteries being completed, a heavy cannonade was begun. Many of the British guns were dismounted, and portions of their fortifications laid level with the ground. On the night of the 11th, the besiegers commenced their second parallel, three hundred yards in advance of the first. This approach was made so much sooner than was expected, that the men were not discovered at their labour until they had rendered themselves secure from all molestation in front. The fire from the new batteries was still more furious and destructive. From two British redoubts, in advance of their main works, and flanking those of the besiegers, the men in the trenches were so severely annoyed, that Washington resolved to storm them. The enterprise against one was committed to an American force under the Marquis de Lafayette, that against the other to a French detachment. Colonel Hamilton, who led the van of the former, made such an impetuous attack that possession was soon obtained, with little slaughter. The French detachment was equally brave and successful, but sustained greater loss. On the 16th, a sortie was made from the garrison by a party of three hundred and fifty, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, who forced two batteries, and spiked eleven pieces of can-

non; but the guards from the trenches immediately advancing on them, they retreated, and the pieces which they had hastily spiked were soon rendered fit for service. In the afternoon of the same day the besiegers opened several batteries in their second parallel; and in the whole line of batteries nearly one hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were now mounted. The works of the besieged were so universally in ruins as to be in no condition to sustain the fire which might be expected the next day. In this extremity, Lord Cornwallis boldly resolved to attempt an escape by land with the greater part of his army. His plan was to cross over, in the night, to Gloucester Point, and forcing his way through the troops under De Choisé, to pass through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Jersey, and form a junction with the royal army at New York. In prosecution of this desperate design, one embarkation of his troops crossed over to the opposite point; but a violent storm of wind and rain dispersed the boats, and frustrated the scheme.

On the morning of the 17th, the fire of the American batteries rendered the British post untenable. Lord Cornwallis, perceiving further resistance to be unavailing, about ten o'clock beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, that commissioners might meet to settle the terms on which the posts of York and Gloucester should be surrendered. General Washington, in his answer, declared his "ardent desire to spare the

#### BEAUTIES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

effusion of blood, and his readiness to listen to such terms as were admissible ;" but to prevent loss of time, he desired " that, previous to the meeting of the commissioners, the proposals of his lordship might be transmitted in writing, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities for two hours should be granted." The terms proposed by his lordship were such as led the general to suppose that articles of capitulation might easily be adjusted, and he continued the cessation of hostilities until the next day. To expedite the business, he summarily stated the terms he was willing to grant, and informed Earl Cornwallis, that if he admitted these as the basis of a treaty, commissioners might meet to put them into form. Accordingly, Viscount de Noailles and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, on the part of the allies, and Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, on the part of the English, met the next day, and adjusted articles of capitulation, which were to be submitted to the consideration of the British general. Resolving not to expose himself to any accident that might be the consequence of unnecessary delay, General Washington ordered the rough draft of the commissioners to be fairly transcribed, and sent to Lord Cornwallis early next morning, with a letter expressing his expectation that the garrison would march out by two o'clock in the afternoon. Hopeless of more favourable terms, his lordship signed the capitulation, and surrendered the posts of York and Gloucester, with their garrisons, to General

Washington; and the shipping in the harbour, with the seamen, to Count de Grasse. The prisoners, exclusive of seamen, amounted to more than seven thousand, of which between four and five thousand only were fit for duty. The garrison lost, during the siege, six officers and five hundred and forty-eight privates in killed and wounded. The privates, with a competent number of officers, were to remain in Virginia, Maryland, or Pennsylvania. The officers not required for this service were permitted on parole to return to Europe, or to any of the maritime posts of the English on the American continent. The terms granted to Earl Cornwallis were, in general, the terms which had been granted to the Americans at the surrender of Charleston; and General Lincoln, who on that occasion resigned his sword to Lord Cornwallis, was appointed to receive the submission of the royal army. The allied army, to which Lord Cornwallis surrendered, amounted to sixteen thousand; seven thousand French, five thousand five hundred continental troops, and three thousand five hundred militia. In the course of the siege they lost, in killed and wounded, about three hundred. The siege was prosecuted with so much military judgment and ardour, that the treaty was opened on the eleventh, and the capitulation signed on the thirteenth day after ground was broken before the British lines.

The capture of so large a British army excited universal joy, and on no occasion



during the war did the Americans manifest greater exultation. From the nature and duration of the contest, the affections of many had been so concentrated upon their country, and so intense was their interest in its fate, that the news of this brilliant success produced the most rapturous emotions, under the operations of which, it is said, some were even deprived of their reason, and one aged patriot in Philadelphia expired. The day after the capitulation General Washington ordered "that those who were under arrest should be pardoned and set at liberty;" and announced, that "Divine service shall be performed to-morrow in the different brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief recommends, that all the troops that are not upon duty do assist at it with a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart which the recollection of the surprising and particular interposition of Providence in our favour claims." Congress, as soon as they received General Washington's official letter, giving information of the event, resolved to go in procession to the Dutch Lutheran church, and return thanks to Almighty God for the signal success of the American arms; and they issued a proclamation, recommending to the citizens of the United States to observe the 13th of December as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

ON the 22d of December, 1814, the British, having landed, took a position near the main channel of the river, about eight miles below the city. In the evening of the 23d, General Jackson made a sudden and furious attack upon their camp. They were thrown into disorder; but they soon rallied, and fought with a bravery at least equal to that of the assailants. Satisfied with the advantage first gained, he withdrew his troops, fortified a strong position four miles below New Orleans, and supported it by batteries erected on the west bank of the river. On the 28th of December, and the 1st of January, vigorous but unsuccessful attacks were made upon these fortifications by the English. In the mean time both armies had received reinforcements; and General Sir E. Pakenham, the British commander, resolved to exert all his strength in a combined attack upon the American positions on both sides of the river. With almost incredible industry, he caused a canal, leading from a creek emptying itself into Lake Borgne to the main channel of the Mississippi, to be dug, that he might remove a part of his boats and artillery to that river. On the 7th of January, from the movements observed in the British camp, a speedy attack was anticipated. This was made early on the 8th. The British troops, formed in a close column of about

sixty men in front, the men shouldering their muskets, all carrying fascines, and some with ladders, advanced towards the American fortifications, from whence an incessant fire was kept up on the column, which continued to advance, until the musketry of the troops of Tennessee and Kentucky, joined with the fire of the artillery, began to make an impression on it which soon threw it into confusion. For some time the British officers succeeded in animating the courage of their troops, making them advance obliquely to the left, to avoid the fire of a battery, every discharge from which opened the column, and mowed down whole files, which were almost instantaneously replaced by new troops coming up close after the first: but these also shared the same fate, until at last, after twenty-five minutes continual firing, through which a few platoons advanced to the edge of the ditch, the column entirely broke, and part of the troops dispersed, and ran to take shelter among the bushes on the right. The rest retired to the ditch where they had been when first perceived, four hundred yards from the American lines. There the officers with some difficulty rallied their troops, and again drew them up for a second attack, the soldiers having laid down their knapsacks at the edge of the ditch, that they might be less encumbered. And now, for the second time, the column, recruited with the troops that formed the rear, advanced. Again it was received with the same galling fire of musketry and artillery, till it at last broke

again, and retired in the utmost confusion. In vain did the officers now endeavour, as before, to revive the courage of their men; to no purpose did they strike them with the flat of their swords, to force them to advance: they were insensible of everything but danger, and saw nothing but death, which had struck so many of their comrades. The attack had hardly begun, when the British commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, fell a victim to his own intrepidity, while endeavouring to animate his troops with ardour for the assault. Soon after his fall, two other generals, Keane and Gibbs, were carried off the field of battle, dangerously wounded. A great number of officers of rank had fallen: the ground over which the column had marched was strewed with the dead and wounded. Such slaughter on their side, with scarcely any loss on the American, spread consternation through the British ranks, as they were now convinced of the impossibility of carrying the lines, and saw that even to advance was certain death. Some of the British troops had penetrated into the wood towards the extremity of the American line, to make a false attack, or to ascertain whether a real one were practicable. These the troops under General Coffee no sooner perceived, than they opened on them a brisk fire with their rifles, which made them retire. The greater part of those who, on the column's being repulsed, had taken shelter in the thickets, only escaped the batteries to be killed by the musketry. During the

whole hour that the attack lasted, the American fire did not slacken for a single moment. By half after eight in the morning, the fire of the musketry had ceased. The whole plain on the left, as also the side of the river, from the road to the edge of the water, was covered with the British soldiers who had fallen. About four hundred wounded prisoners were taken; and at least double that number of wounded men escaped into the British camp; and a space of ground, extending from the ditch of the American lines to that on which the enemy drew up his troops, two hundred and fifty yards in length, by about two hundred in breadth, was literally covered with men, either dead or severely wounded. Perhaps a greater disparity of loss never occurred; that of the British in killed, wounded, and prisoners, in this attack, was upwards of two thousand men; the killed and wounded of the Americans was only *thirteen*.



BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG AND LAKE  
CHAMPLAIN.

THE march of the troops from Plattsburg having left that post almost defenceless, the enemy determined to attack it by land, and, at the same time, to attempt the destruction of the American flotilla on Lake Champlain. On the 3d of September, Sir George Prevost, the governor-general of Canada, at the head of fourteen thousand men, entered the territories of the United States. On the 6th they arrived at Plattsburg. It is situated near Lake Champlain, on the northern bank of the small river Saranac. On their approach, the American troops, who were posted on the opposite bank, tore up the planks of the bridges, with which they formed slight breastworks, and prepared to dispute the passage of the stream. The British employed themselves for several days in erecting batteries, while the American forces were daily augmented by the arrival of volunteers and militia. Early in the morning of the 11th, the British squadron, commanded by Commodore Downe, appeared off the harbour of Plattsburg, where that of the United States, commanded by Commodore M'Donough, lay at anchor prepared for battle. At nine o'clock the action commenced. Seldom has there been a more furious encounter than the bosom of this transparent and peaceful lake was now called

to witness. During the naval conflict the British on land began a heavy cannonade upon the American lines, and attempted at different places to cross the Saranac; but as often as the British advanced into the water they were repelled by a destructive fire from the militia. At half-past eleven the shout of victory heard along the American lines announced the result of the battle on the lake. Thus deprived of naval aid, in the afternoon the British withdrew to their entrenchments, and at night they commenced a precipitate retreat. Upon the lake the American loss was one hundred and ten; the British one hundred and ninety-four, besides prisoners. On land, the American loss was one hundred and nineteen; that of the British has been estimated as high as two thousand five hundred.

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#### ALGERINE WAR OF 1815.

WHILE the people of the United States were rejoicing at the return of peace, their attention was called to a new scene of war. By a message from the President to the House of Representatives, with a report of the Secretary of State, it appeared that the dey of Algiers had violently, and without just cause, obliged the consul of the United States, and all the American citizens in Algiers, to leave that place, in violation of the treaty then subsisting between

the two nations; that he had exacted from the consul, under pain of immediate imprisonment, a large sum of money, to which he had no just claim; and that these acts of violence and outrage had been followed by the capture of at least one American vessel, and by the seizure of an American citizen on board of a neutral vessel; that the captured persons were yet held in captivity, with the exception of two of them, who had been ransomed; that every effort to obtain the release of the others had proved abortive; and that there was some reason to believe they were held by the dey as means by which he calculated to extort from the United States a degrading treaty. In March war was declared against the Algerines.

An expedition was immediately ordered to the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Bainbridge. The squadron in advance on that service, under Commodore Decatur, lost not a moment after its arrival in the Mediterranean in seeking the naval force of the enemy, then cruising in that sea, and succeeded in capturing two of his ships, one of them commanded by the Algerine admiral. The American commander, after this demonstration of skill and prowess, hastened to the port of Algiers, where he readily obtained peace, in the stipulated terms of which the rights and honour of the United States were particularly consulted by a perpetual relinquishment, on the part of the dey, of all pretensions to tribute from them. The impressions thus made, strengthened by



subsequent transactions with the regencies of Tunis and Tripoli, by the appearance of the larger force which followed under Commodore Bainbridge, and by the judicious precautionary arrangements left by him in that quarter, afforded a reasonable prospect of future security for the valuable portion of American commerce which passes within reach of the Barbary cruisers.

THE END.













